

# **BRIMSTONE BARGAINS**

**IN THE MARRIAGE MARKET  
OR  
THE TRAFFIC IN SEX**

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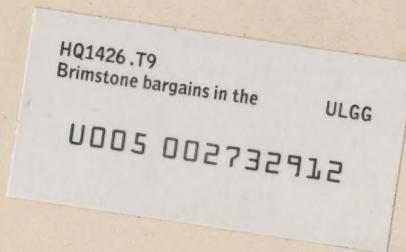
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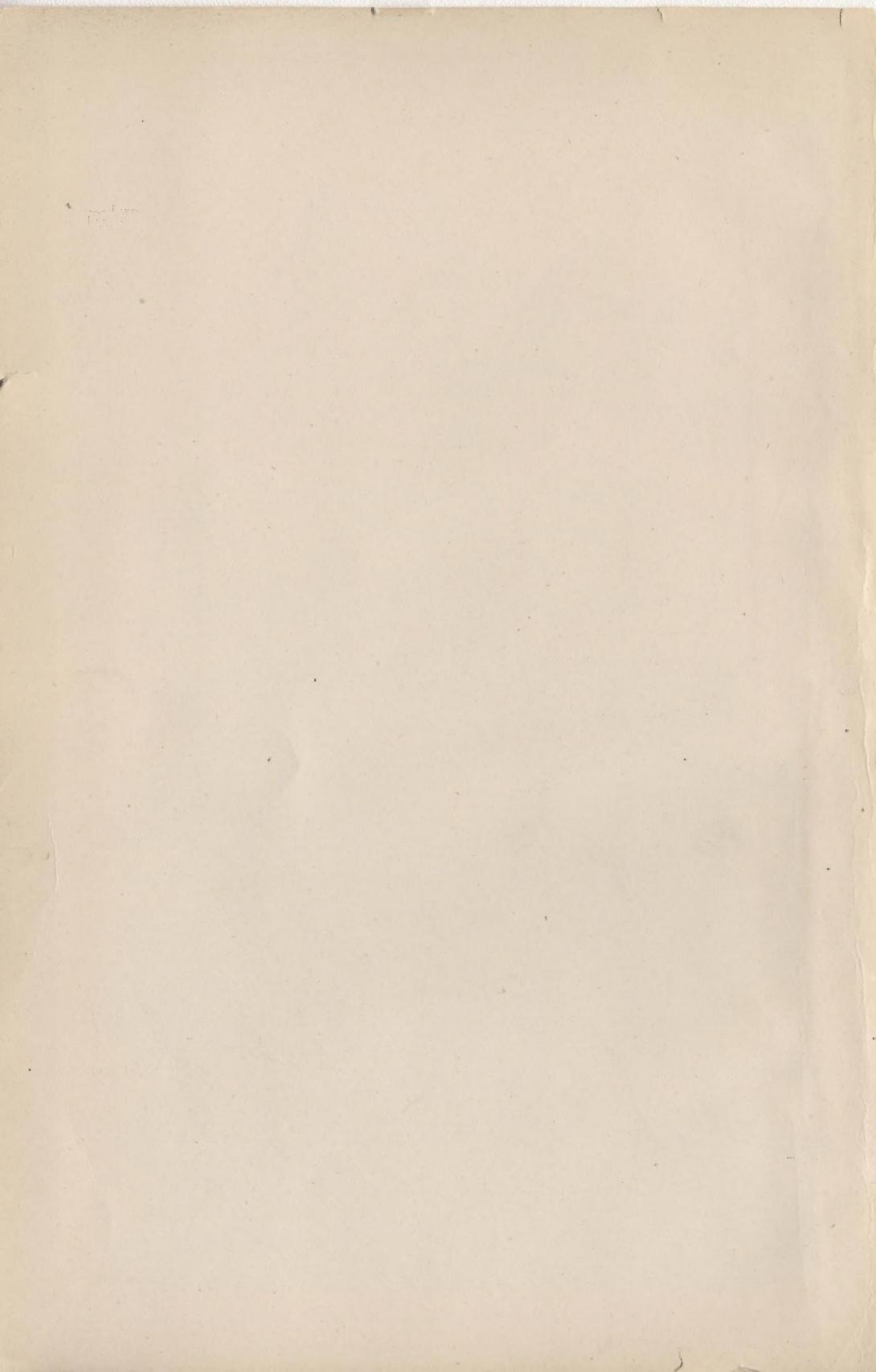


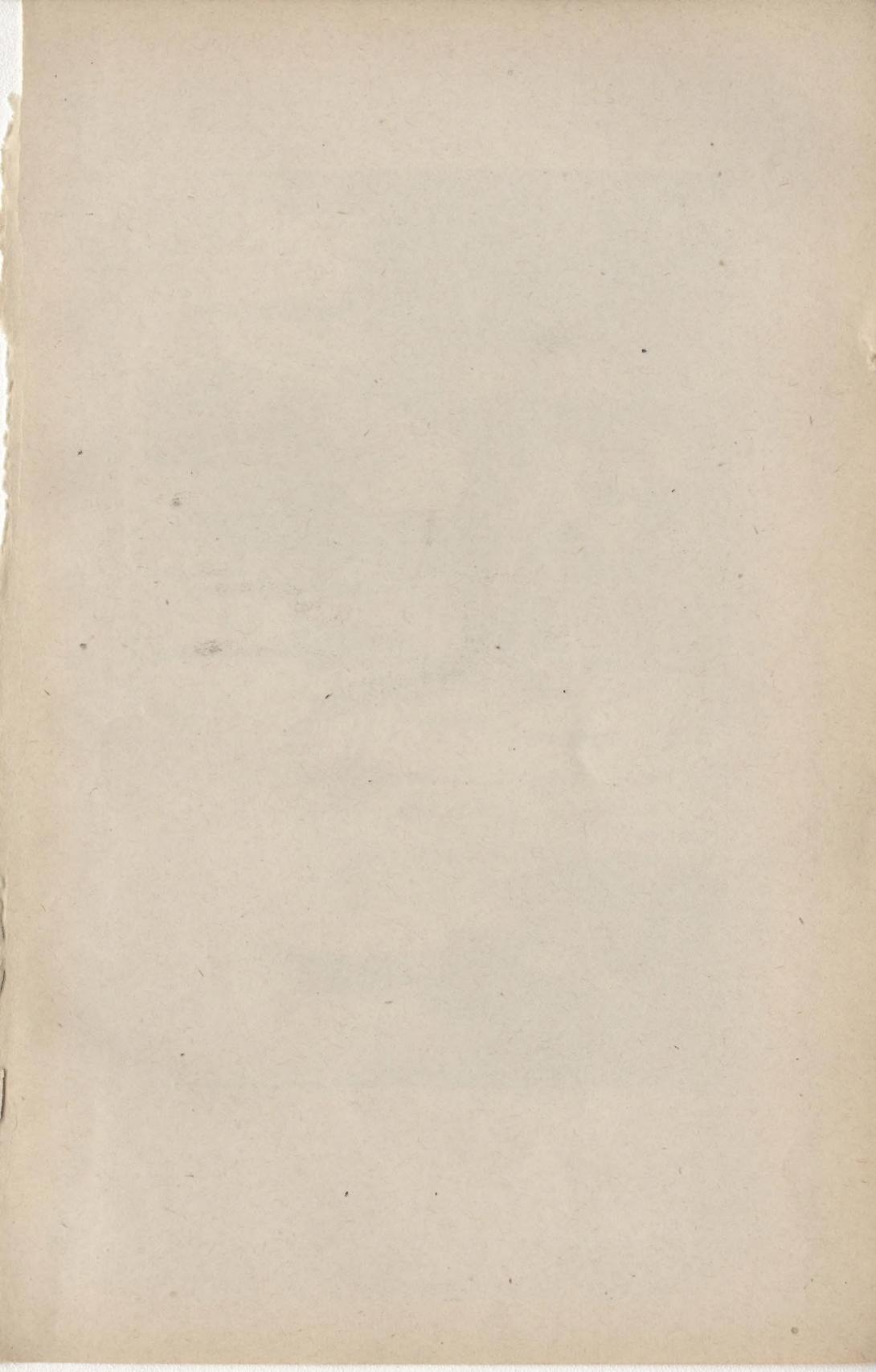
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### CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

"Will you tell the Court, Mr. Henderson, who was in your wife's apartment during your supposed absence?"

**BRIMSTONE BARGAINS**  
IN THE MARRIAGE MARKET  
OR  
**THE TRAFFIC IN SEX**

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STORIES AND STUDIES  
OF THE  
**Exaggeration and Perversion of Sex**  
AND  
**The Degradation of Woman**  
GROWING OUT OF HER  
**ECONOMIC DEPENDENCE**

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AN APPEAL FOR JUSTICE AND FREEDOM  
BY  
**REV. F. G. TYRRELL, D.D.**

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T9  
C. I

Copyright, 1904, by F. G. TYRRELL.

To Men and Women Alike.

who are tired of stagnation and decay, who see and deplore the age-long sorrows and tragedies that result from making merchandise of sex, and perpetuating the

= Traffic In Girls =  
and believe that only by industrial freedom can the slaves of the brothel be rescued, and the fires of legalized and respectable prostitution be put out, this book is dedicated with the respect and esteem of

The Author



## PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

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THE CONVICTIONS of a profound student of economic, social and governmental questions, find expression in the following pages. It is the result of study, laborious research, and acute observation. First distinguished in law, then in the pulpit and on the lecture platform, the author has again created a more distinct, forceful and lasting impression with his pen. As Robert Burns gave expression, in poetry and song, to the longings and the aspirations of the poor and lowly of all mankind, and opened the eyes of those in high places to their wrongs and to the adverse conditions under which they labored, brought about reforms that have become historic and continuous, compelled those in power to listen and to heed the demands of the people, so our author, from pulpit and platform, and with trenchant pen, has thrown his powerful personality into like channels in the interest of crying wrongs in our own country. Possessed by an absolute passion for human rights, he has devoted himself to his work with an intensity of purpose and manner that will command attention and carry conviction.

This published volume is given to the world with a feeling of confidence in its superior merits, and of gratification that we can, if possible, give wider popularity and greater prominence to the words and work of one who has devoted his life, energies and talents to the cause of the people. With merciless fidelity to the truth, he tears off the painted masks worn by the devotees of Fashion, excoriates their mad follies, and exposes their deceptions and wickedness. No airy pretense, no inflation of pride

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

or wealth of station, no glitter of gold or threat of reprisal, has for a moment deterred him or turned aside his hurtling shaft. The indignant cries of hypocrites whose tricks have been exposed are drowned in the hearty applause with which the victims of their cruelty and rapacity greet their discomfiture. While vice groans, virtue laughs. The writer's work is done with prophetic boldness, and under the inspiration of a love of Justice.

## THE AUTHOR'S FOREWORD.

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LET NO one who is finical, squeamish or prudish, read this book. If you are not ready for plain talk on things that, while vital to human welfare, are nevertheless tabooed in ordinary conversation and forbidden to the pulpit and to the press; if you do not relish having "a spade called a spade," then you would better read "Reveries of a Bachelor" or "Pilgrim's Progress." But on the other hand, all who are interested in the people now on earth, in the many questions that arise concerning sexual relations, human rights and human duties; all who love truth for truth's sake as well as for the freedom it brings, will enjoy this book.

The author has endeavored to use the baleful fires of the social inferno against themselves, that they may be put out. He is not responsible for the facts—only for their narration. He has yet to see the evil that grows less by being ignored. Spraying devilities with rose-water and calling them sweet names doesn't change their infernal nature; it only makes them more dangerous.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge indebtedness to many authors. The daily press has been of service. Dispatches, editorials, comments, etc., have been clipped and preserved for use. Authors quoted are credited on the self-same page. "Woman and Economies," by Charlotte Perkins Stetson, has given voice to the same argument presented here, though in an entirely different manner. We have sought to popularize the heavy freight of truth which such books contain, and write so that "he who runs may read."

Freedom, fraternity, equality are the key-words of the book. It is hoped that no one will have his feelings wounded; it is believed that no good man will; for the rest, we do not care. There is one refrain ringing all through the book: slaves can be set free; the sick can be healed; wrongs can be righted!



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## CHAPTER I

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### A TOUGH WORLD FOR US WOMEN

*The farmers of the upper Alps, though by no means wealthy, live like lords in their houses while the heaviest portion of agricultural labor devolves on the wives. It is no uncommon thing to see a woman yoked to the plough along with an ass, while the husband guides it. A farmer counts it an act of politeness to lend his wife to a neighbor, who is too much oppressed with work; and the neighbor in his turn, lends his wife for a few days' work when ever the favor is requested.—Percy.*

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*In all parts of the East women are spoken of as being much inferior to men in wisdom and nearly all their sages have proudly descended on the ignorance of women. "Ignorance is a woman's jewel," they say. "Female wisdom is from the Evil One. The feminine qualities are four, ignorance, fear, shame and impunity. To a woman disclose not a secret."—Roberts.*

## CHAPTER I.

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### A TOUGH WORLD FOR US WOMEN.

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MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE—THE GRIND OF POVERTY—STARVATION OR SHAME—LIBERTY LOST—RED LIGHTS—THE FINAL PLUNGE.

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A demure little maid of some seven summers one day sat by her mother's side, busy with her doll. She would dress and undress the pretty toy, try on first one article and then another of its wardrobe, but tiring of it all at last, she sat with folded hands, gazing into space. Looking up with a thoughtful face, she said: "Mamma, if I get married when I grow up, will I have a husband like Papa?" The mother gazed fondly down into the little daughter's eyes, and answered with a smile: "Why, yes, dear, if you get married you will have a husband like Papa." The little brow was clouded perceptibly. Again she asked: "And if I don't get married, will I be an old maid like Aunt Mary?" "Why, yes, child," replied the mother, laughing; "whatever put such a thought into your curly pate?" But the girl didn't laugh; she only looked grave, and said dejectedly: "Well, it's a pretty tough world for us women, ain't it?"

How many a grown up girl has found the little one's words true? It is a "pretty tough world" for many a woman; indeed, it is to be feared that the great majority are sufferers from the multitudinous ills of life. Ask the woman who this very moment is bending with failing sight over the weary seam in the threadbare garment of her loved ones, stitching, stitching, in pain and fatigue, hoping to make serviceable a little longer the frayed jacket. Ask her pale sister, returning after a day in the stifling sweat-shop, every nerve a-throb with torture, her eyes sunken, her limbs heavy, her face wan and pinched. Ask the farmer's wife, crossing and re-crossing the kitchen floor, walking from room to room of the old farm-house, living all her days in an atmosphere of frying meat and soap-suds, rising before the sun,

and toiling long after the sun sets, wearing cheap calico or plain gingham, with rarely if ever a day's pleasure, ask her. They talk sometimes about the independence of a farmer's life, especially when an election is approaching and the politicians want votes, VOTES, to extend their reign, but a careful study of that chapter in our present day life will show that it is rather a life of slavery, of the veriest dependence and helplessness. There may be exceptions, but they only prove the rule. Years ago the poet Shelley pointd out the rank injustice of an economic order that rewards richly the classes whose service is least substantial, and meanly those upon whom we are dependent for bread.

"A tough world for us women!" Ask the pretty stenographers, who crowd into great office-buildings, and toil there in the dust and grime all day, side by side with men whose instincts are gross, thrown into unpleasant proximity with them and their friends, breathing second-hand tobacco smoke, and compelled to hear occasionally words that taint the very air! Ask the young women that fill and operate mills and factories, the "smoke of whose torment" ascends daily to a pitiless heaven.

But these are not the worst sufferers. deplorable as their state often is. There are darker shadows, there are slimier depths, there are woes yet more immedicable. Go to the home where animal instincts reign supreme; where he who should be a husband and father is a gross, impure, sensuous, profane being, cultivating all the belluine passions and schooling himself in swinish arts. What a travesty on the word home is such a place! And yet there was a time when that same fellow appeared to be a gentleman. Now, depraved, bloated, obese, vile, he is a fit companion for the brutes whose nature he has assiduously cultivated.

#### **MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE.**

One evening a young woman sat disconsolate in a plain home, the eldest daughter in a large family. She had been ambitious; she had studied hard; by the most rigid economy, she had saved enough money from her meagre earnings to attend college a



BETWEEN THE LINES.

"Ask the Pretty Stenographers."

year. It was her hope to fill a higher station in life than her fond mother had been able to reach, and this hope was encouraged by both father and mother. But the conditions were most unfavorable. Business reverses had closed the avenues before her. She had been helping her father for several years, until she felt that it was now too late to go on and complete her education and carry out her ambitious projects. There were younger daughters in the home, and they had some rights. There were three sons also. Her very support was burdensome, and yet she could do so little to support herself. And now a poor man, good enough as men go, but of a weak, vacillating disposition, had asked her hand in marriage. What should she do? Offers did not come every day. She had talked it over with her mother, and she, poor woman, did not know how to advise her. Would he not be a good provider? Would he not make for her a home? My friend, the very asking of such questions shows the depravity to which the world has come. There is one supreme question which should always be asked first; then come on with your prudent interrogatories, your bread-and-butter inquiries,—do these two people love one another devotedly? And until that is answered in the affirmative, to talk of marriage is to talk in a language at once impure and base.

She had really tried to love the man; he was honest, and steady, and had no bad habits, and offered her a home, plain, but comfortable. He seemed to love her, as much as he was capable of loving anybody. Ought she to marry him? You ask, why did she feel under any sort of compulsion? and I answer, because she was a woman; because being a woman, a daughter, in a home of comparative poverty, she was a burden where there were already too many burdens. She felt in her young soul the irony of fate; she was bowed with the load of responsibility mercilessly thrust upon her tender shoulders. She felt what no woman on God's earth ought ever to feel, that she must marry for a sup-

port; must enter the "bonds of matrimony," as we say in conventional phrase, for a living; and how many degrees is that removed from prostitution?

#### THE GRIND OF POVERTY.

This is no fancy sketch; many have felt as she did, and have wavered in a dilemma as horrid as a nightmare. What can marriage bring when entered into under such conditions, and in such a mood? But there are lower depths. There is a state of degradation and infamy to which any of these hells will seem heaven. And into that lower than the lowest, hopeless, as Dante's Inferno, thousands upon thousands are swept by the merciless decrees of an apparently inexorable fate, with no eye to pity, no hand stretched out to save. Under the stern lash of hunger, men have been driven to theft, to assault, to burglary, to embezzlement. But when the frail shoulders of a woman are lashed by this fiend, what can she do? where can she go? Ah, she can make merchandise of her body! And the ages of human history are dark and sullen with an unbroken story of her degradation and ruin. It is a chapter which pure eyes dread to read; but it is today more than ever before in the world's life a chapter which all eyes should read, and its lessons all hearts ponder.

The world is not wholly bad, you say? Oh, no, far from it. There are in it many gleams of good, and in our moods of sunny optimism we may even have the courage to say there is more good than evil. But this is not true of the lives of a vast multitude. Work, even hard work, is not necessarily a curse; it may be, it ought to be a blessing. But what shall we say when the fruit of toil is withheld from the toiler? It matters not how or by whom; if by a man who is called master, we say it is slavery; but if by an industrial system, the chief feature of which is the congestion of wealth in the hands of a few, we say it is improvidence! And in our stupidity and hard-heartedness we blame the poor drudges who are thus wronged. They ought to economize! they ought to save, and invest their savings! It is

hard to hear such drivel and be patient. Crowd a man or a whole class of men down, as the wages system always does, to the bare necessities, and when you are doling out just enough to keep the bodies in decent repair for their drudgery, while the workers reproduce their own kind, prate to them about economy. The wonder is they do not rise en masse and hurl themselves upon their oppressors!

And yet, who shall use opprobrious epithets? Many of the men who are rich today, and masterful in government or industry, are men who once toiled in the ranks. They have risen, by sheer force of will, and they feel that their wealth is the just reward of early frugality, industry and enterprise. They take a just pride in their achievements, and if they have observed the rules of the game, if they have not been unjust, if they have not plundered, if they have not laid felonious hands on the product of other men's toil, who shall deny them the pleasure which is theirs? Is there one of the whole company of their fellows that would not go straight away and do likewise, if he could?

Work, I say, ought to be a benediction. Male and female alike come into a world of work. During the dependent years of infancy, some one must toil for our support. And as we grow to maturity, we must learn to toil. Making a living is a part of any ethical acceptance of life. But what we protest against in these pages, especially for women, is the sacrifice of a life in making a living. The latter process ought to include the farmer; that is, making a living, as we term it, ought to be the chief means of making a life; never a means of sacrificing a life. If labor becomes drudgery, if it grows irksome, if it grows beyond the strength and endurance of the toiler, then it is slavery, especially if the laborer is denied the full fruit of his labor.

Men must work; to be sure; and so must women; but neither men nor women should become slaves. When they go into bondage to employers, whether willingly or unwillingly, they part with their independence, they barter away the best of



**POVERTY AND PERPLEXITY.**

"She Had Really Tried to Love the Man."

their attributes, they sell their birthright for a mess of pottage; they make a brimstone bargain! It is not for me to trace in this volume the steps by which woman has entered the market-place and taken her stand among the toilers. She is there, and unfortunately, not like Ruth, in that primitive day, gleaning among the reapers under the bright sun and in the sweet air of the harvest fields guarded by the jealous eye of her benevolent kinsman, Boaz; but she is jostled along the crowded thoroughfares of our great cities, compelled to stand in crowded street cars, herded like cattle into mills and factories, and driven under the lash of economic necessity to part with what is dearer than life itself.

#### **STARVATION OR SHAME.**

Once upon a time, a frail young woman was arrested on the streets of St. Louis, for soliciting passers-by. In the court room her story was soon told. She was not an old offender. She was not the occupant of a gilded palace. She was alone in the world, her husband having died, and left her with a baby to provide for. Work there was none; she had sought it in vain, till there in the city of plenty, she and her babe were starving; starving! Do you know what that means? Hear it, ye who sit at well-filled tables, and pick daintily at first one delicate morsel and then another! Starving! when there was more wheat in the elevators than the mills could use; more flour in the mills than the bakers could use; more bread in the shop than the baker could sell! Yes, that was the simple truth; and she might have yielded to the fangs of wolfish hunger, and died stainless, but what of her babe? She could not bear to see it suffer; no, she would make merchandise of her body!

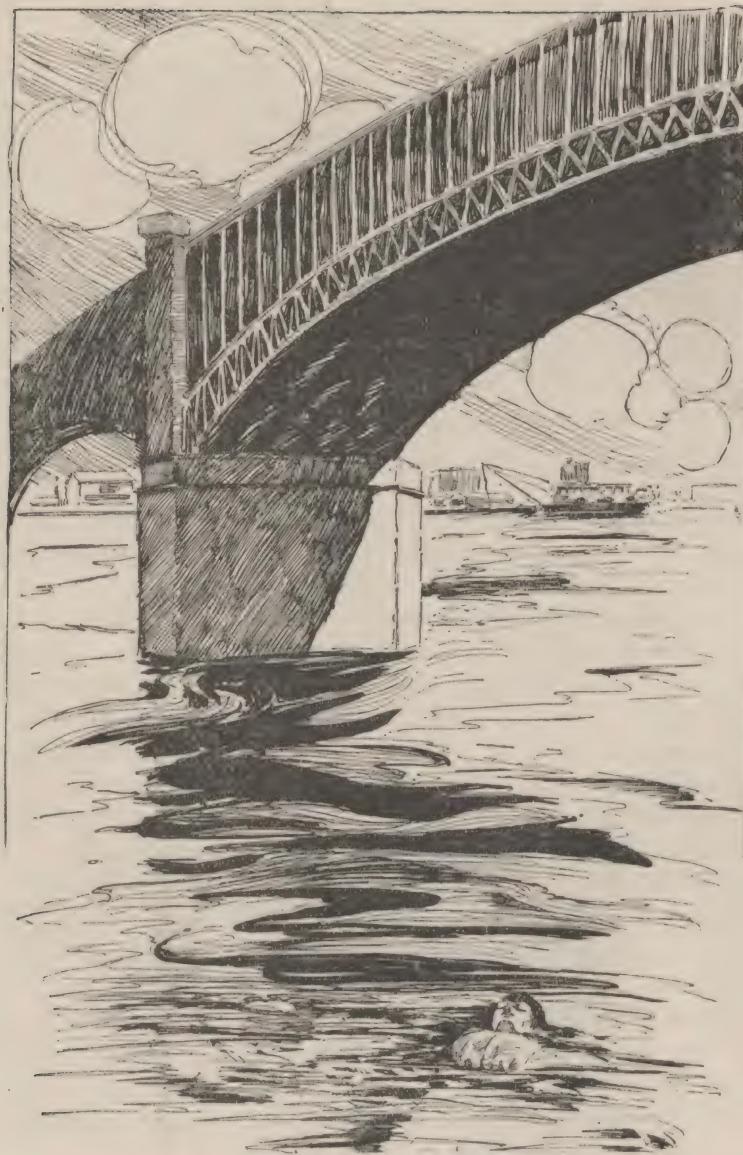
There are people who will say airily: "Oh, those stories are exceptional and exaggerated!" as if that solved the problem, and freed the slave. They are exceptional, thank heaven, but they are not exaggerated. Would to God they were! And there are enough just such exceptions to make an enormous aggregate of suffering, an appalling weight of woe. If there were but one

such case in the entire land, is it not enough? Should it not start the pens of our writers and the tongues of our preachers and the genius of our law-makers? Such deeds of shame, such acts of infamy, are no necessary part of a wise economic order. They are indictments of a liberty which has become slavery!

#### LIBERTY LOST.

Woman slavery is not confined to our great cities; but in them it reaches its lowest depths. In rural regions and in villages and towns, our daughters are comparatively safe. But in the great city may heaven defend them. Wherever this book is read, by the fireside of the lowly, or in the elegant homes of the rich, may its message of warning ring true. Keep out of the crowded city centers, girls, as you value peace and purity and happiness. Live content with small means, and few acquaintances; listen without credulity to the tales you hear of the city's wealth and waste, of its magnificent opportunities. Cease to dream of some rich old bachelor, who is ready and waiting to fall in love with your pretty face, enamored of your rustic simplicity, and make you the queen of his palatial home. Such things do not happen in real life. Incidents of quite another sort do happen.

And yet, the writer knows of the pressure upon the means of subsistence in the country and small town; of the narrow circle of life and its petty interests; of its deprivations and disappointments. The city shines afar like a beacon light. Its tides of humanity surge and sweep like the maelstrom, and resistlessly draw in fresh currents. It grows by immigration, drawing the best blood and brain of the country, and the larger it grows the larger it will grow. Men and women will pour into the city in ever increasing tides, unless there be some revolutionary change which decentralizes population. And among them all the young women will come, hopeful, ambitious, eager, to sink in far too many cases into the muddy sea of soiled, unfriended, beaten, ruined humanity.



**DESPAIR AND DEATH.**

"For a Short Time, the Red Lights Yonder; and then the Fatal Plunge Here."

## THE FINAL PLUNGE.

Crossing the Missouri river one day on a train in company with a friend whose home is in Kansas City, we looked together down upon the heaving bosom of that muddy stream. "It is there," he said, pointing to the yellow depths, "that many a poor girl ends her life and buries herself and her sorrows. First, and for a short time, the red lights yonder; and then the fatal plunge here. It is soon over; and no one will know what has become of her."

Do not misunderstand this book. If it presents dark pictures, it is because it is truthful; they cannot be as dark as the realities; and there is a reason for this presentation. It seems to the writer as if the need is urgent for a popular treatise on the very subjects with which these chapters deal. The world has become careful of everything, economical of everything, except men and women. It is inexcusably and savagely wasteful of humanity. Lives are snuffed out needlessly. But worse still, there are moral shipwrecks first. And when a woman has been robbed of her womanliness, what matters it how soon she dies? She is dead already. You will find that this book is a plain, unequivocal recital of some of the facts of today, not yesterday. The writer will not mince matters. He would rather have friends than foes, among all classes, but he would rather make an enemy any day than suppress the truth, or soften down its rugged promontories in the interests of anybody's vested rights.

Let the maiden who reads learn what she must learn sooner or later, that the world is not a delusion and a snare, nor yet a sunny flower-fringed way to a haven of rest; but rather an arena of struggle and riot, where some must fight with beasts, and some with their fellows; that pitfalls and snares abound; that storms gather and break with sullen fury; and she who would journey through the world scathless must go forewarned and fore-armed. Whatever else is incurable, ignorance is not. She who reads this book can be no longer ignorant.



**DEATH OR DISHONOR.**

"She could have endured the pangs of hunger herself, but how could she let her baby die of starvation?"

CHAPTER II

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SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

*A child is a man in small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted the apple. His soul is yet a white paper, un-scribbled with observations of the world, wherewith it becomes, at length a blurred notebook.—Bishop Erle.*

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*Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with tears?  
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers.  
And that cannot stop their tears.*

—*E. B. Browning.*

## CHAPTER II.

### SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

PRECOCIOUS DEVELOPMENT OF SEX—FOND AND FOOLISH PARENTS AND IDIOTIC RELATIONS—MORAL PERVERSION—PHYSICAL DEGENERATION—CHILDREN'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

In a state of society as vicious as the present, there is a subtle energy of self-perpetuation. The rising generation is corrupt and corrupting, because the generation now on the stage of action is adept in wickedness. Example is stronger than precept, and more numerous by far. This would be the case, even if we had moral instruction in the public schools. Unfortunately, we have not. Our voting animals seem to think it better to attempt to placate a few so-called free-thinkers and atheists, and maintain a sort of peace among the various belligerent sects, than to give our children the benefit of ethical teaching. This defect in the public school system throws the entire burden of moral instruction upon the church and the home. In the average home, it is to be feared the moral standard is not high, and but little time is ever taken for distinctively moral training. The churches reach but a few of the children, and them for only one day in seven, and an hour or two on that one day. The consequence is that the child of today grows up in a Christian land with crude notions concerning morals and manners, if not with absolutely false notions.

Besides this defective teaching and training, there is evermore the terrific energy of hereditary evil to combat, together with the contamination of pernicious example. There are few of either sex who can successfully resist the tyranny of fashion, in dress, manners, or morals. If "they all do it," why of course we must do it, no matter whether it conflicts with our conceptions of right and duty or not. It is fashionable; it is customary; and that settles it. As well be out of the world as out of fashion, so the current proverb runs. Human beings are like sheep; they

will go in flocks, and they will follow a leader. Of course, there are many grown people who set good examples before the young; there are men and women in every community who live above reproach; but they are a sad minority. Besides, the average youngster seems to prefer to follow the example of the person that goes wrong rather than the one that goes right. A single rotten apple will spoil a whole barrel.

As an illustration of the insuperable difficulty of overcoming example by precept, take the use of alcoholic drinks and tobacco. Thanks to the tireless efforts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in most of the public schools of this good land, the pernicious effects of alcohol and narcotics on the human system are carefully taught to growing children. They hear the lessons, and then when the boys and girls get home, they see father and big brother and uncle and grandpa all smoking; and when they venture to say anything about what they are learning at school they are met with a supercilious smile. So it is with drinking. If in some providential fashion, every man and woman that sets a bad example before the children could be killed and decently buried, something might be accomplished in the way of instruction in right habits of life. But as long as the best precepts must encounter multitudinous vicious examples, progress will be necessarily slow and painful.

No doubt this is a far better world than the world of Cyrus or Nero or even of Napoleon or Washington; but it is still leagues away from the millennium. Most conspicuous among the evils from which it suffers is that which we daintily call the social evil. This age-long scourge makes itself known in innumerable ways. All sorts of punishment have been denounced against it. Church and State have conspired and combined to overthrow it, but in vain. The most horrible diseases afflict its victims, as if the Almighty himself would warn back the transgressor, and if he would not save himself, then destroy him and his progeny. Our physicians tells us about the long train of

physical ills, the loathsome diseases, that descend from father to son, from mother to daughter, and burn out the life of the race, since the day when Lot's daughters committed incest with their father, and corrupted the morals of succeeding ages, thus transmitting Sodomic vices to generations yet unborn, in spite of the purifying fire that overthrew the cities of the plain. The Bible, accepted all round the world as *par excellence* the handbook of ethics, the best guide of conduct, flames with solemn warnings against sexual impurities from cover to cover. Every day brings its harrowing story, every page of human history flashes its warning lights, and yet this holocaust burns on, as if it were kindled and fed by the fiends of hell.

#### PRECOCIOUS DEVELOPMENT OF SEX.

The fact is, our blood is on fire with baleful passion. The life current of the race is polluted. In what other species do we find sexual desire so strong, sexual indulgence so frequent? With all the rest of the animal creation, it is in order to reproduction; with man, it is first, last, and always, in order to the momentary pleasure it affords, and rarely indeed are children sought. Every legitimate precaution is taken in many cases to prevent conception, and when it is known to have occurred, the aid of the physician or the midwife is sought to produce abortion. A prominent and perfectly reputable physician, high in his profession in St. Louis, said to the writer one day: "If I have been approached once, I have been a thousand times by women who desired my services in avoiding the burden of maternity."

Thus even before birth, the children are slain. And when they come into the world, it is unsought and unwelcomed, as pitiful accidents of devilish lust! Children thus born in lawful wedlock are legitimate, according to the statutes, but are they, according to the highest reason and the best moral sentiment? Is there not such a thing as prostituting marriage, until it is little better than legalized adultery? Does some fastidious person's lip curl with affected scorn? Let her look into her own heart and

life, recall what she knows all too well of the lives of her friends, married and unmarried, and then deep down in her shallow soul ask herself if it is not high time someone used great plainness of speech! Shall we drift along on this swollen tide of seething corruption, to the abyss of endless woe, because nobody has the decency or the courage to cry out "Beware!" To judge from the airs and attitude of some people, one would think that deviltry is all right; but denunciation, protest, exposure, overthrow is all wrong! We are satisfied that no such squeamish persons, male or female, will read this book.

But now when children have come into the world, whether as accidents of lust or fruits of prayer, they should be respected; their rights should be carefully conserved; they should at least be safe from insult, safe from perverting and unwholesome talk. But what are the plain facts? From earliest infancy, we emphasize the distinctions of sex. Foolish parents and idiotic relations whose own hearts are the nesting-places of all impurity, encourage the sex instinct in the young and by every means in their power, force a precocious, unnatural, abnormal development. In the stern, unpalatable, but truthful words of a recent writer:

"Our little children, our very babies, show signs of sex distinction when the young of other creatures are serenely asexual in general appearance and habit. We eagerly note this precocity. We are proud of it. We carefully encourage it by precept and example, taking pains to develop the sex instinct in little children, and think no harm. One of the first things we force upon the child's dawning consciousness is the fact that he is a boy, or that she is a girl, and that therefore each must regard everything from a different point of view. They must be dressed differently, not on account of their personal needs, which are exactly similar at this period, but so that neither they, nor any one beholding them, may for a moment forget the distinction of sex."

We do not wish to speak or even seem to speak in terms of exaggeration. We desire to write so that true views shall dis-



BEGINNING YCUNG.

"A Little Flirt Already."

place false, not vice versa. And it is therefore with genuine pleasure we here place on record an exception to this pernicious practice. Doubtless there are other such exceptions; may their number increase. It is of a well-to-do family, of southern extraction, in which, while of course the little girls have their dresses and frocks, and the little boys their kilts and trousers, nevertheless, when at play, the little girls are dressed just like the boys, in pantaloons and suspenders! In this family, and in at least one other family in the writer's acquaintance, both of them city-born and bred, the ideal girl is what is called in common parlance, the tom-boy. Are these notions old-fashioned? Then may it be that the old fashion shall prevail. For why should little girls, during their years of innocence, before to their own thoughts any idea of sex distinction is impossible, be handicapped and burdened with dress essentially feminine? There is time enough for that, goodness knows. There are years when she must bow to the iron sceptre of Mrs. Grundy, must lace the waist with the abominable corset, and hang yards of useless skirts therefrom, and invite deformity and disease; years of comparative torture which she cannot escape, unless she declares her own independence. In the name of happy and care-free childhood, and in the interests of pure minds and hearts, we protest indignantly against this wrong to the innocents.

#### **IDIOTIC RELATIVES.**

Did you ever hear a father, a mother, an uncle or an aunt, or even a grandparent, twitting the little cherub about sweethearts or beaus? "Johnny has a little sweetheart, haven't you, Johnny?" Or, "Marie is just like her mother, a little flirt already!" Out upon such asinine talk! Before the age of puberty a child is of neither sex. To suggest sexual distinctions, to cultivate sex consciousness, above all, to fan the tiny flame of sexual passion is to damn the child in the nursery! Better such fond and foolish, not to say depraved and wicked relations were flung into the sea with the proverbial millstone about their necks. What a mortal

offense to these little ones! They can not speak for themselves; they cannot protect themselves. What with hereditary predispositions tainting their blood and the unnatural forcing process of our decadent civilization, they will come to sex consciousness all too soon at best, yes, and to an unholy indulgence of sexual desire, to a horrid abuse and perversion of sexual powers, unless they are tenderly guarded and carefully taught. To awaken morbid passion, to fire their young minds with unholy images, is to forestall the devil himself in his work of populating the nether world.

And yet it is just what is being done this very day, in a thousand homes in this city, in every community in the land. Such ignorant, reckless, unpardonable sins against the innocents are committed, not by the purveyors of lust, the procurers for brothels, but by people who consider themselves and are considered eminently respectable; in many cases by professed Christians and church members. Let us hope that they have been sinning ignorantly, and that with all the moral energy of redeemed and awakened souls they will henceforth seek to undo the awful wrong they have done.

#### MORAL PERVERSION.

Men and women, boys and girls, all have a right to be human, as well as male and female. To deny this right, especially to the children, to surround them with a hot-house atmosphere of sex consciousness, to keep continually before them by precept and example the fact that they are male or female as the case may be, is to rob them of half the pleasure of the age of innocence. It is to invite disaster, as the years come when sex develops, and they pass through the dangers, physical as well as moral, of adolescence.

And yet, are we sure that we know where to place the blame? Someone is to blame, we are very sure. Go to the asylums for the feeble-minded; to the hospitals, where you find the moral and physical wreckage caused by the very evils here complained of,

and you will feel that the blame is great, and ought to be charged home upon the guilty. In the words of the world's greatest teacher, then "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone!" The fact is, this sin against the children is because of the over-sexed condition of the race; because in palace and hovel, at home and abroad, among men and women alike, there has been for generations an exaggeration of the sex functions, yes, a perversion too. History tells us how one race after another has become extinct because of this terrific evil. How nations have risen and fallen; the heavens have rained fire upon the earth; the mountains have poured forth floods of lava; Sodom and Pompeii attest the fearful vengeance dumb nature has for the persistent transgressor. Nor is it all in vain. The time was when prostitution accompanied religious ceremonies, and was considered a part of the worship. The time was when women counted time not by the flight of years, but by the number of husbands and divorces. Now, while here and there in America we have divorce colonies, while prostitution is all too common, and marital infidelity shocks society and menaces the home, sexual immorality is at least divorced from temples of worship, and the social evil in all its protean forms is disavowed and denounced.

The world has moved; it does move; and in spite of careening a little now and then, its course is steady, and it flies upward, throneward, Godward.

## **CHAPTER III**

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### **COMPELLED TO MARRY**

*Misses! the tale that I relate,  
This lesson seems to carry,—  
Choose not alone a proper mate,  
But proper time to marry.*

—Cowper.

*I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may increase it upon better acquaintance. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more content; I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.*  
—Shakespeare.

*Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Aisop were extremely wise; they had a great mind to some water; but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.*  
—Selden.

*Mothers who force their daughters into interested marriage are worse than the Ammonites, who sacrificed their children to Moloch,—the latter undergoing a speedy death; the former suffering years of torture, but too frequently leading to the same result.—Lord Rochester.*

## CHAPTER III.

### COMPELLED TO MARRY.

NATURE AND THE UNNATURAL—BORN TO BE A WIFE AND MOTHER—SUBJECT AND DEPENDENT—MARRYING FOR A LIVING—AFRAID IT IS THE LAST CHANCE.

The precocious sex-development discussed in the previous chapter is a deadly evil. It is the fruitful cause of vice and disease in innumerable lives. It blights the ambitions of the young and the promising, obscures the moral sense, perverts the judgment, weakens the will, wrecks the health and damns the soul! And yet in dress, in conversation, in habits and manners the miserable forcing process goes on, and not only so, but it falls in with social usage, and conforms to that absurd opinion which creates it. The female of the human species, according to the decree of society, is foreordained and predestined to be married. Now in the very nature of things, the majority of men and women will find their careers in the marriage state. Nature discovered after working at the problem for a long time, that to separate the sexes in two organisms is better than to combine them into one; hence the distinctions and differences between male and female, in plants and in animals. And under normal conditions, in accordance with nature and the plan of the Almighty, most men and women will find partners. But this fact is no excuse whatever for a social and industrial state that practically coerces them into matrimony.

Both sexes are human beings first. The male is permitted and expected to exercise the functions of a living representative of the human species, but the female is expected to submerge her personality in some male. Only here and there, now and then, does the notion appear that the female has any human functions whatever, any personal powers or rights. It is as if society were crying out to all young women.—“Get married! Marry a man,

if you can! a rich man, if you can catch one. But marry you must, or live disgraced, and die unwept and unhonored!" A moment's reflection will show conclusively that this is not an exaggerated statement. Women are dragooned into matrimony, by the stigma that is attached to a life of single blessedness. It does not seem to make any difference why the old maid is such,—indeed there is no inquiry into the reasons for her state. She is an unmated female. But why is not an unmated man as much an object of derision? Because the man has a career aside from marriage. There are ten thousand things he can do, and the world takes it for granted that if he is not married, it is simply and only because he does not care to be. On the other hand, if a woman is not married, the shallow old world assumes immediately that it is no fault of hers; that she would be if she could; and since she is not married, she must be lacking in charms. It has already and long ago decreed that marriage is what she was intended for, and for nothing else under the shining dome. Now, since she is unmarried, she has altogether missed the object of her creation, and is a poor, defeated, useless thing.

#### **TO BE A WIFE AND MOTHER?**

If the "old maid" is not the object of ridicule as much as formerly, is it not because of the simple fact that women are pushing their way into the world of art and industry, and proving conclusively that they have the abilities of human beings? that they have other talents beside those of the household drudge? There are many things to be said for and against the woman in business, but she is there today, several million strong; she is efficient, useful, successful; and she is there to stay, whatever Mrs. Grundy says. And her presence and success there have relieved, in large measure confirmed, maidenhood from its stigma. But we must not anticipate here all that will better be said in another chapter. The bachelor maid is so important a personage that she deserves separate treatment.

For the present, we wish merely to remind the reader that

the age-long stigma of maidenhood is used as a whip to scourge girls into matrimony. They may not "do well," if they marry; but the only alternative is esteemed so much worse than an unwise marriage, that they are placed in a position which makes them the easy prey of some fellow who wants a wife, a housekeeper, a cook, and an object upon whom he can bestow his caresses. No wonder the little girl thought it "a tough world for us women!" Of course it is hard to say how much power there is in this stigma of maidenhood. Ask the girls themselves. Certain it is, especially in those circles or communities where woman is still looked on chiefly as a sex creature, that the majority of woman-kind shrink from a state of "single blessedness"; certain it is that they are disposed to put up with defects in the man of their choice which in a freer state of society they would not tolerate for a moment. They see most women about them married; they know nothing of their burdens and heart-aches; they are kept in profound ignorance of what belongs to married life, and so in due course of time they yield to the promptings of nature and thus avoid the dreadful menace of maidenhood by marrying—something!

But the stigma of confirmed maidenhood is not the only force that impels young women to marry. It plays its part, most effectively. Talmage said: "If I hadn't been afraid of hell, I should never have started for heaven!" It is undeniable that there are women living lives of almost martyr patience and suffering as the wives of brutes, who would never have married, had they only dared to brave the scorn which the unmarried woman must encounter, many times even from her own relatives. But there are other handicaps: there are still other incentives that are employed, with more or less force, and which must have their effect on the young woman's mind, whether purposely brought to her attention or not. For example, take the industrial limitations. Naturally, when she turns from the thought of married life, she thinks, "What else is there for me?" What can she do

for a living? If married, her husband supports her, as her father did before. But if unmarried, the chances are she will outlive her father many years; her brothers and sisters will have homes of their own; what will she do? Well, sure enough; what can she do? There was a time, and that not very long ago, when she could do one of three things; she could sew, or teach, or go into other people's kitchens as a servant girl. Beyond this, there was no room or place for a woman in the ranks of industry. Her tastes, her talents, her inclination, may have led her in widely different directions; but she could not follow these, because, forsooth, society had decreed that there were only three callings that were not unbecoming to a woman. It was unwomanly for her to think of anything else! It was masculine! Who has not heard it said, of some aspiring, aggressive woman, who has dared to assert herself, and exercise her own faculties,—“She wants to wear the pants?” Perhaps there are occasionally mannish women; so also are there effeminate, womanish men! Is the one any greater discredit to the sex than the other? And because there are women who ape the airs of men, who forget that gentleness and modesty which are peculiarly her prerogative, does it necessarily follow that all women who seek to broaden the way to success for themselves and their sisters are of that sort? By no means.

#### SUBJECT AND DEPENDENT.

The three callings which of old alone were open to women have wonderfully increased in these modern days; and yet fathers and mothers are still fettered with the traditions and theories of their ancestors, and multitudes have not been able to adjust their thinking in harmony with the changed conditions. So the grave-clothes of tradition cling about her limbs when she strives in the market-place, and seeks to become herself a bread-winner. America has ever been the land of the free, and yet as late as 1840 Harriet Martineau found only seven employments open to women—teaching, needlework, keeping boarders, working

in cotton mills, in book-binderies, type-setting, and household service. Now just imagine the effect upon the lot of young women, if the world we are so proud of were to go back only to 1840, sixty years. With our present population crowding upon the means of subsistence, the lot of America's daughters would be simply intolerable. The fewer avenues there are open before women, in which they can by the right use of their talents earn a living and serve the race, the greater the pressure compelling them to marry for a living. On the other hand, if we multiply the highways to lucrative toil, we lessen this pressure, and make it possible for marriage to be a matter of independent choice.

Women were forbidden by a false and foolish and squeamish notion to engage in any callings other than the few approved, and not only so, but there was positively no arrangement made for their higher education. Limit a worker of either sex to mere manual labor, leave him without any skill except that of the hand, untrained, and you necessarily cheapen his life, and condemn him to a comparatively low plane. The product of the unskilled laborer is never worth very much. Impart an academic education, and you have added to the value of the worker; send him to the college, his value is still increased; give him every educational advantage, the very best furnished from kindergarten to university, and you have made him many-sided; you have broadened his nature, and multiplied his resources. Until the year 1836, there was no school in this country for girls approaching college rank. Then, Mary Lyon opened Mt. Holyoke, at South Hadley, Massachusetts. Vassar College was established in 1865. Harvard Annex was condescendingly opened in 1879. In this vital matter of the equal education of the sexes, the west has led the east; for while the east had the first girl's college, Oberlin College in Ohio was founded for both sexes, in 1833.

So for not more than two generations have our daughters had anything like an equal chance with their brothers. Indeed, it is inaccurate to say that they have an equal chance as yet!

Because by sheer momentum, old habits and notions persist. Women themselves are the creatures of long centuries of repression and subjection; they verily think that a suppressed, abortive condition is the natural thing for them. Nor are they alone in holding this opinion; for the world is full of people who are fatalists enough to think, if they do not say, "Whatever is, is right." But there are fortunately a few audacious souls that have the hardihood to contradict the proverb flatly. Seeing that the progress of civilization has been evermore from lower to higher forms, and that every great advance has been brought about by the alteration, amendment, or abolition of age-long prerogative, "Whatever is, is wrong!" Law begins by recognizing as right whatever exists. The relation of the two sexes existed primarily because man was the stronger, and therefore able to enslave the woman; the law-makers found this condition, and made their statute-books recognize it. The dependence of woman upon man is the simple survival of a social state in which might was right.

#### **MARRYING FOR A LIVING.**

It will take more than sixty years of equal educational opportunities to counteract and neutralize the deadening influence of ages of enslavement, oppression, and the curtailment of rights. So it must frankly be admitted, that while employments open to women are far more numerous than they once were, still they suffer under economic limitations, as men do not. And because there are comparatively few things women can do to earn a living; because further, even in these occupations they must encounter the opposition of prejudice, fanaticism and conservatism, they are dragooned into matrimony; they are compelled to marry for a living!

The terrific meaning of this statement will not at first appear. If there are such marriages,—and who will deny it?—then they are among the worst possible examples of the subject of this book,—brimstone bargains, indeed! Any high and civilized conception of marriage must lift it far above the mere sex con-



THE COQUETTE.

"Making a trade of a pretty face."

ditions and accompaniments. To a right thinking man or woman, no possible human relation is holier. Now to tolerate a social state in which any number of women are obliged to marry for a support, is to condemn human creatures to a species of legalized adultery. The scarlet woman sells her body; she makes a traffic of her sex; and thus she lives. The only difference between her and the woman who marries for bread and butter, is that the latter limits herself to one man; the former offers herself to all comers that have the price! One goes into retail business, the other, wholesale.

It is to this state of degradation that society has brought many a woman. Hemmed in on every side, denied the right of access to the things that support life, denied the privilege of exercising her God-given talents in a bread-making career, scourged by the sternest of all task-masters, hunger and cold, woman has entered the matrimonial market, as that market is conducted in these degenerate days, and sold herself to the highest and best bidder! If ever there was the smell of fire and brimstone on a bargain, there is on this!

The wonder is that under such unequal conditions as obtain in society, there are as many happy homes as there are. It is a remarkable testimony to the patience, endurance, and adaptability of the sufferers, as well as to the wisdom and love of an over-ruling Providence, who, the Bible writers say, makes even "the wrath of man to praise him." Let us hope that man's ignorance, stupidity and cruelty, as well as his wrath, may be made to praise Him, in being always over-ruled to the good of the race.

Let parents be taught that their children must be trained to some bread-winning industry. The old Hebrews used to say,— "He who does not teach his son a trade teaches him to steal." What shall we say of him who does not teach his daughter a trade, or a profession? who rears her for the marriage market exclusively? If she is fortunate enough to meet a manly man,

with whom she falls in love, and finds her love reciprocated, well and good. But suppose she meets, on the contrary, a smooth, designing, unscrupulous fellow, who would vent his passion on her; and with no love for him, with only the prospect of a support, she marries him! Are such marriages made in heaven? Rather they are made in hell, and their results prove it; for if there is a hell on earth, it is an unhappy, ill-matched, ill-timed marriage, the fruit of coercion and want. Let no careless reader say this is a diatribe against marriage, for it is not. Wait till you have read further. But we here go on record with an indignant and vehement protest against the false notions of propriety which narrow the way before women, limit them on the right hand and on the left, and so constrict and coerce them as to make any marriage which promises a living a welcome relief.

This is a frank statement of things as they are, when stripped of all the draperies of a conventional and hypocritical society. If it is an offense to protest against age-long wrong, especially when inflicted on the weak, to uncover the horrid infamies under which womankind suffers, and to warn from the baleful fires of the pit, then the writer confesses he is an offender, and proud of it!

#### NATURE AND THE UNNATURAL.

Off with your handicaps! away with your puerile objections! Woman is a human being, as well as a female. She has a brain, as well as a body. God has given her one, two, five, ten talents, as well as her brother, and will He not hold her to account for the right use of them? Suppose God says, by bestowing upon a woman the gift of the artist, fingers like animated pencils, and a perception of color as strong as that of Titian, "Paint!" and society draws back its dainty skirts and lifts its lily hands in feigned horror, and screams, "Don't!" who shall be obeyed, God Almighty, or Mrs. Grundy? So with any and all other talents. The only question society has any right to ask a woman, when she seeks to do a work, is, "Can you do it?" and if she can, then

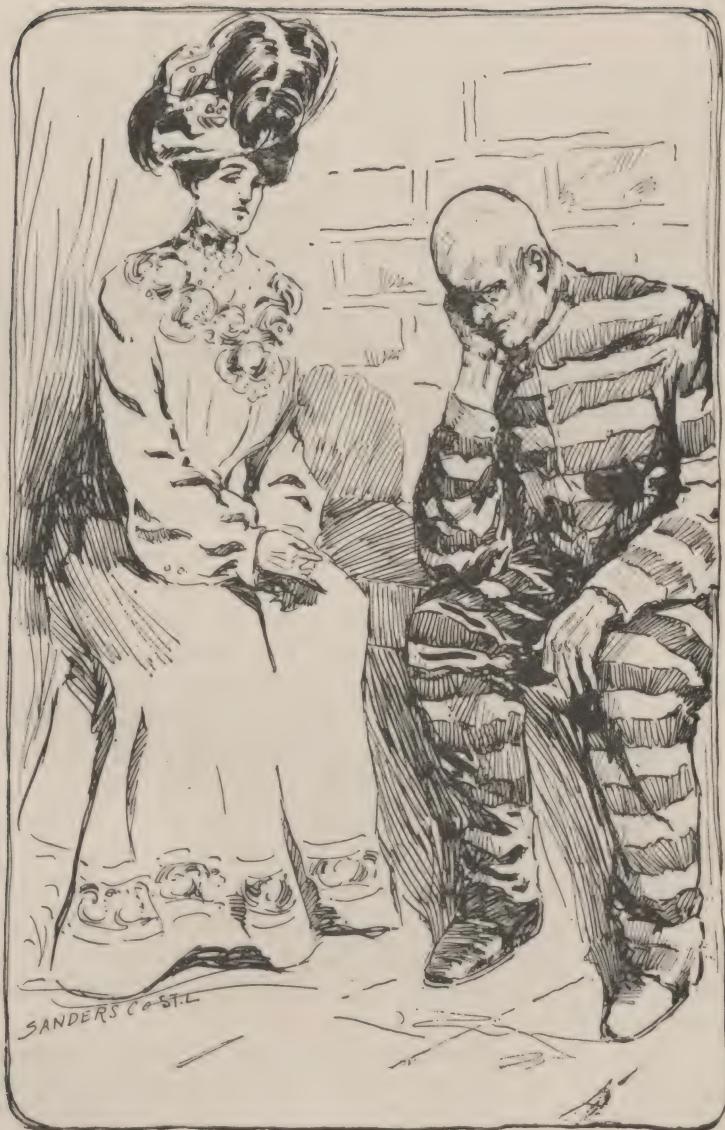
she has the right to do it, and not all the synods and assemblies and tyrants of all the earth have any right to say her nay.

Put the male and the female side by side in the struggle for life. Educate and train them as producers, and send them forth from the home equipped for the battle of the bread-winners. Do you say, marriage will cease? Not a bit of it. Legalized adultery will cease! The sale of womanly virtue at the altar, with a preacher for auctioneer will cease. But marriage is of divine appointment, and marriages which are normal, human, and happy, will increase.

The sheer brutality of so narrowing a woman's way to successful self-support as to compel her to marry is not so much as dreamed of by the majority of people. "Is it not her heaven-ordained lot to marry?" they ask in amazement. "Why, then, should you protest against it?" We do not protest against a woman's marrying, and so fulfilling the laws of nature and of God, but we do protest against *compulsory* marriage. She who marries a man for a living, or to whom the consideration of bread and butter is of paramount importance, is as clearly dragooned into marriage as the daughter of the savage who is carried away from the parental lodge by force and arms.

In narrating the downfall of a young married woman Charlton Edholm describes her wavering between devotion to the thief to whom she finds herself married, and returning to her father's house disgraced and heart-broken. "She had no way of supporting herself, much less the expected child, whose very existence would tie her hands for money-making work. *How often this financial dependence forces women to sell their souls.*

*Had she a trade or profession, she could have spurned his base proposal.*" And yet this gifted and daring writer, like the thoughtless multitude, does not so much as hint in her book, "Traffic in Girls," that under our present industrial system, women sell themselves to one man instead of to whomever will buy, and thus make marriage but little more than legalized and respec-



AN APPALLING PROPOSITION.

"Had she a trade or a profession, she could have spurned his base proposals."

table prostitution. We insist that wherever and whenever this is the case, that is, wherever a woman marries for a support or to better her circumstances, it is a species of prostitution.

Remember that there is no excess of males over females; the numbers are practically equal. Remember also that there is an inveterate prejudice against woman's going into the trades and the professions, and when she does, she is paid less, not because her work is inferior, but *because she is a woman!* And then ask yourself in all earnestness, "How many women marry chiefly because of the pressure of physical want?" The number can be by no means insignificant. And how shall we characterize such marriages? They are not free, voluntary, loving unions. They are mercenary, calculating, unconscionable.

#### A FRAID IT IS THE LAST CHANCE.

Men have been known to stoop so low as to take advantage of the present situation, and urge their suit on the ground that theirs may be the last proposal! And sure enough, it may be! How many offers of marriage can any young woman, even the most attractive, expect? And no matter how favorable her situation, the number of men who will aspire to offer themselves is necessarily limited, practically, to those in "her set." Imagine a man saying to a hesitating young woman, "Better think twice, now, before you refuse me. *You may not have another chance!*" Such a man ought to be kicked off the premises *instanter*. Such an offer ought to be spurned with supreme contempt. And if women were economically free agents, permitted by social usage, by law and custom, and fitted by education and training to earn an independent living, that is just the treatment that would be administered.

A handsome, talented young woman, of good family, with four brothers and sisters, mother a widow, was asked point blank, "Pearl, why did you marry Jack?" In all frankness the poor girl answered, "I was afraid it was the last chance I would have." Is it any wonder that at last accounts Jack was in South Africa, and

Pearl and her three little ones were living alone? This is not an imaginary incident. The place where this "last chance" was found is a town of about one thousand people, where of necessity the eligible young men were few. Do you suppose that Pearl is a happy woman? or that Jack is a happy, contented man? And how many Pearls and Jacks do you suppose there are in your own circle of acquaintances? How many men and women find themselves mismated, uncongenial, with nothing but sex affinity, and with that of very brief duration?

A marriage which is brought about by sheer force of economic necessity, or by fear of the stigma of confirmed maidenhood, or by any other power than that of mutual adaptation and attraction guided by common sense, is abnormal and unholy, if not absolutely impure. Such a marriage cannot be blessed of God, nor regarded by rational men and women as far removed from downright prostitution. And there is one preventative for such mesalliances, and but one, viz., to make woman economically free; that is, to batter down the barriers in the way of her self-support, to broaden the way to success in life, and multiply the ways.

Whether the reader finds himself in agreement with the conclusions of this chapter or not, he must admit that marriage must be free, in order to be happy; nay, more, that it must be free in order to be truly human. Who can think of a man and a woman living together as husband and wife, and fulfilling the sacred laws of their being, when the woman has been coerced into the relation? There is something indescribably abhorrent in the very thought.

And since the chief agency in thus compelling women to marry is the steady pressure of the lower wants, in other words, economic necessity, there can be but one measure of relief that even promises to be adequate, and that is, economic emancipation. Set woman free; give "Pearl" a trade, a business, or a profession that will enable her to support herself, and that without the doom of the treadmill, and she will never marry "Jack"; she will no longer stand in fear of the proverbial "last chance."

This is a wide world, and there is more undeveloped wealth in it than there is developed; there are forces yet unharnessed that can be made to serve men, and lighten their burdens; there are harvests ungathered; and in the midst of a world so crude as this, it is the height of folly to sound an alarm because there are too many workers. It may be that on account of the monopoly of private ownership, there seems to be a plethora of workers here and there, but when all men have a right of access to the soil there will be room for all. It will be at last as it was in the days of miracle, when everybody was fed, and none were hungry.

And the result of freedom will be marriages of something like an ideal character, insuring peace and happiness on earth, and extending the beneficent sway of all good influences. There will come a new race of human beings, and history will begin a narrative of "Paradise Regained!"

CHAPTER IV

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THE MARRIAGE MARKET

*On his weary couch  
Fat Luxury, sick of the night's debauch,  
Lay groaning, fretful of the obtrusive beam  
That through his lattice peeped derisively.*

—*Pollok.*

*A thousand hearts beat happily, and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell.  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!*

—*Byron.*

*Luxury and dissipation, soft and gentle as their approaches are, and silently as they throw their silken charms about the heart, enslave it more than the most active and turbulent vices.—Hannah Moore.*

*There were three different modes by which marriage could be contracted among the Romans. The marriages of the patricians were celebrated in the presence of ten witnesses, and with a variety of religious ceremonies peculiar to their order. The plebeians married after two different forms: the one was by a species of sale, emptio venditio; and the other by the simple cohabitation of the parties for a year, which by law constituted a marriage.—Tytler.*

## CHAPTER IV.

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### THE MARRIAGE MARKET.

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HOW SUPPORTED—MEANINGS OF SOCIAL FUNCTIONS—EXHIBITING THE VICTIMS—DECENT AND INDECENT—INNOCENCY AND VULGARITY.

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It is difficult to tell to what extent our customs are modified by the dead hand. The generation now on the stage of action has inherited traditions, beliefs and practices, from all former generations many of which are not at all changed by modern analysis, or the reconstructing power which it is always our privilege to exercise. For centuries the world has been accustomed to the subjugation of woman. And there are multitudes who come into the world with its organized forms, institutions, beliefs and practices, and accept them without a word of inquiry or dissent, as if "whatever is, is right!" Of course the position of woman they accept; women themselves accept it; men accept it; he who dares to question prevailing practices in so-called civilized lands is looked upon as an innovator, a disturber, and is vehemently denounced as a dangerous character! But now, just what is the present position of woman?

Mrs. Stetson defines that position in unmistakable terms. She says: "We are the only animal species in which the female depends on the male for food, the only animal species in which the sex relation is also an economic relation. With us an entire sex lives in a relation of economic dependence upon the other sex, and the economic relation is combined with the sex relation. The economic status of the human female is relative to the sex relation."

#### HOW SUPPORTED.

What then? what follows? No instinct is stronger than that of self-preservation; and woman very soon sees that her preservation depends upon her alliance with some male. First as daughter or sister, then as wife or mistress, she must utilize her sex characteristics; for upon these depends her bread and butter. Let

this fact be remembered. We are so accustomed to thinking in grooves that we are very much averse to taking a new idea into our heads. The Patagonian chieftain told the traveler that ideas made him sleepy; and there are many of us deplorably like him. So true is this, that editors, ministers, and authors have to give their ideas a unique and attractive setting, a startling or even a sensational coloring, in order to have them received. Do not tremble lest in this or any subsequent chapter we inveigh against honorable marriage; quite the contrary is our aim and purpose; it is for such marriage we plead, and for such social and industrial conditions as will make such marriages easily possible to the many who are now denied them. But stop right here and do a little thinking, as to the inevitable consequences of the fact with which we introduce this chapter, the dependence of the female upon the male for food.

One of the first consequences is the establishment of marriage markets. We do not refer to matrimonial bureaus, but to society in which men and women meet with no other purpose paramount than that of making matches. Mothers with marriageable daughters are to be forgiven a motherly pride in their girls, to be sure, but shall we so readily forgive them, if they go about scheming how they may entrap "the rich young Gotrox" into an engagement with Susanne or Marion or Angelina? A husband-hunter is a spectacle to make the angels weep, whether she be a marriageable young woman, or that young woman's mother, or guardian,

#### **MEANING OF SOCIAL FUNCTIONS.**

Many a swell function is arranged not merely to exhibit the wealth of its promoters,—and that is always the height of vulgarity—but to parade young women before the scrutinizing gaze of eager, mate-seeking men. Receptions, balls, dinners, theater parties, etc., etc., are all planned with reference to this all-absorbing hunt of a husband. Prepare the lists! order the invitations engraved; shall we invite many or few? shall we ask,—oh bother!

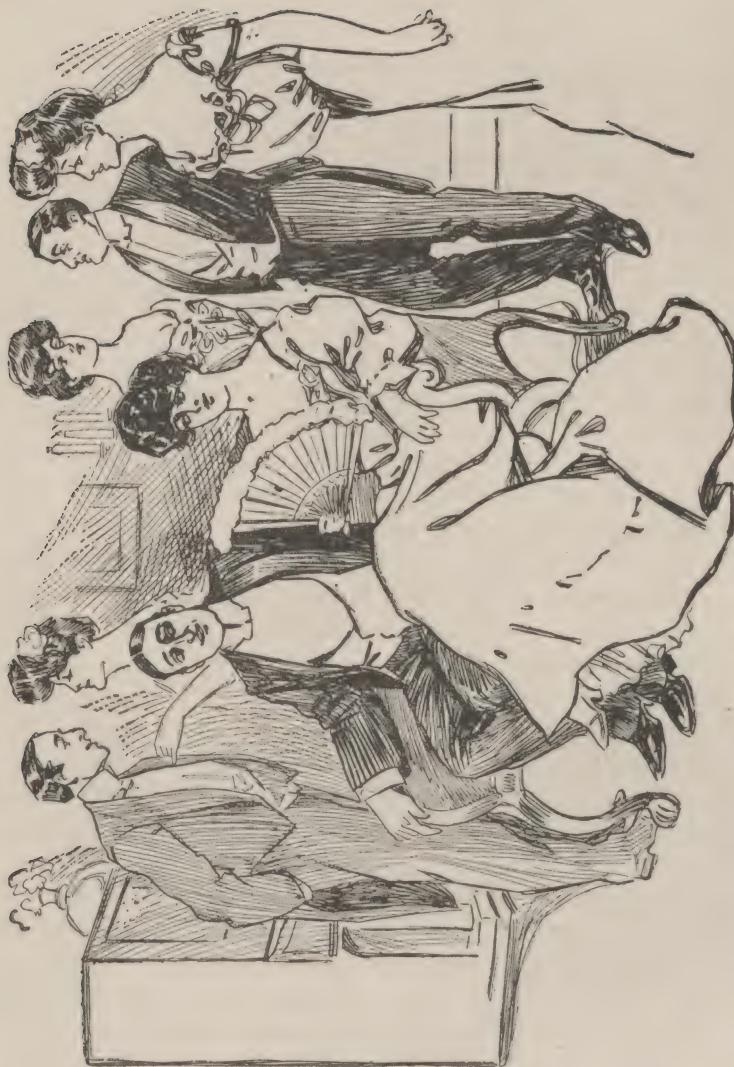
... every man that has anything or has a fair prospect of getting anytnig! We want men! Here some of our girls are out for the tenth season, and haven't had a proposal yet! And the managers of the matrimonial market scheme and contrive by all the arts known to the sex, to gather together a likely company, and warm their blood with wine, and loosen their tongues, and smother their wits, and "give the girls another chance!" Oh, the horror of it! the shame and humiliation of it!

And yet look in on the revelers. Listen to the music, beating faster and faster, madder and madder. The air is thick with mingled perfumes, and hot and stifling. There is a voluptuousness in the cadence of the music itself; everything must contribute to the one great end, of bring the imagination, heating the blood, and ensnaring the hearts of the young men. But they are wily; they are often hardened reprobates, blase and burnt out,—men that no rational girl would want for a husband, and no sane woman would want for a son-in-law. They have walked along the burning marls of perdition; they have breathed the sulphurous flames of the under world. Their brows are blistered, their characters are bankrupt, their bodies are already the walking lazarettos of awful abominations!

#### EXHIBITING THE VICTIMS.

And it is to attract and hold the fascinated gaze of such men that pure girls are decked out in meretricious dress and ornament; their skirts a deal too long at the bottom, and far too abbreviated at the top, leaving the body half exposed to the stare of lecherous fellows whose very glance is enough to wither a rose! No one decries the legitimate use of ornament in dress; neatness and beauty of attire are woman's prerogative. As long as God has planted roses in her cheeks and stained her lips with the blood of the cherries and kindled stellar fires in her blazing eyes, who shall dare deny her the charms of face and figure and movement, set off by the art of the dressmaker and the jeweler? The world despises the sloven; it has no place for a slouch: put as many touches of

**THE HUSBAND HUNT.**  
"Whom shall we invite? Oh, bother! invite anybody that's a good catch."



grace and loveliness as you can on the form divine, but beware how you cross the point at which dress and ornamentation become vulgar and sensuous!

A family in good circumstances had moved into the city. They had lived well, but sensibly, in their country home, and were by no means unfamiliar with the ways of polished people. Yet in the midst of a society more or less gay, they kept their senses for a long time. Finally the young lady daughters made up their minds that they must adopt the style of dress which was followed by some of the gayer members of society; and so they came down to the parlor one evening, arrayed in decollete gowns. The stern old father's glance fell upon them with instant and unmistakable disapproval. They returned to their rooms, took off the extreme gowns, and returned more becomingly clad. The father took those dresses with a pair of tongs, and put them into the blazing fire!

Sam Jones once described a society woman arrayed in the common low-neck gown, sleeveless, and then said: "I couldn't talk religion to a woman dressed like that! No, neighbor, not religion! I might talk politics, but before I could take up the subject of religion, I should have to say, "Here, madam, here is my coat; won't you please put it on?" Whenever and wherever, by dress, adornment, look, posture, word or action, a woman seeks to attract the lustful gaze of a man, or to arouse his animal passions, she discowns herself, and degrades the race. Let such arts be relegated to the poor lost creatures whose only means of support they are! and let us have a society that is free from taint, or the suspicion of unsoundness.

#### INNOCENCE AND VULGARITY.

We are thankful for a world that is crowded, every nook and corner, with beauty. It slumbers in the dewdrop, it glitters in the ice-gem, it flashes in the cataract, it smiles upon the verdant plain. The mountains are its monuments, the floating clouds its chariots, and the rainbow its sign manual. The beauty of the

world never fades; for the verdure of spring but gives place to the gold of autumn, and that to the glistening white of winter. There is as much beauty in the storm as in the placid sunshine; in action, as in repose. And a wise and benevolent Creator, having made everything beautiful and good, at length placed man in the midst of it, the crown and glory of all, and woman, the glory of the man! It would be strange indeed, if in the midst of a beautiful world we should find ourselves creatures of hideous ugliness. We do not disparage beauty of face or figure or dress, but we do unqualifiedly denounce the perversion of an agent so powerful as female beauty, whether we find it in the palaces of wealth and fashion, in the pews of our churches, or in the slums of our cities.

"It would be sheer hypocrisy," writes T. De Witt Talmage, "because we may not have it ourselves, to despise, or affect to despise, beauty in others. When God gives it, He gives it as a blessing and as a means of usefulness. David and his army were coming down from the mountains to destroy Nabal and his flocks and vineyards. The beautiful Abigail, the wife of Nabal, went out to arrest him when he came down from the mountains, and she succeeded. Coming to the foot of the hill, she knelt. David with his army of sworn men came down over the cliffs, and when he saw her kneeling at the foot of the hill he cried,—‘Halt!’ to his men, and the caves echoed it; ‘Halt! halt!’ That one beautiful woman, kneeling at the foot of the cliff had arrested all those armed troops. A dewdrop dashed back Niagara. The Bible sets before us the portraits of Sarah and Rebecca, and Abishag, Absalom’s sister, and Job’s daughters, and says, ‘They were fair to look upon.’ By outdoor exercise, and by skilful arrangement of apparel, let women make themselves attractive. The sloven has only one mission, and that to excite our loathing and disgust. But alas! for those who depend upon personal charms for their happiness. Beauty is such a subtle thing it does not seem to depend upon facial proportions, or upon the sparkle of the eye, or upon the flush of the cheek. You sometimes find it among irregular

features. It is the soul shining through the face that makes one beautiful. But alas! for those who depend upon mere personal charms. They will come to disappointment and to a great fret. There are so many different opinions about what are personal charms; and then sickness and trouble and age do make such ravages. The poorest god that a woman ever worships is her own face. The saddest sight in all the world is a woman who has built everything on good looks, when the charms begin to vanish. Oh, how they try to cover the wrinkles and hide the ravages of Time! When Time, with iron-shod feet, steps on a face, the hoof marks remain, and you cannot hide them. It is silly to try to hide them. I think the most repulsive fool in all the world is an old fool."

The marriage market is always well stocked. It is not by any means easy to discriminate between legitimate attraction of the other sex, and those arts and evils and insinuations and suggestions that belong to harlotry. Men will never be blind and unresponsive to physical beauty. Abigail still has power to stop a regiment of armed men. But no wise woman will venture her happiness here and hereafter on so flimsy and evanescent a thing as beauty of face or form. Neither will she make it her stock in trade, and seek to capitalize it in securing a husband. The fashionable watering place, with its dare-devil coquettices, the mixed company of gay revelers, the contagion of immorality and sensualism that glides across the waxed floors of the ball-room, the late suppers and Jehu drives, spiced wines and passion-provoking scenes, she will avoid as she would a pestilence, and prefer rather a life of single blessedness, or even get herself to a nunnery!

Let fashionable society reflect but for one moment on the peril of its course, and the certainty of its punishment. What can we expect from marriages that are made, not as the result of long acquaintanceship and the discovery of deep and lasting affinities, but because of the temporary attraction of mere externals, or the impulse of passion? Such unions, no matter on what market they

may be consummated, have no guaranty of permanence. Unless there is an affection rooted in the heart there are no barriers to withstand the assaults of trial that must come. If a beautiful woman has won a husband by nothing more lasting or meritorious than her physical charms, can she wonder when her happiness is wrecked and her husband won from her by some other woman whose charms eclipse her own? Or has she any real right to complain, if in the market she sold herself to a lecherous male, when having gratified his passion, he turns elsewhere, and seeks in another woman to have the flames of sensuality fired once more?

This is not to eliminate sex from courtship and marriage. No matter how many charms are super-added, there must always remain, as long as the race is human, this fundamental attraction between two persons of opposite sex. But what menaces the happiness of our homes, entails sorrows and woes immedicable, and finds its issues in the divorce courts and diseased and discredited offspring, broken hearts and wrecked lives, is the exaltation of the sex attraction, and the exaggeration of sexual passion. Let that part of nature alone! Seek to develop the angel, and enslave the animal. Tigerish passions are hard enough to curb, at best, without fondling them, and arousing them with the twisted lash of opportunity.

#### **DECENT AND INDECENT.**

There is no doubt whatever, nor is there any room for doubt, that many an innocent young girl is put upon the market and practically sold to some gray-haired libertine, without herself being cognizant of the nature of the transaction. It is all effected under the forms of society; there is the formal presentation of the debutante, the beginning and continuance of the acquaintanceship, the calls, the drives, the theatres, the presents, and all the accompaniments of an apparently legitimate and honorable courtship, and then the consummation of it all in a splendid wedding. But often, more often than we dream, underneath the limpid surface of the fair current sweeps the foul stream of lechery and debauch-



ONE OF THE BARGAINS.

"Many a swell marriage is the sale of a woman, body and soul, with the  
clergymen as auctioneer."

ery and legalized adultery. That which seems to every observer to be a marriage ceremony, at the fragrant altar with robed priest and garlands of flowers and witchery of music, is, if the mask were torn off, the horrid auction of a woman, body and soul to a libidinous master,—a brimstone bargain!

How can it be otherwise, as long as society teaches the female to depend upon her sex for a support? From earliest childhood, sex is emphasized, by dress, by manners, by conversation, by all the accompaniments of modern civilization, by inherited prejudices and preconceptions, by example and by precept. At this very moment, in the homes of good people all over the land, there is an anxiety, more or less manifest, lest the daughters in these homes should be left upon the market husbandless, like shop-worn goods; and if you observe closely, you will find these back-numbers here and there, showing by their very demeanor, that they are for sale at half price! They are not to blame; we would not for a moment let the slightest censure fall upon them. They may think they are acting as they will, but they are not; they are mere puppets in the great world-show of *Vanity Fair*, creatures of an environment against which it were well nigh useless to rebel.

This message is addressed to men and women alike. Let the fair maidens upon whose round cheeks the rose-tint still lingers, beware! Let them seek in the acquirement of some honorable, bread-winning occupation, relief from the intolerable tyranny of society, and escape from a fate which is indescribably horrible. If only the truth, all the truth were known, there would be fewer envious looks cast upon the palaces of the rich, fewer heart-burnings and envyings when some poor girl stands at the marriage altar with "a good catch." Find in honorable, useful employment, something for which you are fitted alike by taste and by training, independence! young woman; go about your chosen task as if it were the "be-all and end-all" of your earthly existence, and in due time, that knightly creature of your dreams, a chivalrous husband, will claim you as his own. Men who really want wives

know that they must choose them for qualities that will wear well. They are not going to be entrapped by the arts and blandishments of skilled husband-hunters. And the men who are to be captured by exaggerated femaleness, are not the men out of whom God and nature can make staunch, tender, faithful husbands.

There are beckoning hands on every side; there are open doors, appealing voices, inviting fields. The *summum bonum*, the chief good, is not in being married, for the sake of marriage alone. It is in being occupied. Married life is full of occupation. The making and maintenance of a home is a high calling, nor is there any more honorable. But where do we find ideal homes today? Have we any right to expect them, when we remember how marriages are made? If the chief attraction has been sex affinity and that alone, then that is what must bind the home together, and cement the marriage bond. It is in the sexual relation that chief pleasure must be found. And so in the few children that are unhappily the fruit of such unions, this perverted instinct is perpetuated and intensified. The little innocents that ought to be the fruit of prayer are the accidents of lust, and come into the world foredoomed and fore-damned.

We are not going to quarrel with good people who contend that there are other influences co-operating to bring about the state of things we have given a feeble description of; that the maladjustment of social and economic forces is the only procuring cause of such unhappiness on earth; that solely because the female is dependent upon the male, therefore the markets are established and operated; but while admitting that there may be and doubtless are other causes, this is chief. It may not stand alone, but it co-operates with all others, and is strong enough in and of itself, to demoralize society and destroy human souls, if there were no other.

Let a holy conspiracy be formed in every home, in every social circle, between the church and the school, the State and the citizen, laws on our statute books and customs in society, to revo-

lutionize the existing order. Things are wrong side up; therefore they should be turned upside down! Give the girls an equal chance with the boys. Rightly educated, trained, and freed from needless and barbarous handicaps, sex is no hindrance to economic independence. Let us get ready for the day of woman's industrial emancipation.

Until the sexuo-economic relation is changed, that is, until by her industrial emancipation woman is made economically free, marriage under almost any possible conditions will continue to have market features. Not every marriage will be a mere bargain; perhaps comparatively few deserve to be called brimstone bargains; but every marriage will be more or less tainted. There will continue the quiet, persistent, irresistible pressure of economic necessity. It may not be felt; it may not be apparent to the contracting parties or to their friends, but it is there nevertheless.

The changes which have forced themselves upon us already have gone far to relieve the pressure and remove the stigma, so that many fail to see the force which has hitherto kept the entire sex subjugated. But this fact, justly interpreted, simply strengthens the argument. Twenty years ago the writer heard a shrewd business man say, of a certain lady whose approaching marriage was announced,—“Why, she doesn't need to marry. She is smart enough to take good care of herself.” That remark lends itself to the support of our contention in two particulars: in the first place, mark the word “need;” in his opinion, the lady didn't “need” to marry. Why should any woman “need” to marry, except for economic dependence? The very language bears mute witness to the social facts of the time, and to the prevalent opinion. Because bread-winning occupations for women were few, there were few women competent to support themselves. The limited employments did not offer fields for the rank and file. But this particular woman was unusually gifted, and had already demonstrated her ability in the work of an educator. Teaching was one of the few occupations into which women might enter without

losing caste, and she was especially well fitted by nature and training, to teach. Now, looking at marriage from the economic standpoint, this gentleman very naturally observed—"She doesn't need to marry." To him, marriage appealed as chiefly a business transaction. We may disapprove his verdict, and easily show that he is wrong, when marriage is ideally considered; but if we take prevailing conditions and customs into account, he is right! Yet even then, the principal force of this little incident is found in the fact that it is a typical case, and this gentleman but voices current opinion, as the weather vane shows the direction of the winds.

Woman has been treated as a sex creature, and certain industries have been relegated to her on the ground of sex. She reigns in the home. Home is the place where the human animal is fed, cleaned, dressed, and cared for generally. And so the creature who is required by maternity to remain in the home, is also required to do the feeding and the cleaning, despite the fact that she is the more sensitive, delicate and refined of the two, Marriage? Why should any man marry? Are not all men capable of self-support? But men do not marry for a support. They want a house-keeper, and they find it cheaper to marry one, and give her a meagre support, than to hire one. Such cases are by no means rare. They show the market features of marriage from the male's side of the proposition. Sometimes the tables are turned. The writer knows a case in point. A young woman, after a more or less successful experiment in marriage, was left a widow, with a considerable property to handle. She had no business training whatever, and soon found that she needed a business manager. It was cheaper to marry than to employ one. So she cast about among her male acquaintances, and finding one to her liking in due time married him. The transaction was spoken of by the young man's own mother, a far better woman than the average, too, as a business arrangement pure and simple.

A portion of this chapter was published widely in some of the

leading daily papers, and a lady, writing from Denver, Colorado, declared that most marriages are in reality nothing more nor less than sex barter. Another lady, writing from Boston, echoed the same sentiment. We do not hesitate to declare that the original purpose of marriage is being more and more lost sight of, every day; and that there are evils, accompanying the market state of matrimony that are as yet unnoticed, because undeveloped. There are evils enough that are already apparent, some of which have been enumerated in this chapter, but there are doubtless other and worse evils following in their train.

In Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, Portia says,—

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort of limitation;  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife."

And we have no doubt that many a modern Portia has felt as this wife did, though she may not have dared to express her inmost thought. And it is from such a deep humiliation and immedicable woe we would see all women saved.

CHAPTER V

ONE OF THE VICTIMS

Now we come to the great calamity of Shakespeare's life. One of his father's friends was Richard Hathaway, a substantial farmer near Stratford, who had a daughter Anne, eight years older than Shakespeare. When he was a boy of eighteen and she a woman of twenty-six they were married; and five months after, their first child was born. No one who has much knowledge of human nature needs any evidence that such a marriage was a ceaseless misery and shame to him as long as he lived. The many passages of his works in which unfavorable views are given of the female character reveal the melancholy truth. The ill-starred couple had three children, Susanna, Hamnet and Judith, all of whom were born before the father was twenty-one—the two last named being twins. There is a good reason to believe that from his twenty-first year he had never been a husband to his wife, and really had no home.—Cyc. of Biography.

## CHAPTER V.

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### ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

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MESALLIANCE—AN ASTOUNDING STORY—SUPPRESSING A SENSATION—AFTER THE WEDDING—A LIVING DEATH.

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"Well, Margaret, are you going to marry him?"

"As well as marry anybody else, I guess," said Margaret, rather dolefully.

Her sister started, with a pained look on her face, as if the reply surprised and grieved her.

"Why, sister dear, you don't mean to say that you will marry a man that you do not love?"

"Who in our set cares anything about love?" exclaimed the young woman, scornfully. "You know just as well as I do that if a girl looks encouragingly at a young man who isn't rich, or expecting soon to be rich, she is frowned upon by her sweet mamma, and all the rest of the family. She must hold her heart in her own keeping, until the proverbial good catch comes along, and then if she's fortunate enough to be favorably regarded, she must reciprocate whatever warmth of feeling is shown, and be demure and coy and all that and finally tell him to 'see papa.' I despise the whole business, for it is a business, pure and simple. It's all right for papa to sell wheat and corn on 'Change, but I do not think he has any earthly right to sell his own daughters!" And the girl flung herself upon the richly upholstered couch and burst into tears. Her sister was overcome with sympathy for her, and did not continue the conversation. She went to her and knelt over her, trying to comfort her, and telling her that it was a mistake, that papa and mamma and all of them wanted her to be happy, and if she didn't love young Macdonald she should not marry him, and much more to the same effect.

The girls were daughters of a millionaire merchant, who also did quite a brokerage business, and was considered one of the

foremost men of the city. There was nothing extraordinary in their surroundings. Their home was a fine dwelling on a fashionable avenue, and their social circle was made up of people like themselves, who had risen from comparative poverty to affluence. It was perfectly natural that Margaret Lancaster should fall in love with some young man in that particular circle, and in due time marry him; that her parents should expect this of her, and that she should exercise due prudence in selecting a man whose share of the parental fortune should at least equal hers.

But all these "perfectly natural" expectations had been disappointed. None of the young men in her set had any charms for her. She enjoyed their society, after a fashion, but marrying a man is altogether different from having him call occasionally, and spending a few hours in his society once or twice a week, when he feels that it is his duty to be entertaining. This young woman had more than one offer, but had refused them all in such a gracious manner that she retained the friendship of her rejected suitors. Now, however, she realized that the time was coming when she must face the customary and unavoidable alternative,—either marry, or become an old maid!

#### MESALLIANCE.

For several months her friends and relatives had been trying to promote an alliance for her with Allan Macdonald, a lubberly young fellow, without much education, and with only such polish as could be acquired by lounging around clubs and patronizing swell tailors. His father was of Scotch extraction, a sturdy, staunch business man, who had won a fortune by sheer pluck and tireless industry. Mrs. Macdonald was also worthy, a most estimable woman, but their splendid qualities did not seem to be transmitted to either son; the daughters were both more fortunate, for they had fine minds, and most amiable dispositions; but the boys were neither handsome, nor bright, nor clever. They were below the average in intellect, and seemed incapable of anything but mere animal pleasures.

If Allan Macdonald hadn't been the son of a rich father, he would never have been given a passing thought. His father's money paid his tailor bills, paid for his cigars, his theater boxes, his carriages, his club dues, and everything else that went to furnishing him up in a genteel fashion, and paving the way for him into the swell set. More than once there had been stories of his escapades in town and country both, that reflected seriously on the young man's character. More than once he had been drunk. On one occasion, happening to be in a town where he was not known, he was locked up in the calaboose, for being grossly indecent. No wonder a young woman with the strength of character of Margaret Lancaster didn't want to marry him!

"There, there, sister dear, I feel better now," said Margaret, rising from the couch, and brushing back her tangled hair. "It was foolish in me to speak as I did. You mustn't say anything about it to mamma, for I wouldn't have her grieved for anything in the world." After a short pause, she continued: "Mr. Macdonald has proposed, and I told him I should have to think it over. I did not give him any encouragement, but that seemed to make him all the more determined. He isn't to be mentioned in the same breath with—with Harold Montgomery, is he dear? But then poor Harold hasn't anything, and besides he's a lawyer, and papa says he can buy lawyers any time." And the girl looked disconsolately down at her daintily slippers foot, and fingered nervously with the tassel on the couch.

Her sister caressed her lovingly as she replied:

"No, sweet, the two men are altogether different. I do really think Mr. Montgomery is far superior, but, as you say, he is poor, and Mr. Macdonald has money, and can give you a comfortable home, and all the nice things you have been accustomed to. That is something, you know."

"Yes, that's a great deal, I know, puss, and I guess things will have to go that way. And yet it seems downright mean, to try to love a fellow that has money, just because of the money,



SOON TO BE SOLD.

"It's all right to sell wheat on 'change, but I do not think Papa has any right to sell his daughters!"

when there is someone else a great deal nicer, that you can't help loving even if he is poor. I do wish Harold would strike it rich, some way. I wonder if he hasn't an old uncle somewhere with lots of property, who's about ready to die, and leave it all to him?"

"You mercenary child, you, what do you mean?" exclaimed Harriet, laughing. "One would think you a regular miser."

Margaret smiled faintly, and then her face became serious. She sat still for a moment, thinking deeply. As far as she knew, the young lawyer was a man of splendid character. Why couldn't he amass a fortune, in a short time? Perhaps she could wait for him. But in the mean time could she keep Allan Macdonald waiting? Suppose she should lose them both?

"Well, dear, I must be going now," said Harriet, rising, and taking both her sister's hands in hers. "Don't worry; things will turn out right, after all. Goodby."

"You haven't told me what to do, you bad girl." Harriet paused at the door of the room, and turned half around. "Shall I go on and tell Mr. Macdonald yes, when he calls tonight?"

"Can't you make him wait a respectable time, sister? I would tell him to give me a week, any way."

As Harriet went upstairs to her own room, she met the nurse, just coming from the bedside of her younger brother, who was sick with malarial fever. She paused to ask how little Fred was, and then started on, when the nurse detained her.

#### AN ASTOUNDING STORY.

"Do you think, Miss Harriet,—do you think your sister is going to marry that Macdonald fellow?"

Harriet's brow clouded perceptibly. "I wouldn't ask," said the nurse, apologetically, "but I know some things about him that ain't nice, and I love you all so much I'd hate to see your sister make a mistake."

"What do you know about him? how did you learn it? Are you sure it's about him?" asked the young woman, eagerly.

"Come to my room," she added, "and tell me about it."



SOME STARTLING NEWS.

"What do you know about him?"

As soon as they were inside, Harriet closed the door carefully, and beckoned the woman to sit down. The story was soon told.

"It ain't a long story, Miss Harriet, and I wouldn't say a thing, if I didn't know it myself. You see it's this way. I was called for once to nurse a girl in the — hospital, with a baby. They sent for me the day the baby was born. It all happened two years ago. Of course I never asked no questions, but when the mother was getting better, I noticed every once in a while she'd be crying. I told her she mustn't do that, and finally she up and told me why. She wasn't married at all, and the baby's father wouldn't have a thing to do with her, but just to pay the hospital bills, and that was Allan Macdonald."

Harriet's face was white as marble. Her breath came quick, and her hands were clinched. The nurse was alarmed.

"Don't look that way, Miss Harriet! Oh, dear, what have I done?" she cried, as the girl's head dropped on her bosom. She hurried to her room for some restoratives, but when she came back, Harriet was sitting erect, much more composed.

"But might you not be mistaken, nurse? The woman might have lied to you. You know such creatures cannot be depended on."

"There couldn't be no mistake at all, Miss, for I saw Mr. Macdonald in the office more than once, and was there when he came in to pay the bill, just afore she was discharged."

"And what became of them?" asked Harriet, anxiously.

"You mean the mother and baby? Oh, the baby was sent to an asylum somewhere out west, and the girl went back to work in some factory where Mr. Allan had got her a place."

The bell tinkled in the sick child's room.

"Well, you may go, now, nurse. Don't say a word to anybody else about this awful story."

"Indeed I won't, ma'am," said the woman, as she hurried away to her charge.

And this was the man who had the temerity to ask her sister

in honorable marriage! a man who was fit only to be a companion with the lost; a man from whose heart all good impulses must have fled; a man thoroughly imbruted! Harriet shivered with revulsion and fear. What should she do? What could she do? She felt that she must tell Margaret before it was too late, her father ought to know it. Could it be that it was already known to any considerable extent? Her first impulse was to rush to her sister with the shameful, damning thing, but on second thought, she decided to wait. Margaret was already greatly perturbed, and was in no condition for this fresh grief and humiliation. She would wait.

After due deliberation, Harriet came to the conclusion that it would be easier to go to her mother with the story; she would be more likely to take right measures in dealing with the case, and it would better come to Margaret through her.

As soon as there was an hour available, Harriet had an interview with her mother; but it was several days before there was the slightest evidence of any further developments. Arrangements were made for both the young ladies to spend some weeks at a popular resort on the sea shore, and Mr. Lancaster made a few desultory inquiries while they were gone, in a feeble effort to get at the truth of the story. There seemed to be no satisfactory evidence, aside from the nurse's testimony and, summer coming on, the matter was dropped.

#### SUPPRESSING A SENSATION.

When the season opened again in the fall, it seemed even to the young ladies themselves like a horrible dream, far away and unreal. Mr. Macdonald had made a three months' tour of Europe, in company with some young men fresh from college, and was full of buoyant life, and interesting recitals of experiences abroad. His behavior was above suspicion, and they did not quite see how they could break with him without creating a great furore among their friends. Why is it that society is ever ready to condone, forgive, and forget male debauchery, while the poor female

is scourged out pitilessly into the wilderness? Women who would not touch the poor creature who suffers the pain and disgrace of wrong doing will receive her seducer into their parlors and welcome him as the suitor of their daughters.

It must not be thought that Margaret Lancaster was a girl of moral instability, for she was not; far from it. She utterly despised wickedness of every sort. She shrank from its perpetrators as from a contagion. But she was part of a great social scheme, a mere human integer in the sum total, a puppet in the show. Of what avail would be her indignant protest? Ah, if she only knew, if she could only look into the future, she would see that it would at least avail to save her from a career of awful suffering and heart-break.

At last, designing, match-making relatives and friends triumphed, and the engagement of Allan Macdonald and Margaret Lancaster was announced. Congratulations poured in; the young people were kept busy attending receptions and dinners in their honor. Macdonald was as attentive and lover-like as if he had never dreamed of ruining a sweet young life,—two lives, and one of them his own child! In due time, the wedding was celebrated. Two hundred invitations were out. The church was beautifully decorated; the daily papers had been filled with elaborate descriptions of the event, as if it were something which intimately concerned the general public.

#### AFTER THE WEDDING.

And after the wedding, came the reception, at the palatial home of the bride, and then the wedding journey.

“Now my dear, don’t you see that your sister is entirely happy?” It was Mrs. Lancaster, speaking to Harriet, who had not been able to overcome her repugnance for Allan Macdonald, from the time when the nurse told of the terrible wrong he had done. She protested against the marriage; it was to her a profanation. She had no confidence in the young man, and would rather have seen her sister in her shroud, than in a wedding gown as his

bride. But the gods and undergods of the fashionable world had decreed it; Mammon presided in high state when the nuptials were celebrated, and all his worshippers devoutly said "Amen."

In less than two years, Allan Macdonald was a physical and mental wreck! His physician did all he could for him, but what can medical skill avail when a man has drained away all the energies of his life in wanton and devilish excess? Finally, a trip to Carlsbad was proposed, and with scarcely sense enough to know what was going on, the great big fellow assisted at the packing of the trunks, and told his friends goodby, and sailed with his young wife and a man servant hoping to find health at the famous springs.

Months passed, with not a little improvement physically, but none at all mentally. His mind was like that of a child, a mere infant. Margaret showed all the womanly devotion of her sex, in looking after his wants, and caring tenderly for him. Fortunately, he was not violent or brutal. But his mind was in eclipse. The shadows had enveloped it, and they did not lift.

One day, as they say together in the warm sunshine, he began to talk of America, and the friends at home. His face lighted up with apparent pleasure, as he recalled one after another, and his wife fondly hoped he was beginning to gain. Presently he turned and addressing her, said:

"Now Mary, you know that I love you; why won't you do this for me?"

Margaret started, with an involuntary shiver; Mary was the name of the girl he had betrayed. She called the attendant, and together they walked back to the hotel. As they climbed the slope toward the broad steps, the afternoon sun passed behind a dense cloud, and they walked on in the shadow and chill. Even so had a human mind entered into a lasting eclipse, and the pair walked on through life side by side, in a chill shadow that never lifted. Skillful physicians were called into consultation; famous remedies were tried; one resort after another was visited, but it was all in

vain. At last the bitter truth had to be faced; "Hopelessly imbecile!" said the consulting doctors; and the words rang like the knell of doom in the ears of Margaret Macdonald. What had she done? She had bartered her life for—this horrid fate! to be linked with a physical and mental wreck, until mercifully parted by death.

The thought of what her portion henceforth must be was insupportable to the poor girl. For days she seemed to be going into a decline. While there was hope, even so much as a single ray, that her husband would recover, she could be brave and strong, but with the last hope gone, and nothing in the future but darkness, a sort of living death, she could not bear up any longer! But there is an almost weird strength in woman; and after the first sinking of her spirits, after the first recoil, her courage came again, and with a sad smile of resignation, she once more took up her self-imposed burden.

Here is one of the chief differences between man and woman. Under similar circumstances, a man would have borne the burden for a time, no doubt; indeed, there are men who would have been faithful until death; but there are many more who would have invoked the divorce court at once, to free them from an encumbrance. And society would have smiled! But we have no such thing as society, as the word is commonly understood. We have groups of people, like-minded, who associate under certain understood and agreed rules of behavior; but these groups have little or nothing in common.

The years rolled on, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan MacDonald had practically dropped out of the world,—out of their world, at least. None of their old friends ever called. When Allan's mind slipped from its moorings, it was painful to most of them to call, and alike to the poor disappointed wife. So gradually they dropped away, and the couple were left pretty much alone. Fortunately, the wealth of their respective families sustained them, or their plight had been a pitiable one indeed. Not only so, but with

her income, Mrs. McDonald was enabled to engage systematically in charity. She visited again and again among the poor and needy, and became a good angel in many a squalid home. This service was her salvation from morbidity; and she would return to the invalid's room really refreshed by the exercise of her benevolent instincts.

One morning in early winter, as Harold Montgomery and his wife lingered over their breakfast table, the maid brought in the morning paper. Mrs. Montgomery took it, and smiled archly at her husband.

"That's all right, dear; see who's married and whose funeral occurs next, and where the next party is to be, then I'll look over the political notes."

Presently Mrs. Montgomery said,—"Why, here is something that interests us both: Died, Nov. 24th, Allan MacDonald, of congestion, at his home — Weston Place. Interment private."

"Well, well! so poor Allan has gone at last."

"I must go over and see Margaret at once," said Mrs. Montgomery. "It has been a long time since we met."

"I wish you would," said her husband, "and tell her that we all sympathize deeply with her in her sorrow."

Presently the young lawyer arose and kissed his wife good-by and went down to his office. What was uppermost in his thoughts? How could he think of anything else for a time, but the days of old, when he and Allan MacDonald were both suitors for the hand of fair Margaret Lancaster. But there was no feeling in his heart now, other than one of compassion for the young woman who had as he felt at the time and still felt, been practically coerced into a marital bargain.

## **CHAPTER VI**

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### **THE UNWOMANLY**

*Women are specially made to please men.... All their education should be relative to men. To please them, to be useful to them, to make themselves loved and honored by them, to bring them up when young, to take care of them when grown up, to counsel, to console them, to make their lives agreeable and pleasant,—these in all ages have been the duties of women, and it is for these duties that they should be educated from infancy.... Being incapable of judging for themselves (as to religion) they ought to accept the decision of their fathers and their husbands like that of the Church.—Rousseau.*

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*It has never been suggested in all the theories and projects of the most absurd speculation, that it would be advisable to extend the elective suffrage to the female sex.—Charles James Fox.*

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*In law Mrs. Brut seems to have practiced in Baltimore in 1647. After her the first woman lawyer in the United States, Arabella A. Mansfield of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, was admitted to the bar in 1864. By 1879, women were allowed to plead before the Supreme Court of the United States.—W. D. P. Bliss.*

## CHAPTER VI.

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### THE UNWOMANLY.

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MASCULINE OR FEMININE—IDLENESS UNWOMANLY—UNPARDONABLE WASTE—NOT HUSBANDS ENOUGH.

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When we were youngsters, we were more or less familiar with bugaboos. If we persisted in disobeying mother or nurse, we were frightened out of our stubbornness by some spectre of the imagination. Our childish brains conjured up a dreadful image of something that waited to devour us, and we reluctantly gave way, and yielded a passive obedience.

The bugaboos of the nursery still live, and stalk abroad in the world. They are especially valuable to those who have vested interests to conserve. Women who have ventured to break the chains that bind them to inaction and listlessness, have been frightened by these bugaboos. Woman dare not write a book, at one time! it was unwomanly. And so George Eliot and Charles Egbert Craddock wrote the books, and when the publishers had printed them and the people had read and praised them, George Eliot and Charles Egbert Craddock acknowledged their identity, and—horrible to relate!—they were women!

Now can any one tell just in what particular authorship is unwomanly, or ever was? And yet the sad fact remains that it was so considered, and these and other brilliant woman hid their identity under a masculine nom de plume. As if authorship were distinctly a masculine prerogative! We shall never know how many bright minds have been clouded, how many superb works the world has lost, because of this ridiculous bugaboo of “the unwomanly.”

We are still unaccustomed to women in the profession and practice of law; a woman lawyer is an anomaly. So likewise in a thousand and one occupations, we seek to maintain a masculine monopoly and frighten women out of them by such epithets as



CHAS. EGBERT CRADDOCK.



GEORGE ELIOT.

"Compelled to assume men's names in order to be recognized in the literary world."

"strong-minded." Well, what would you? would you have woman weak-minded? Would you have her brain cells lie fallow? What a blunderer nature is, according to this notion of ours. She ought to send women into the world mere animated egg-sacks, thinking and caring for nothing but maternity and domesticity. But she foolishly laughs at our ideas on this subject, and sends women into our midst with talents and energies that need only a fair field for their development and exercise to make her a strong factor in industry. Who is right, God and nature, or man?

#### MASCULINE OR FEMININE.

Suppose we look squarely at this problem for a moment; is there anything distinctly masculine or feminine, in work or service of any sort? Is there something about work which marks it as distinctively man's, unbecoming for women, or vice versa? And if so, what is it? Take that most admirable and fundamental of all tasks, that with which our first parents occupied themselves in the Garden of Eden, obeying the command of their Creator, to "trim and keep it," agriculture,—is that exclusively masculine? It requires physical strength, but it requires wisdom and skill also. Read again the story of the settlement of America, and note the part women played in it. They were found in the fields, in the camps, and on the hunt, as well as in the home. In European countries the peasant woman toils in the fields, as Ruth did, in the fields of Boaz. In this country it is still common in many sections for women to help about the farm, doing such work as her strength permits, looking after the poultry, milking the cows, and caring for the garden and orchard.

Production, distribution, and exchange are the great fields of human industry, and woman is found occupied more or less extensively in them all. She has worked in the mines, as well as in the fields. The statement that work in general, remunerative work, is exclusively man's domain, will find no supporters; and if we were to examine and discuss all the occupations that engage men, we should find simply that the principle of division of

labor according to ability obtains. If it is said that women should not be carpenters and builders, is that because those trades are distinctively masculine, or because women are better fitted for other pursuits, as are most men? If any exceptions are made, if any callings are set apart as belonging peculiarly and exclusively to men, it must be simply those which require chiefly the exercise of physical strength. It is not because of anything in the work, but because of the adaptability of the worker. Woman should follow those pursuits for which she is best fitted, and in which she herself will come to the fullest possible expression of her own nature, and this is but the general rule applicable to all workers.

Occupations, then, are not necessarily nor properly masculine or feminine; it is the race that show these characteristics. Reading, writing, speaking, keeping accounts, publishing, superintending, teaching,—in a word, all the multiform activities of the race today, are entirely asexual; sex is found in the human species, and is to be taken into account in deciding what vocation shall be adopted, just so far as it differentiates the workers, and no farther.

Granted that there are some forms of service in which men excel women, because they are better fitted for them; is not the converse true? Are there not callings in which women excel men? For example, the daily press reported Senator Mark Hanna as saying:

“If it were not for my wife’s objection, I would fill my office with girl stenographers rather than employ men. They are more industrious, brighter, quicker, and a great deal safer,—besides, I like them. I must plead guilty to that inclination.”

Our contention that there is nothing sexual about work or business of any kind is borne out by an analysis of the occupations and also by the simple fact that men are to be found in all those callings that were thought to be the especial prerogative of woman. We do not need to go away from home, if we live in one of the larger cities, to find men who are dressmakers, milliners,

nurses, cooks, housekeepers, tutors, dishwashers, launderers, etc., etc. They do not seem to feel that they have unsexed themselves by taking up a distinctively feminine occupation; indeed, they are living witnesses to the fact that occupations are not feminine or masculine, but human!

#### IDLENESS UNWOMANLY.

But it must in all candor be admitted that there are some things decidedly unwomanly. Idleness is unwomanly. The female is sent into a world of activities that go on without intermission. Man and woman alike are endowed with a given amount of energy and ability. Any normal young woman has a quantum of physical strength. It may be much or little; no matter; it is there, and it is there for use, just as much as the steam in the boiler of the locomotive is there for use. And because nature has endowed her with physical strength, which means action, toil, service, expenditure of some sort, therefore the use of this strength is womanly, and idleness is unwomanly.

A form of exercise should be discovered that will bring all the muscles of the body into pleasurable use. If an occupation is taken up which exercises some muscles to the neglect of others, then the appeal should be to physical culture, in order that no muscle may lie dormant. And in the prosecution of the daily business, whether it be the manifold tasks of housekeeping, or the desk dudgery of a stenographer, the work should be done so as to leave the worker in good trim for another day's work. Rest is as imperative as labor, and labor as rest. Only idleness is unwomanly, and likewise unmanly.

But the woman has a mind, as well as a body; what shall we do with that? The bete noir of a multitude of squeamish souls to this day is the strong-minded woman. Strength is generally preferred to weakness. But it seems as if strength suddenly becomes a fault, a blemish, when it is in a woman's mind. What can be more outlandish? Is not the mind, with all its faculties, a munificent endowment? What a piece of mechanism is the brain;

how varied, subtle, wondrous, are its activities! What a marvel is the human understanding! The mind grasps the structure of the universe, and with loving care, traces out the handiwork of the Almighty, in the filmy star-dust that stains the blue, and in the fertilizing pollen that clings to the fronded fern. The infinitely distant, and the infinitely small are alike within its comprehension. To paraphrase the words of another, "mind working in the realm of the useful, turns iron into engines. Mind, working in realms of the beautiful, turns pigments into pictures. Mind, working in the realms of thought, can turn things true into sciences, and things good into ethical systems." Not only so, but all the complex paraphernalia that go to make up the complicated thing we call civilization must be conceded as the spoil of the working mind. Governments, laws, institutions, religions, philosophies, and literatures come from the spindle and the distaff of the human brain.

Wonderful alike in its structure and in its operation, performing miracles for the race, do you mean to tell me that the mind of any human being, male or female, should be allowed to lie dormant? Here again, as in the realm of the purely physical, idleness is unwomanly. And yet there are thousands of poor creatures, the unhappy and unfortunate victims of rampant prejudices and effete but clinging barbarisms, who let their minds slumber, or occupy them with inane gossip, or the merest machinery of life, blissfully unaware that they could scarcely be guilty of conduct more unwomanly.

#### **UNPARDONABLE WASTE.**

What an inexcusable waste in idleness. It is a waste of time,—time which an Italian count was wont to call his estate; time, which is so precious that only one moment is given at once, and that is always taken away before another is given; time, of which Carlyle says, "The poorest day that passes over us is the conflux of two Eternities; it is made up of currents that issue

from the remotest Past, and flow onwards into the remotest Future."

It is pleasant in this connection to echo the sentiment of a woman who writes brilliantly, whatever her theme:—\*

"No; equality of the sexes is not in the nature of things. Man and woman were made for, and not like one another. One only "right" we have to assert in common with mankind,—and that is as much in our own hands as theirs,—the right of having something to do." Sometimes equality of the sexes is stoutly denied, as if somebody were foolishly contending for it; as if it were the end of controversy respecting woman's place and prerogatives; but where on earth do we find equality in the sense there implied? Man and woman ought to be equal before the law; equal before God; but not equal the one to the other. No more are any two human beings equal each to the other. You can scarcely find two men that are equal. Nature does not deal in wearisome duplicates. The old Irishman hit off a great truth when he declared,—"Oihev sivinteen childern, shure, and ivery wan of them is a differunt child!" Nature has swarms of children, and every one of them is different. Inequalities among persons of the same sex are as marked as those among persons of different sex.

#### NOT HUSBANDS ENOUGH.

We are now in a new age; the time was,—perhaps!—when there were husbands and homes enough for all the women, and as life at home and abroad was then organized, the home gave her enough to do; but now, because of the enrichment of life, because of complex changes in modes of living, it is no longer true that a husband and a home await every woman or that every woman is fitted for them. Still the old ideal rules, and hence, multitudes of young women are doomed to careers of comparative idleness. Time hangs heavy on their hands. What then? they massacre him. "They prick him to death with crochet and

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\*Author of *John Halifax*.

embroidery needles ; strum him deaf with piano and harp playing—not music ; cut him up with morning visitors, or leave his carcass in ten-minute parcels at every “friend’s” house they can think of. Finally, they dance him defunct at all sorts of unnatural hours ; and then, rejoicing in the excellent excuse, smother him in sleep for a third of the following day. Thus he dies, a slow, inoffensive, perfectly natural death ; and they will never recognize his murder till, on the confines of this world, or from the unknown shores of the next, the question meets them,—“What have you done with Time?—Time, the only mortal gift bestowed equally on every living soul, and excepting the soul, the only mortal loss which is totally irretrievable !”

Because, then, certain occupations are considered unbecoming for woman, or worse still, because any bread-winning occupation is considered unwomanly, thousands of girls are reared in idleness and dependence, a burden to others, a disappointment to themselves, a humiliation to the race. Unwomanly, forsooth ! is it unwomanly to use the faculties of the mind in seeking to store up knowledge of the wonderful world in which we live ? to train those faculties, so as to be able to instruct other minds ? Is it unwomanly to exercise God-given talents, in literature, or eloquence, or art ? Is it unwomanly to take up a useful handicraft, and utilize the physical energy with which God has graciously endowed her, in ministering to a needy world ? Is it unwomanly to be independent, self-respecting, an honest and useful factor in the productive life of the world, and womanly only to be idle, helpless, parasitical ?

We are not surprised at this artificial and shallow judgment respecting woman’s sphere, for we remember that the world has not yet learned the dignity and nobility of labor. Even men, sturdy, rude, and unconventional, harbor the vain notion that some callings are more honorable than others ; that it is more becoming to wear a linen collar and a five dollar suit of clothes behind a dry goods counter for seven dollars a week than to sweat



A WOMAN LAWYER.

and toil in a machine shop dressed in jumper and overalls for forty dollars a week; that all manual labor is menial and degrading, and the only honor is to live by one's wits.

The birthright of the race is labor. By no other means or method can the human organism find its normal development and rational exercise. Every action re-acts, and by the law of reflex action strength and skill are acquired and character formed. So whatever is clean, true, harmonious, honorable, useful, noble, is womanly, and no daughter of the race occupied in these, need stand in awe of the unwomanly.

"In the industrial evolution of the human race," writes Charlotte Perkins Stetson, "that marvelous and subtle drawing out and interlocking of special functions which constitute the organic life of society, we find that production and consumption go hand in hand; and production comes first. One cannot consume what has not been produced. Economic production is the natural expression of human energy,—not sex energy at all, but race energy,—the unconscious functioning of the social organism. Socially organized human beings tend to produce, as a gland to secrete; it is the essential nature of the relation. The creative impulse, the desire to make, to express the inner thought in outer form, "just for the work's sake, no use at all i' the work!" this is the distinguishing character of humanity. "I want to mark!" cries the child, demanding the pencil. He does not want to eat. He wants to mark. He is not seeking to get something into himself, but to put something out of himself."

Children are not only brimful of energy, which seeks an outlet, but of questions as well; they are bundles of interrogation points. They want to learn, as well as to do. And to think that one entire sex is forbidden this right of acquirement and expression is to discover an age-long tyranny. Well, we get our proper punishment. Denied the right of creation, woman accepts the narrow place we assign her, and becomes an enormous consumer of things created. She delights in adorning her per-

son; and the only limit in this direction is the financial ability of the man upon whom she depends. If he can buy silks and laces, she will wear them; if he can buy diamonds she will wear them. But if these are denied her then she will go to the limit anyhow, in some less costly fashion. And thus we have cultivated in woman the habit of consumption, the habit of adornment, turned all her energies in that direction, and then we cry out vehemently against her extravagance! "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

Give the woman larger interests. Give her what nature meant her to have and to enjoy, the right to labor, the right to produce, the right to go out in works of her own production, and you cure this abominable extravagance, when all the exhortation of all the pulpits on earth cannot check it. Indeed, as if to laugh in the face of the pious exhorter, women throng the sanctuaries, fantastically and ostentatiously arrayed. "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" The human will has its place and function, to be sure; but why maintain a hydraulic pressure upon the weak mortal, forcing her in a wrong direction, and then appeal to the will to counteract the pressure? The will has sufficient exercise without this.

The women who work are better mothers than the women who have servants to work for them; their children are more numerous and healthier. The women themselves are healthier and happier, provided of course, they are not overworked. The words of the Creator. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread" are not to be monopolized by man. Even in the garden of Eden, the man and the woman were to dress and keep it. Woman was created as a help *meet* or fitted for man, not a burden to oppress him, nor a fetter to bind him, but a helper to assist him.

The fact is, we need an entire readjustment of thought, both private and public. There are even churches today that hold woman in an entirely subject state,—churches, too, that wear the name of the Nazarene, the great Emancipator of woman and of the race! It is preposterous, but it is true. We do not care to dis-

cuss here the subject of her place in the church, but it is another illustration of the beclouded state of the human intellect.

James C. Fernald, in a book entitled "The New Womanhood," argues for what he calls "Sex of Soul." We repudiate the very idea. Mind and body are of course not a little affected by each other, but the mind is superior to the body; the mind, not the body, is sovereign. And there is a wide realm of intellectual exercise, in all of which male and female have equal rights. It is surely not unwomanly for a female to do what she can do well, provided only it be something worth doing.

CHAPTER VII

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THE BONDS OF MATRIMONY

*Among the California Karoks a wife was bought, unless unusually pretty and aristocratic, for half a string of dentalium shell. In British Columbia and Vancouver Island the prices range from twenty to forty pounds; among the Kafirs, from five to thirty cows. The Damaras will give a girl for one cow. In Uganda a wife can be bought for three bullocks, or six sewing needles, or a pair of shoes. Among the Fijians, the usual price is a whale's tooth, or a musket. In Germany the expression, "to buy a wife," was in use till the end of the Middle Ages.—Westermarch.*

*The greatest and deepest of all human controversies is the marriage controversy. It appears to be surging up on all sides around. It is in America that, from whatever cause, this controversy has reached a stage of development more advanced than elsewhere.—W. E. Gladstone.*

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*Wedlock indeed, hath oft compared been  
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,  
Where they that are without would fain go in,  
And they that are within would fain go out.*

—Sir John Davies.

## CHAPTER VII.

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### THE BONDS OF MATRIMONY.

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FLIGHTED VOWS—CHASTE OR UNCHASTE—A LOST LOVER—  
LOVE OR LUST—TYRANT AND SLAVE—FEMALE ILLS.

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Most people marry. Not all are dragooned into matrimony. Let us believe that the majority marry because they love; because they have a high conception of the honor and dignity attaching to the marriage relation; because they accept it as of divine ordination; because they look upon it as the normal and therefore the happiest possible human state. In it they hope to find the fulfillment of their dreams of earthly felicity. But whatever their hopes or expectations, the great majority find themselves, sooner or later, married, "for better or worse."

Leaving out of consideration for the time being all those unfortunate women who are compelled to form a life partnership with one whom they do not really love, because of the dire necessities of life, or because of the traditional notion that an unmarried female is an abnormal creature, let us inquire into the lot of those who marry, thinking that they are in love; quite confident, both man and woman, that they are fitted for each other, and find in themselves and their surroundings all the elements necessary for a wise and happy marriage.

They have entered the "bonds of matrimony." The phrase is significant. Ordinarily it stands for those necessary and felicitous restraints without which there can be no true marriage; but there are times when it comes to mean restraint of an entirely different sort; a restraint of privilege and enjoyment, a limitation of opportunity, and an enforcement of dependence which bring about a state of comparative slavery. There is a vast difference between the sacrifices made under the sweet impulse of love, the giving up of privileges and rights that must be given up if two

are to live together in harmony, and the sacrifices exacted from the weaker by the stronger,—sacrifices which have no other justification than the barbarous law that might makes right.

#### PLIGHTED VOWS.

As to the first interpretation given the words, "bonds of matrimony," too strong a statement cannot be made. For upon the strength of mutual obligation, plighted at the marriage altar, forever depends the happiness and prosperity of the home. These bonds should never be lightly, carelessly assumed. "Forsaking all others,"—who has not heard the fateful words ring out again and again? Is that man prepared to assent to that statement of obligation? Is he ready to make that solemn vow? Is there no other woman at this very moment, toward whom his feelings are tinged with romance? And is he quite sure of his own heart? Or may there not come a time when he will look covetously upon some fairer face? when the roses are withered in the cheeks of the now blushing bride, the ruby lips are faded, the eyes are dimmed, and lines of care mar the plump contour of the features? when that time comes, as come it must, will he remember, and "cling only to her?"

But this is not all. Time marches on, and he will set his sign manual on the fairest and sweetest face that ever flushed and paled at the rose-decked altar. The stern vicissitudes of life will steal the gems from the diadem of beauty. But there will also come temptations. There will be misunderstandings within, and alluring opportunities without. Other voices will sound murmurous and magnetic; other eyes will blaze with forbidden fires; other arms will beckon, and other lips will be parted by a perfumed breath, all rank and odorous with passion, a very intoxication of sensualism. Fashionable society, fatuous and voluptuous, will continue to fan these baleful fires, and feed them with fuel from the bottomless pit. Look upon that stalwart man; take account of his moral resources, his energy of will, his powers of resistance, his past experiences of defeat or victory, and above



"WASTING HIS SUBSTANCE."  
"He goes off into harlotry and drunkenness, like the prodigal son, to play the wanton."

all, his relation to that God to whom we daily pray, "Deliver us from evil,"—and then tell me what you think of his probable fidelity to these solemn vows.

I have no sympathy with those depraved, blasé critics who declare that there is no such thing as male chastity; but with shame and humiliation I am driven to confess than indications all point one way, and that unchastity is the more common. Not only so, but we are all aware of the moral laxity that everywhere prevails. We know that the habits of people, their recreations, their dress, their manners, their amusements, to a degree at once lamentable and alarming, nourish the life of the flesh; create and sustain a pressure upon men's wills that is all but irresistible. And we must think, not of the exceptional conditions under which married people are to live out their lives, not of some far away, unattainable ideal conditions, but of the conditions that are omnipresent and inevitable. And thinking of these conditions, what shall we say of reverence for and obedience to the bonds of matrimony?

And now, what of the woman's side? It is gratifying to record here the conviction, growing ever deeper, that woman is man's superior morally. Not all women are pure, true, chaste; it may be true that when a woman sets foot upon the *descensus averni*, she moves faster and sinks lower than any man. But be that as it may, no one who has a good mother and a faithful wife can believe anything else than that the majority of women in this world are good and true. But this is not saying that the wife will never be tempted. Indeed, if her career is among the middle or the well-to-do classes, the chances are that she will be very often and very grievously beset; that because of comparative idleness, because of the lack of worthy and ennobling aims and purposes, she will find her mind again and again stained and flooded with impure and unholy thoughts. Now let temptation and opportunity coincide,—let both husband and wife be tried at a moment when their personal relations are strained, and God

alone in his infinite wisdom and power can prevent a rupture of the marriage bonds.

If fidelity is to displace infidelity, if stability is to displace fickleness, if marital chastity is to displace the unchaste thought and the lecherous imagination, then husband and wife must enter into a holy conspiracy to be true, to be genuine, to be sentinels the one for the other, and rescuers of each other.

#### CHASTE OR UNCHASTE.

These bonds are enduring. It may do for the State to consider the marriage bond a civil contract, but in the judgment of all the wise and the good of the race, it must ever be a bond indissoluble, save only by death. And now, who can project the mind into future years, imagining all the possible contingencies, and say with the utmost satisfaction,—“I am ready; this obligation is bringing me into precisely the right relations. I accept it, realizing its power, and rejoicing in it.” When a man and a woman are married, the twain become one flesh, “What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.”

It is one thing, easy, delightful, joyous, for two young people to pass an occasional evening in each other’s society; to see only the best of each other; when both are on their good behavior; but it is an entirely different thing to be joined together in wedlock, to live and move and have their whole being henceforth in each other’s society; to dwell under the same roof; to sit at the same table; to come and go together; to be under obligation to defer the one to the other, and in all things to maintain that blissful harmony without which marriage becomes jarring, dissonant, and divisive; suggesting thoughts of separation, or even of the divorce court, with its shameful unveilings and diabolical sunderings. The trouble has been that young people have married in haste, to repent at leisure. Then it is that the thrilling strains of Mendellsohn and Loehengrin break down into the dead march in Saul! The fragrance of the orange blossoms is but the

perfume of their dying breath, and instead of a couch of roses and lillies, behold a nest of writhing vipers!

It is because of the fact that marriage is not for a day nor for a year, but for aye, that fathers and mothers are sometimes apparently harsh and exacting with their children. It is because of this, that a wife or a husband should be chosen, not for showy qualities, but for qualities that will wear well. It is not a honeymoon of dove-like delights you seek, but a life of serene, even, satisfied love, without any doubts, misgivings, or suspicions; with perfect confidence, unmenaced and undisturbed. You are desperately in love today, and you are on the point of rushing off to the recorder's office; but are you quite sure that desperate love will not burn itself out in a few weeks? Test it a little, put it on half rations, deny it the pleasures of the eye, the pleasures of personal contact; let the acids of keen and ruthless analysis eat at it, to see what fibre it is of. Satisfy yourself fully that it is lasting; that it is not the flimsy, furious product of a moonish, star-struck fancy. And deeper, solemnner still, be very sure that your attachment is not wholly rooted in the flesh; that it does not depend altogether upon sensuous charms for its very life. For be assured there can be no true marriage between two intelligent, immortal beings, on any such basis. There must be a mutual admiration, a mutual love, which is established upon enduring qualities of mind and heart; there must be an affinity of characters as well as of bodies.

Then we may look along the vista of the years without anxious forebodings. For we have every possible human guaranty of harmonious and lasting union. We have then, the elements of a wise and happy marriage, which is the *sine qua non* of a happy home. It is, therefore, sage advice which directs us to consider the behavior of a young man in his own home; his manners there, his treatment of mother and sister; he who can stand that test, he who is the soul of courtesy, who delights in serving these loved ones, may be safely trusted to care for a wife.



RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

But if he is unkind, thoughtless, selfish, if he neglects the old mother and slightsthe sister for the sweetheart, let her beware; for if she marries him, she is sweetheart no longer; and he is the very man who loses the lover in the husband.

#### A LOST LOVER.

James Whitcomb Riley sounds the lament of one who has lost her lover:—

'Twas a summer ago when he left me here,  
A summer of smiles, with never a tear,  
Till I said to him with a sob, "My dear,  
Goodby, my lover, goodby!"

The touch of his hand was a thing divine,  
As he sat by my side in the soft moonshine,  
And drank of my love as men drink wine,  
"Goodby, my lover, goodby."

And never a night as I knelt in prayer,  
In a gown as white as our own souls wear,  
But in fancy he came and he kissed me there,—  
"Goodby, my lover, goodby."

But now alack! what an empty place,  
My whole heart is! of the old embrace,  
And the kiss I loved, there lives no trace!  
"Goodby, my lover, goodby."

He sailed not over the stormy sea,  
He went not off to the wars, not he!  
But oh, he is lost! for he married me!  
"Goodby, my lover, goodby."

As intimated in the first paragraphs of this chapter, there is a sense in which the bonds of matrimony are bonds indeed,—instruments of restraint and degradation, and marriage a species

of slavery. It is difficult to write of the wrongs that are sometimes inflicted upon unhappy, suffering women, under cover of the marriage relation, even in a book which is a protest against these and kindred evils, and deals plainly with its readers. There are some things, which it is a shame to mention,—and yet it is a greater shame to permit them to continue without vehement denunciation. Men are not wholly brutish. May we not believe that marital abuses are occasioned more by ignorance than by malice?

Some husbands seem to think that the marriage vows give unlimited license to the indulgence of passion; that there can be no wrong, so long as they do not become adulterers. Acting upon this theory, they make the life of a woman one long tale of suffering, from the bridal bed to the grave.

#### LOVE OR LUST.

“He is an ill husband,” says a fearless writer of the medical profession, “that uses his wife as a man treats a harlot, having no other end but pleasure; concerning which our best rule is, that although in this, as in eating and drinking, there is an appetite to be satisfied, which cannot be done without pleasing that desire; yet, since that desire and satisfaction were intended by nature for other ends, they should never be separated from those ends.” And Jeremy Taylor says,—“It is a sad truth that many married persons, thinking that the flood-gates of liberty are set wide open, without measures of restraints (so they sail in the channel), have felt the final rewards of intemperance and lust by their unlawful using of lawful permissions. Only let each of them be temperate, and both of them modest.”

Dr. J. H. Kellogg declares,—“Cases have come under our care of young wives who have required months of careful treatment to repair the damage inflicted on their wedding night. A medical writer has reported a case in which he was called upon to testify in a suit for divorce, which is an illustration of so gross a degree of sensuality that the perpetrator certainly deserved

most severe punishment. The victim, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, to please her parents, was married to a man much older than herself, riches being the chief attraction. She at once began to pine, and in a very few months was a complete wreck. Emaciated, spiritless, haggard, she was scarcely a shadow of her former self. The physician who was called in, upon making a local examination, found those delicate organs in a state of most terrible laceration and inflammation. Upon inquiring respecting the cause, he found that from the initial night she had been subjected to the most excessive demands by her husband, "day and night." The tortures she had undergone had been terrific; and her mind trembled upon the verge of insanity. She entered suit for divorce on the charge of cruelty, but was defeated, the judge ruling that the law has no jurisdiction in matters of that sort.

In another somewhat similar case, a young wife was delivered from the lecherous assaults of her husband—for they were no better—by the common sense of her neighbor friends, who gathered in force and insisted on their discontinuance. It is only now and then that cases of this sort come to the surface. The majority of them are hidden deep down in the heart of the poor, persecuted wife, and too often they are hidden with the victim in an early grave."

We feel that this is a subject upon which the medical profession should be heard; and therefore we quote still another member of this noble calling. What ghastly revelations the practicing physicians of every city in the land could make, if they would but testify! The picture which this medical writer presents will have its details filled in by any one who is acquainted widely with married people. "A man of great vital force is united to a woman of evenly balanced organization. The husband, in the exercise of what he is pleased to term his marital rights, places his wife, in a short time, on the nervous, delicate, sickly list. In the blindness and ignorance of his animal nature,

he requires prompt obedience to his desires; and, ignorant of the law of right in this direction, thinking that it is her duty to accede to his wishes, though fulfilling them with a sore and troubled heart, she allows him passively, never lovingly, to exercise daily and weekly, month in and month out, the low and beastly of his nature, and eventually, slowly but surely, to kill her. And this man, who as surely committed murder, as has the convicted assassin, lures to his net and takes unto himself another wife, to repeat the same program of legalized prostitution on his part, and sickness and premature death on her part."

#### TYRANT AND SLAVE.

We have read of Turkish harems; of polygamy; of rape; but we venture to assert that all their horrors are duplicated in many a home in so-called Christian lands, where the husband is a brutish tyrant, and the wife a suffering slave. The celebrated Dr. Acton says,—“I have taken pains to obtain and compare abundant evidence, and the result of my inquiries I may briefly epitomize as follows: I should say that the majority of women, happily for them, are not very much troubled with sexual feeling of any kind.” Happy for the race that they are not. For if both sexes alike became inflamed with libidinous blood, what power could stay its rapid deterioration and extinction? “What men are habitually, women are only exceptionally. I admit, of course, the existence of sexual excitement, terminating even in nymphomania, a form of insanity that those accustomed to visit lunatic asylums must be fully conversant with; but with these sad exceptions, there can be no doubt that sexual feeling in the female is, in the majority of cases, in abeyance, and that it requires positive and considerable excitement to be roused at all; and even if roused, which in many instances it never can be, is very moderate compared with that of the male.

Many men, and particularly young men, form their ideas of women’s feelings from what they notice early in life among loose, or at least low and vulgar women. There is always a certain num-

ber of females who, though not ostensibly prostitutes, make a kind of trade of a pretty face. They are fond of admiration; they like to attract the attention of those immediately around them. Any susceptible boy is easily led to believe, whether he is altogether overcome by the siren or not, that she, and hence all women, must have at least as strong passions as himself. Such women, however, give a very false idea of the condition of sexual feeling in general. Association with the loose women of London streets, in casinos and other immoral haunts, who, if they have not sexual feeling, counterfeit it so well that the novice does not suspect but that it is genuine, all seem to corroborate such an impression.

Married men, medical men, or married women themselves would, if appealed to, tell a far different tale, and vindicate female nature from the vile aspersions cast upon it by the abandoned conduct and ungoverned lust of a few of its worst examples. There are many females who never feel any excitement whatever. Others again, immediately after each period, do become to a limited degree, capable of experiencing it; but this capacity is only temporary, and will cease entirely until the next period. The best mothers, wives, and managers of households know little or nothing of sexual indulgences. Love of home, of children, of domestic duties, are the only passions they feel. As a general rule, a modest woman seldom desires any sexual gratification for herself. She submits to her husband, but only to please him; and but for the desire of maternity, would far rather be relieved from his attention."

It may be hard for men who are themselves sensuous and libidinous to the last degree, to accept such a statement as true; but surely it is safe to trust the testimony of a trained medical expert, especially a man of the high standing of Dr. Acton, rather than one's own unsupported surmise, or the malicious and vindictive guess of those who are themselves all but hopelessly degraded. If such testimony gives woman a high place, higher

than that to which public opinion in most communities would assign her, so much the better. The higher woman stands, the higher man must eventually rise. If there is to be any uplifting energy in regard to sexual purity, it must come from the female; from women who themselves have been mercifully spared any hereditary taint, and the whole tenor of whose lives is upward toward the luminous ideal presented for us in Mary, the mother of the Saviour.

Frequently we see expressions in the public prints of alarm at the tendencies, manifest on every side, of the native race of Americans to become extinct. Dr. Gardner places this evil prominent among its causes. The cruelties of the stern and lecherous husbands are not unavenged. Their own bodies and minds suffer; their poor wives suffer; and their posterity suffers. Children are weak, afflicted, idiotic, or children are denied altogether. And at the same time, the women of the land suffer and sigh, till the heavens above us must be moved with compassion.

#### FEMALE ILLS.

"It has been a matter of common observation," says Dr. Gardner, "that the physical status of the women of Christendom has been gradually deteriorating; that their mental energies were uncertain and spasmodic; that they were prematurely care-worn, wrinkled, and enervated; that they become subject to a host of diseases scarcely ever known to the professional men of past times, but now familiar to, and the common talk of, the matrons, and often, indeed, of the youngest females in the community." These maladies are so terribly prevalent that Michelet says the present is "the age of womb disease."

There is not a community anywhere in the broad land in which female ills do not abound. They are discussed and commented on as being a marked feature of our modern life, but nobody ever seems to have time to pause and inquire into their cause. Perhaps some will say that they are the result of masculine tyranny and degradation; but what are masculine tyranny and degra-

dation the result of? We submit that no analysis of the subject is ultimate that does not go back to fundamental social principles; that does not consider the whole subject of woman's place and prerogatives. If it is true, as we have been contending, that the so-called ancient notion of woman's exclusive sphere as a wife and mother, and the keeper of the home (harem), is false and absurd, contradicted by every canon of common sense, then may it not be that through the years she has been educated for just the position she finds herself in,—the slave of masculine lust?

Many a person who sees and deplores the evils of the present, the follies of fashion, the degeneracy of the stage, meretricious dress, etc., has not yet seen broadly enough to discover that the only escape from all these accompaniments of a libidinous society, is the economic emancipation of woman. As long as she is dependent upon a husband of some sort for a home, so long will her mere sex be exaggerated, so long will society everywhere be tinged with the crimson of sensualism. Men will continue to be passionate, lecherous, cruel, as the brutes themselves are not. Marriage will not be the mating of two persons for the holy function of procreation, but degraded from its high office, it will continue to be mere legalized adultery.

If it is objected that women are not competent to exercise their faculties and their energies in breadwinning; that they are lacking in those qualities of mind and body imperatively necessary for success in any calling, and if this objection is backed up by numerous examples, what then? Simply this; the women we see are the weak and debased victims of generations of cruelty and error. They are the sufferers from a perverted function; right that wrong, as far as possible, and there will be an immediate improvement in the health and mental vigor of both sexes; give woman the right to enter what bread-winning occupation she will, and sustain herself in it as best she can in spite of hereditary or acquired weaknesses, and you go a long way toward ending a condition which menaces social order and the perpetuity of the race.

CHAPTER VIII

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TRUE AND FALSE

*Women who thus fall are by no means the worst of their station. I have heard it affirmed by more than one lady, and by one in particular whose experience is as large as her benevolence, that many of them are of the very best—refined, intelligent, truthful, and affectionate. I don't know how it is, she would say, whether their very superiority makes them dissatisfied with their own rank, so that they easily fall victims to the rank above them, or whether other virtues can exist and flourish entirely distinct from and after the loss of what we are accustomed to believe the indispensable virtue of our sex,—chastity.—Miss Mulock.*

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*Immorality (in Hayti) is so universal that it almost ceases to be a fault, for a fault implies an exception, and in Hayti it is the rule. Young people make experiment of one another before they will enter into any closer connection. So far they are no worse than in our own English Islands, where the custom is equally general.—Froude.*

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*Three men went out one summer night,  
No thought had they, or aim;  
They dined and drank; ere we go home,  
We'll have, they said, a game.  
Three girls began that summer night,  
A life of endless shame,  
And passed through drink, disease and death,  
As swift as racing flame,  
Homeless and homeless till they died;  
Rich, loved, and praised the men;  
But when they all shall meet with God,  
And justice speaks, WHAT THEN?*

*—Anon*

## CHAPTER VIII.

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### TRUE AND FALSE.

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SORROW AND SHAME—MEN RESPONSIBLE—A HELLISH WRONG  
—FOUL LANGUAGE—NAKED AND NOT ASHAMED—ASININE  
SUPERSTITION.

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Which is the worse, the pitiful state of the woman who is wedded to a lecherous brute, whose frequent attentions exasperate her, crush her finer sensibilities, and endanger or destroy health itself, or that of the woman wedded to the same sort of man, who is left alone while he seeks pleasure in the company of harlots? Either situation is unendurable, and yet both are common. Not only so, but many a woman is called to suffer both kinds of degradation at one and the same time. Again and again it is remarked, "Brothels would have to shut down, were it not for the patronage of married men."

The man is always careful to wed a virgin, and always jealous of the chastity of his wife. And yet, with a fine disregard of his own obligations, he sallies forth to seek pleasure where it may be found, leaving his wife to her own devices, to believe implicitly in him, or if she discovers his perfidy, to mourn over her lot, and make the best of a brimstone bargain. He goes on in his chosen career of profligacy, indulging his devilish propensities without let or hindrance, apparently indifferent to all possible consequences.

Thus it comes to pass in many, many cases, that the wife is true, and the husband is false. With her instinctive aversion for the impure and the vicious, her happy freedom from sexual desire, the wife pursues the even tenor of her way, faithful in the discharge of all her wifely obligations, and occasionally submits to the amorous embraces of a husband who is the consort of prostitutes, and the seducer of virgins,—a man as false and perfidious as ever drew the breath of life, who disesteems the marriage vow.

stains his marriage bed, and poisons the blood of his offspring. For if he should be so fortunate as to escape altogether contaminating disease, a contingency scarcely possible in such a career, he becomes the father of children whose blood is turgid with sexual passion, foredoomed and foredamned to careers of lechery and profligacy.

It is the veriest commonplace that both man and woman ought to respect the marriage bond. The obligation is just as binding upon one as the other; and when one party to the contract violates it, the other is released, morally, and legally as soon as the necessary steps can be taken. There are men, as guilty as any, who are yet too manly to continue in a career of unmitigated offense, if they could once see its full enormity. Doubtless there are many more who are not manly, but bestial; who are so entirely enslaved by passion that as long as God permits them to live, they will continue to play the profligate, and end as they began, sons of infamous debauchery.

#### SORROW AND SHAME.

And what pen can portray the shame and suffering of a pure woman who is wedded to a rake? What a shock to her delicate sensibilities, when she makes the sad discovery! What grief and woe immedicable, when she finds that he is untrue to her! that he is false and infidel, that he esteems the solemn marriage ceremony an empty form, and the bonds of matrimony scarce a gossamer web.

Or, more depraved still, it may even be that the libertine recognizes the obligation of the marriage bond, and ruthlessly violates it, thus inviting all the awful disasters of such transgression upon himself, his wife, and his children, for the sake of his own momentary pleasure. What has become of his solemn affirmations of love and loyalty? Were they but a part of the shameless pretense by which he snared a helpless victim? How can such a man look an honest man or woman in the face? How can he confront his own wife and innocent, helpless children?



FALLEN MEN.

"For every fallen woman there are at least ten fallen men."

How can he persevere in his infamy, and see the wan, sad face of the woman who gave herself to him, grow paler and sadder day by day, as her proud spirit sinks under the revelation of his Sodomitic impurity?

The married libertine finds his way often to the house of the harlot. And there, in the midst of boon companions, urged on by laughter and song, inflamed by drink, he wastes his energies and whirls on the downward way, dragging to dishonor and death the woman who is the silent, suffering, and often ignorant partner for life of a male prostitute. We hear frequently of the "fallen woman," but do we not know that for every "fallen woman" there are at least ten "fallen men?" Is not his offense against honor, against decency, as grave at least as hers? Who shall say that it is not infinitely worse, since in the vast majority of cases, he is the procurer of her downfall? Count if you can the population of the under world in any city on earth, from London down to the merest lumber or mining camp of the frontier; think of the thousands and hundred thousands of women who might have honorable wifehood as their portion; and then remember that all this sin and infamy, this turbulent flood of pru-riency and debauchery, is created by the devilish demands and sustained by the unblushing patronage of men!

#### MEN RESPONSIBLE.

To quote Dr. Kellogg in his book, "Plain Facts," a book which ought to be in every home in the land, "It cannot be denied that men are in the greatest degree responsible for the social evil. The general principle holds true here as elsewhere, that the supply is regulated by the demand. If the patrons of prostitution should withdraw their support by a sudden acquisition of virtue, how soon would this vilest of traffics cease! The inmates of brothels would themselves become continent, if not virtuous, as the result of such a spasm of chastity in men."

Again, the ranks of fallen women, which are rapidly thinned by loathsome diseases and horrid deaths, are largely recruited from

the class of unfortunates for whose fall faithless lovers or cunning, heartless libertines are chiefly responsible. The weak girl, who, through too much trust, has been deceived and robbed of her dearest treasure, is disowned by relatives, shunned by her acquaintances, and turned out upon a cold world without money, without friends, without a character. What can she do? Respectable employment she cannot find, for rumor follows her. There seems to be but one door open, the one which she herself so unintentionally opened. In despair, she enters "the open road to hell," and to her first sad error adds a life of shame. Meanwhile the villain who betrayed her maintains his standing in society, and unblushingly plies his arts to win other victims. Is there not an unfair discrimination here? Should not the seducer be blackened with an infamy at least as deep as that which society casts upon the one betrayed?"

Not many moons ago some young medical students in Illinois drugged and assaulted a girl. Finding that she did not quickly recover from the effects of the deathly potion they had administered, they sought assistance. But the physician to whom they applied shook his head. "I can do nothing for you, boys." In a lonely spot they severed the head from the body, and sought to hide all trace of their connection with the revolting murder. But they were in due time detected; arrested; tried, condemned and executed. How much worse was their offense than that of the ordinary genteel seducer, who lures his victim to a brothel, ruins her, maintains her till he tires of her, and then leaves her there, damned for both worlds? She can only live out a life which has been robbed of all its joy, and filled with hellish torment, until she finds a premature grave in some Potter's Field. Indeed, the crime of those medical students was the more merciful, for they took their victim's life at once; they did not take half the years of her life, and condemn her to intolerable misery for the remainder.

**A HELLISH WRONG.**

Dr. Kellogg's protest against the discrimination between the two parties to the hellish wrong of seduction is all too mild. In many a genteel circle there are well-dressed young reprobates whose chief occupation it is to seek out tender victims for their lust. They study how they may best entrap them. They ply their arts with Satanic sagacity. They make use of their high social standing to flatter the girls whose ruin they seek. They bestow costly gifts. They make appointments. They shower favors. And then, when finally, by lover-like attentions they have won the confidence of the poor child, they accomplish their purpose, and throw her off in shame and everlasting shipwreck while they go elsewhere and repeat the process.

These infamous scoundrels are not always single men. Perhaps a majority of them are men with families of their own; men through whose veins courses the hot blood of the roué; men whose consciences are seared, whose minds are clouded, whose moral sense has gone into eternal eclipse. It is a fearful charge,—that men are responsible for the existence of the social evil. But who will deny it? One has but to think of this simple, unanswerable accusation, with all that is implied in it to be thoroughly convinced that if there is not a hell there ought to be.

And yet, with the swarming mass of prostitutes infesting our cities and lowering the moral level of every community in Christendom, what are we doing to remedy this gigantic evil? Is there any one of the procuring causes of vice which is being systematically attacked? What are men themselves doing? Have we all become prudes, afraid or ashamed to write or speak of such things?

**FOUL LANGUAGE.**

Go among men of almost every class, and you will find that so far from doing anything whatever to eradicate this plague spot, they are spreading it. The habit of telling obscene stories is one to which it would seem most men are committed. There are

scores of men to be found in the smaller towns and cities, who always regale themselves with smutty, salacious stories. They seem to think that to be foul-mouthed is the especial prerogative of the male sex, and they exercise their devilish ingenuity in inventing incidents with which to entertain one another. They do not seem to think that they are indulging the most vicious and dangerous propensity of their natures; that they are suggesting vile images to the minds of their hearers; that they are sowing seeds of infamy that may bring forth a harvest of death in their own homes. For these men have sons and daughters. And if, finally, the blow falls, and a queenly daughter, the light of their lives, is flung into the mire and clay, what right of protest have they left? Are they not themselves the procurers of her downfall?

It would be hard to mention a more contemptible habit, or one more common among men. One would be led to think that it is considered unmanly, lacking in some of the elements of a robust masculinity, not to stain the lips and pervert the mind and foul the heart with the occasional recital of an obscene jest. Such men cannot pass along the street and see a handsome female without having thoughts of impurity. And where such brutes congregate, not a woman can pass without lewd remarks being made,—fortunate if not within her hearing.

A crowd of fellows sat one evening around the stove in a hotel office, smoking, spitting, and taking turns at telling dirty stories. A gentleman who happened to be present, endured it as long as he could, and then arose to leave the room. As he reached the door, he saw a yellow dog curled up behind the stove, and giving him a gentle kick, said in a good, clear voice,—“Get out of here! this is no place for you!”

Can it be possible that men are so depraved that they really delight in smutty stories? “From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” If the stream is black and foul, the fountain cannot be pure. “Are there any ladies present?” was the



OGLING.

"Not a woman can pass without lewd remarks being made."

preliminary inquiry with which one of these blackguards began such a recital. "No," answered General Grant, who chanced to be one of the company, "but there are some gentlemen." The vile jest was smothered.

#### NAKED AND NOT ASHAMED.

If men are proud of the rotten state of society, if they are delighted to know that they and they alone are responsible for the social evil, then let them go on, adding laurels to the fame of their sex as skilled seducers and wholesalers of corruption. If fashionable women prefer the society of the rake, if fashionable society decrees that it is gross and unbecoming for a female to be seen in public in company with her own husband, then let the work of building brothels and loosening the marriage tie go on. Let it be accelerated until the very mountains become incensed, and the tragedy of Sodom and Gomorrha, of Herculaneum and Pompeii, is repeated, and this hegemonic hell is once more overthrown.

As an earnest writer says,—"Among the first lessons which boys learn of their fellows are impurities of language; and these are soon followed by impurities of thought. When this is the training of boyhood, it is not strange that the predominating ideas among young men in relation to the other sex, are too often those of impurity and sensuality. We cannot be surprised, then, that the history of most young men is, that they yield to temptation in a greater or less degree and in different ways. With many, no doubt, the indulgence is transient, accidental, and does not become habitual. It does not get to be regarded as venial. It is never yielded to without remorse. The wish and the purpose are to resist; but the animal nature bears down the moral. Still transgression is always followed by grief and penitence."

With too many, however, it is to be feared it is not so. The mind has become debauched by dwelling on licentious images, and by indulgence in licentious conversation. There is no wish to resist. They are not overtaken by temptation; for they seek

it. With them the transgression becomes habitual, and the stain on the character is deep and lasting." They go forth to live polluted and polluting lives. They are the contaminating centers of corruption for every community they enter, the promoters of lubricity and shame.

And thus in the young life, the boy life of the world, are sown those seeds of death and dishonor which bring forth their fearful, hot harvest in persistent and awful infidelity to the marriage bond. The woman is true, the man is a reprobate. This in the great majority of cases is the sad story, humiliating enough to a man who has any sort of pride in or hope for his sex. Occasionally the situation is reversed, and we find that the woman is infidel. Such an incident occurred in the life of a gentleman well known by a friend of the writer. Awful was the shock, when he was confronted with undoubted proofs of his wife's infidelity. Reason seemed to totter on its throne. What could he do? Not for a moment did he think of permitting such a woman to have their only child, a little daughter. But when the baby cried for the mother, and pined, and sickened from loneliness, he yielded, and gave her the child with the promise of reformation. Then he left home, and friends, and business prospects; a brightening career in his loved profession, and went away among strangers, hoping to find surcease of sorrow. But the raven never took its beak from his broken heart, and shortly after, he died by his own hand.

If an honest man is plunged into such depths by his wife's perfidy, how great must be the suffering of an innocent wife when her husband forsakes the guide of his youth? And when these cases are everywhere multiplied, there must be such a burden of sighs and lamentations as will make a chorus to the age-long chant of the damned.

But what are we to expect from the conventional and orthodox notion of "woman's sphere?" Is it not her peculiar and distinctive function to bear children, forsooth? What is she, but an

animated egg-sack? It is unbecoming for her to enter any of the professions; she is not fitted for toil; she was never meant for a breadwinner; her place is the home! By such tyrannous and unreasoning fiats we have brought about the very conditions we deplore.

#### ASININE SUPERSTITION.

Is there any hope of reformation? There is always hope. It "springs eternal in the human breast." But our hope will never find its joyous fruition, and lecherous, whore-mongering husbands become manly and chivalrous, until we bury this asinine superstition in the grave we must needs dig to hide our shame, and admit that women have human rights, as human beings, and that reproduction is no more their distinctive function than it is man's.

Development, culture, occupation—these are the keywords of the new freedom. Say what you will about a crowded labor market, this is the way out of our social Egypt. Show the women of the world how they may become self-supporting, how they may become contributors to the happiness and welfare of society in other ways than by yielding to the amorous approaches of uxorious men, and you cut the Gordian knot of many of our problems. But on the other hand, if you insist that woman's sphere is strictly limited to child-bearing, that her whole career must be shaped with reference to that, then you turn back from the land of promise to another period of aimless wandering in the wilderness.

If it be protested against this re-iteration of woman's industrial rights, that for her to become a worker will further complicate our industrial problems, then revolutionize industry. It needs it.

Suppose it be argued that men are false because they are weak. They are not malicious; they do not plan their moral lapses; they are weak, and they fall! Does that excuse them? Does it excuse such infamies as some that are narrated on these pages, for example? By no means. They have within their grasp all the means necessary for the development of moral strength, and if they pursue the ways of wantonness till the end of

their days, it is simply because they want to. If they wish it, they can stop every transgression, and that today!

He of all others is a reprobate, and should stand scorned by men and women alike, who indulges his vicious propensities out of wedlock, false to his vows, as well as false to his real manhood, just because he happens to possess wealth, and with it all the necessary means. His abominations are worse in the sight of heaven than those of the negro brute. For the latter may be driven by blind animal instincts; the former is inspired by a refined deviltry!

We believe that the number of men who reverence an obligation, whether contracted at the marriage altar or elsewhere, is daily increasing, and that scorn of meanness and abhorrence of sexual evil grow apace.

*John C. Stagg*

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## CHAPTER IX

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### THE PORTALS OF PAIN. I

*Bursting in from school or play,  
This is what the children say;  
Trooping, crowding, big and small,  
On the threshold, in the hall,  
Joining in the constant cry,  
Ever as the days go by,  
“Where’s mother?”*

*From the weary bed of pain,  
This same question comes again;  
From the boy with sparkling eyes,  
Bearing home his earliest prize,  
From the bronzed and bearded son,  
Perils past and honors won,  
“Where’s mother?”*

*Burdened with a lonely task,  
One day we may vainly ask,  
For the comfort of her face,  
For the rest of her embrace;  
Let us love her while we may,  
Well for us that we can say  
“Where’s mother?”*

—*London Mail.*

## CHAPTER IX.

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### THE PORTALS OF PAIN.

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DESIRE FOR A FAMILY—A WELCOME BIRTH—RAISING POODLES  
—EXCESSES AND DEBAUCHERIES—WARNING WORDS—UN-  
CONSIDERED MURDER—SISTERS OF THE MAGDALENE.

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What can be more natural or beautiful than parentage? We see reproduction everywhere about us,—in plants and flowers, as well as in the animal kingdom. The Almighty could doubtless have chosen some other method of continuing the species on earth; but he did not. He left the race to be recruited and its dominion extended by the mystery and pain of birth. There is a great deal of pious prudery and mock modesty upon this subject, all of which is silly and useless.

Among the ancients, children were greatly desired, especially male children. While civilization was at a low ebb, men were needed, to fight the battles of the family or clan, and a male child was welcomed with delight, and was supposed to endear the wife to the husband. Large families were gloried in. The more wives, children, and servants a man had, the richer he was esteemed. The birth of a child was heralded as a bit of good news. The pregnant mother was treated with the greatest consideration.

Abdallah, the father of Mahomet, when a youth, narrowly escaped being sacrificed by his father, under very peculiar circumstances. The man was childless, and made a vow that he would sacrifice one of his children to the gods if they would grant him a family. The family came, and the lot being cast, fell on Abdallah. The boy was about to be slain, in fulfillment of the vow, when the father was advised to consult a wise woman, who directed him to place ten camels, the price of blood among the Arabs, on one side, and his son on the other, and to cast lots between them. As often as the lot should be against the

youth, he was to add ten more camels. The advice was followed; the lot was against Abdallah ten times; the father sacrificed one hundred camels, and saved the son.

#### **DESIRE FOR A FAMILY.**

Innumerable instances can be cited of this desire for a family. Men did not wish to dwell alone. They somehow felt that a peculiar sacredness attached to human life; that marriage was of divine appointment; that the end to be served was the increase of the species; that when children blessed the union, it was a sign and token of divine approval; but when they were denied, then the gods had cursed them, and barrenness was a punishment and a reproach. Rachel was sore distressed when Leah bare sons to Jacob, while her own womb was closed. Hannah was in bitterness of spirit until in prayer so earnest and importunate that Eli thought her drunk, she besought the Lord to give her a son, vowing that she would dedicate him to the service of Jehóval all the days of his life. Again and again we read of children who were sent in answer to prayer.

#### **A WELCOME BIRTH.**

Perhaps the most royally welcomed birth in the annals of time was that of Napoleon's son, who became the King of Rome. It had been announced that if the child was a princess, twenty-one guns were to be fired; if a prince, one hundred. At six o'clock in the morning all Paris was aroused by the deep booming of cannon. Every window was thrown open; everyone was on the alert. Vast throngs stood motionless to count the tidings, which those explosions were thundering in their ears. The twenty-first gun was fired. The interest was now intense beyond conception. For a moment the gunners delayed the next discharge, and Paris stood waiting in breathless suspense. The heavy loaded guns then with redoubled voice, pealed forth their announcement. From the entire city one universal roar of acclamation arose, and blended with their thunders. But in spite of the splendor of his reception, the royal scion, though the ob-

ject of a nation's love and expectation, lingered through a few years of neglect and sorrow, and then sank into a forgotten grave.

Contrast with this story of kingly birth, Carlyle's description of the birth of Robert Burns. "Born in an age the most prosaic Britain had yet seen, and in a condition the most disadvantageous, where his mind, if it accomplished aught, must accomplish it under the pressure of continual bodily toil,—nay, of penury, and desponding apprehension of the worst evils—and with no furtherance but such knowledge as dwells in a poor man's hut, and the lines of a Ferguson or a Ramsay for his standard of beauty, he sinks not under all these impediments. Through the fogs and darkness of that obscure region, his eagle eye discerns the true relations of the world and human life; he grows into intellectual strength, and trains himself into intellectual expertness. Impelled by the irresistible movement of his inward spirit, he struggles forward into the general view, and with haughty modesty lays down before us, as the fruit of his labor, a gift which Time has now pronounced imperishable."

But whatever be the surroundings of the parents, whether the proud court with its eager menials, or the plowman's hut with its squalor and wretchedness, through the narrow portals of the mother's pain must the babe be ushered into life. She must descend into the valley of the shadow, to give being to the little stranger. It is part of her lot as a woman, a wife, and from it, there should be no appeal. But the iron laws of fashion and custom have in these degenerate days decreed otherwise; and many a woman is risking her life and wrecking her health in a mad effort to obey the dictates of a society as corrupt and conscienceless as it is ignorant and depraved.

#### RAISING POODLES.

Who is not familiar with the current antipathy for children, especially in the so-called upper circles of society? There are whole blocks in some of our cities in which no house or apart-

ment can be rented by the father and mother of children. Married couples have been known to move from a street, "because there were so many children there!" Well, it ought to be comforting to reflect that there are no children in hell! Satirizing and denouncing this strange, unnatural, inhuman sentiment, Sam Jones says, "People used to get married and raise children; now they get married and raise poodles." The writer once heard him in his inimitable way, describe a society woman, going out for a walk, her pet dog dashing ahead, tugging at the end of a silver chain, and then, turning to the audience, he said,—"That's right, let brains head the procession!"

There is but one way in which the population of the world can be increased, and that is by an excess of births over deaths. There is an additional source of increase, for given communities, viz., an excess of immigration over emigration. In France, publicists have for a long time been given to alarm over what they call the "national peril;" the death rate in that nation is in excess, because of its debauchery. As already observed, practically the same condition obtains among the native American families. They are dying faster than they are permitting children to be born, so this country must look to foreigners, and their descendants, for its increase and stability among the nations of the world.

The sexual excesses mentioned in another chapter go on, and seem to increase, with this aversion to their natural result. Few or no children are not the result of continence, but the result of preventive measures. Innumerable devices are employed to render the reproductive act fruitless. It would be an impropriety, even in a work like this, to so much as mention them all. We prefer to pass by the most of them, and listen to the testimony

#### **EXCESSES AND DEBAUCHERIES.**

of medical experts. The distinguished Mayer says,—"The numerous strategems invented by debauch to annihilate the natural consequences of coition, have all the same end in view."



**COMRADES.**

"That's Right: Let Brains Head the Procession!"

The soiling of the conjugal bed is mentioned for the first time in Genesis 38:6: "And it came to pass, when he (Onan) went in unto his brother's wife, that he spilled it on the ground, lest that he should give seed to his brother. And the thing which he did displeased the Lord; wherefore he slew him." This act of Onan, to prevent giving seed to his deceased brother, has given the name of conjugal Onanism to this abominable practice. One cannot tell to what a fearful extent it prevails, except by observing its consequences, even among people who fear to commit the slightest sin, to such a degree is the public conscience perverted upon this point. Still, many husbands know that nature often succeeds in rendering nugatory the most subtle calculations, and reconquers the rights which they have striven to frustrate. No matter; they persevere, none the less, and by the force of habit they poison the most blissful moments of life, with no surety of averting the result that they fear. So, who knows if the infants, too often feeble and weazen, are not the fruit of these in themselves incomplete procreations, and disturbed by preoccupations foreign to the generic act? Is it not reasonable to suppose that the creative power, not meeting in its disturbed functions the conditions necessary for the elaboration of a normal product, the conception might be from its origin imperfect, and the being which proceeded therefrom, one of those monsters which are described in treatises on teratology?

The disastrous effects of this nefarious practice upon the woman are thus summarized by the same author: "The sensibilities of the womb and the entire reproductive system are teased for no purpose. It is to this cause, too often repeated, that we should attribute the multiple neuroses, those strange affections which originate in the genital system of woman. Our conviction respecting them is based upon a great number of observations. Furthermore, the normal relations existing between the married couple undergo unfortunate changes. This affection, founded upon reciprocal esteem, is little by little effaced by the repetition

of an act which pollutes the marriage bed; from thence proceed certain hard feelings, certain deep impressions which, gradually growing, eventuate in the scandalous ruptures of which the community rarely know the real motive.

If the good harmony of families and their reciprocal relations are seriously menaced by the invasion of these detestable practices, the health of women, as we have already intimated, is fearfully injured. A great number of neuralgias appear to us to have no other cause. But that which to us has passed to incontestable proof, is the prevalence of uterine troubles, of enervation among the married hysterical symptoms which are met with in the conjugal relation as often as among young virgins, arising from the vicious habits of the husbands in their conjugal intercourse. Still more, there is a graver affection, which is daily increasing, and which, if nothing arrests its invasion, will soon have attained the proportions of a scourge; we speak of the degeneration of the womb. We do not hesitate to place in the foremost rank, among the causes of this redoubtable disease, the refinements of civilization, and especially the artifices introduced in our day in the generic act. When there is no procreation, although the procreative faculties are excited, we see these pseudomorphoses arise. Thus it is noticed that polypi and schirrus (cancer) of the womb are common among prostitutes. We may, we trust, be pardoned for remarking upon the artifices imagined to prevent fecundation, that there is in them an immense danger, of incalculable limits. We do not fear to be contradicted or taxed with exaggeration in elevating them into the proportions of a true calamity."

We much prefer the deliverances of specialists, whose word cannot be gainsaid. But as an observer of human society, familiar more or less with the hidden secrets of multitudes, the writer does not hesitate to say that these testimonies are conservative. It does not seem germane to refer to the procuring causes of such infamy and suffering as the "refinements of civilization."

Rather they are the debasements which accompany human progress. They are the lurking enemies which wait to overthrow the splendid fabric we are rearing, and submerge the race under a new deluge of barbarism.

#### **WARNING WORDS.**

At the risk of being thought prolix, we venture to introduce the warning words of another eminent specialist, Dr. Gardner, for many years exclusively devoted to the diseases of women, and lecturing upon them in a prominent medical college:

"It is undeniable that all the methods employed to prevent pregnancy are physically injurious. It should require but a moment's consideration to convince any one of the harmfulness of the common use of cold ablutions and astringent infusions and various medicated washes. Simple, and often wonderfully salutary as is cold water to a diseased limb festering with inflammation, yet few are rash enough to cover a gouty toe, rheumatic knee, or erysipelatous head with cold water. Yet, when in the general state of nervous and physical excitement attendant upon coitus, when the organs principally engaged in this act are congested and turgid with blood, do you think you can with impunity throw a flood of cold or even lukewarm water far into the vitals in a continual stream? Often, too, women add strong medicinal agents, intended to destroy by dissolution the spermatic germs, ere they have time to fulfill their natural destiny. These powerful astringents suddenly corrugate and close the glandular structure of the parts, and this is followed, necessarily, by a corresponding reaction, and the final result is debility and exhaustion, signalized by leucorrhœa, prolapsus, and other diseases.

Finally, of the use of intermediate tegumentary coverings, made of thin rubber or gold-beater's skin, and so often relied upon as absolute preventatives, Madame de Stael is reported to have said,—"They are cobwebs for protection, and bulwarks against love." Their employment certainly must produce a feeling of shame and disgust utterly destructive of the true delight of

pure hearts and refined sensibilities. They are suggestive of licentiousness and the brothel, and their employment degrades to bestiality the true feelings of manhood and the holy state of matrimony. Neither do they give, except in a very limited degree, the protection desired. Furthermore they produce (as alleged by the best modern French writers, who are more familiar with the effect of their use than we are in the United States) certain physical lesions from their irritating presence as foreign bodies, and also from the chemicals employed in their fabrication, and other effects inseparable from their employment, oftentimes of a really serious nature.

I will not further enlarge upon these instrumentalities. Sufficient has been said to convince any one that to trifle with the grand functions of our organism, to attempt to deceive and thwart nature in her highly ordained prerogatives, no matter how simple seem to be the means employed, is to incur a heavy responsibility and run a fearful risk. It matters little whether a railroad train is thrown from the track by a frozen drop of rain or by a huge boulder lying in the way ; the result is the same, the injuries are as great. Moral degradation, physical disability, premature exhaustion and decrepitude, are the result of these physical frauds, and force upon our conviction the adage which the history of every day confirms, that "honesty is the best policy."

But the women of the world are not permitted to escape at this point. Surely, enough of sorrow and shame, of suffering and anguish have been inflicted upon the sex by the measures already alluded to. And yet the tragedy has but begun. It is bad enough : for what right have men and women to tamper with the very fountains of life ? By what authority do they lay felonious hands upon their bodies, robbing them of their glory ? Nature may be silent, but she is an accurate accountant and a relentless collector. The time comes, sooner or later, when every wrong must be avenged. Then may the gods be merciful to the sons and daughters of men !

**UNCONSIDERED MURDER.**

There is a lower depth; there is a darker tragedy. It is cool, premeditated, yet unconsidered murder! It is the strangling of the unborn babe! Here again we find nature, grim and relentless, meting out with promptness and exactitude, the punishment deserved; for often an abortion is followed by the death of the woman who submits to it, as well as of her offspring. And yet so widespread is the practice, that according to medical writers, it actually interferes with the growth of civilized nations, and prophesies their downfall.

As Gardner says of this mortal crime: "Of all the sins, physical and moral, against man and God, I know of none so utterly to be condemned as the very common one of the destruction of the child while yet in the womb of the mother. So utterly repugnant is it that I can scarcely express the loathing with which I approach the subject!—murder in cold blood, without cause, of an unknown child, ones nearest relative; in fact, part of ones very being, actually having, not only ones own blood in its being, but that blood momentarily interchanging! Good God! Does it seem possible that such depravity can exist in a parent's breast—in a mother's heart?

'Tis for no wrong that it has committed that its sweet life is so cruelly taken away. Its coming is no disgrace; its creation was not in sin, but—its mother "don't want to be bothered by any more brats; can hardly take care of what she has; is going to Europe in the spring." We may forgive the poor deluded girl—seduced, betrayed, abandoned, who in her wild frenzy, destroys the mute evidence of her guilt. We have sympathy and sorrow for her. But for the married shirk who disregards her divinely ordained duty, we have nothing but contempt, even if she be the lordly woman of fashion, clothed in purple and fine linen. If glittering gems adorn her person, within there is foulness and deformity."

And as a rule, it will be found that this incredible crime is

commonest, among those who live in luxury. They are enervated by these luxuries; they lead the life of butterflies, engrossed in matters of mere personal adornment, dancing gaily hither and thither, seeking to attract attention, sporting wantonly on the very brink of personal infamy, suggesting lecherous thoughts to their male friends, and doing despite to every womanly instinct and matronly impulse. It is here, in the homes of the fashionables, that the professional abortionist plies her lucrative calling. They enrich her, and having ridden themselves of a burden, they cast scruples to the winds, and set sail once more upon the painted sea of society!

#### SISTERS OF THE MAGDALENE.

These same fair creatures, decked in their dainty clothing, lift their gem-decked hands in horror when they hear of a girl's betrayal, or catch a glimpse of a street prostitute. Yet they are twin sisters of all the reprobates and outcasts of that society which they pollute rather than adorn, and have plunged to a lower level than most of them, in that they have stained their dainty, manicured, perfumed hands with the blood of their own children. When will they awake to the enormity of their offense? When will they recognize their own degradation, and cease making arrogant claims of superiority?

They are the spoiled and deluded worshippers at the shrine of a fatuous and voluptuous fashion; and their foolish and wicked example creates many imitators, until almost every stratum of society is infected, and millions are enslaved. Society issues its decree, that small families shall be the rule; and women everywhere who have any social pretensions or aspirations, bow and worship. From that same inscrutable source of human degradation and female enslavement comes another decree,—not small families, but no children at all! It matters not that such a command is flying in the face of nature; that it does violence to all physiological law; that it cannot be obeyed slavishly without sin and crime; the votaries of fashion submit without a word of pro-

test, and the attitude of these cringing slaves affects injuriously the minds of the morally healthy, and builds up a public opinion which reinforces itself.

It would be easy to go back to ancient history, and cite the practices of the pagan nations; for the crime of abortion is as old as civilization. But we are more concerned about its fearful prevalence in these modern days. "We know," says one authority, "that in certain countries abortion is practiced in a manner almost public, without speaking of the East, where it has, so to speak, entered into the manners of the country. We see it in America, in a great city like New York, constituting a regular business, and not prevented, where it has enriched more than one midwife. England does not yield to Germany or France in the frequency of the crime of infanticide."

"And statistics attainable," writes another (Gardner), "are very incomplete. False certificates are daily given by attending physicians. Men, if they are only rich enough, die of congestion of the brain, 'not delirium tremens'; and women similarly situated, do not die from the effects of abortion, but of 'inflammation of the bowels,' etc. Infanticide, as it is generally considered (destroying a child after quickening), is of very rare occurrence in New York; whereas abortions (destroying the embryo before quickening) are of daily habit in the families of the best informed and most religious; among those abounding in wealth, as well as among the poor and needy."

Black declares, "Perhaps only medical men will credit the assertion that the frequency of this form of destroying human life exceeds all others by at least fifty per cent, and that not more than one in a thousand of the guilty parties receive any punishment by the hand of civil law. But there is a surer mode of punishment for the guilty mother in the self-executing laws of nature." Reamy makes the astounding statement,—"From a very large verbal and written correspondence in this and other states, I am satisfied that we have become a nation of murderers!"

Ministers have not all been silent on this gigantic crime. Many of them are content to leave reforms of all kinds to professional reformers; to maintain a profitable and agreeable peace with the spirit of the age, while they ply the art of "preaching the simple gospel"; but there are heroic men in their ranks whose indignation flames with prophetic boldness against any and all forms of iniquity. They realize that they have a part with their Master, in destroying the works of the devil, and are ready at whatever cost of personal popularity or comfort to become bold iconoclasts. A distinguished Brooklyn minister said in a public sermon,—"Why send missionaries to India when child-murder is here of daily, almost hourly occurrence? aye, when the hand that puts money into the contribution box today, yesterday or a month ago did, or tomorrow will, murder her own unborn offspring? The Hindoo mother, when she abandons her babe upon the sacred Ganges, is, contrary to her heart, obeying a supposed religious law, and you desire to convert her to your own worship of the Moloch of Fashion and Laziness and love of Gold! Out upon such hypocrisy!"

No doubt sentiments equally as strong have found indignant and vehement utterance from other pulpits, and we may be assured that it is not in vain. For many, many of these deplorable crimes are the result of ignorance, pure and simple. People are grossly ignorant of the laws of life; ignorant of the nature of the offence; ignorant of the gravity of their own acts; and with those who sin wilfully, but in ignorance, it is necessary only to enlighten them to stop the transgression. And it must be confessed that upon whatever subject the pulpit speaks, it speaks with more authority than any other living voice. Therefore we say that the warnings of ministers have not been in vain.

Once in a while,—not often, thank God; but once in a while we find a vulgar woman, a woman who delights to tell smutty stories; she is an amazement to society, and a reproach to her sex. But if we are to receive the testimony of unwilling but apparently



**FAITHFUL AND FEARLESS.**

"Why Send Missionaries to India?"

truthful women, often women are met with who boast of their crimes against the unborn nestling in their own bosoms; women who know too much to have children! In 'A Woman's Thoughts About Women' we read. "Ladies boast to each other of the impunity with which they have aborted, as they do of their expenditures, of their dress, of their success in society. There is a fashion in this, as in all other female customs, good and bad. 'The wretch whose account with the Almighty is heaviest with guilt, too often becomes a heroine."

If this execrable crime is committed from fear of the pains of childbearing, what a folly it is! for the authorities assure us that there is fifteen times as much danger and suffering in one abortion as in a normal birth! If it be under the stress of shame, as if for a married woman to give birth to a child were a matter to be ashamed of, then it simply shows how terrific is the pressure of public opinion, even when false and devilish.

Let every good woman whose eye falls upon this page glory in her divine prerogatives, as wife and mother. And let her join with a host of the good and the pure of both sexes, in waging war against the intolerable and unendurable tyranny of society. Let her stand for womanly independence, and for the recognition everywhere of a woman's rights. The forces that are to set woman free are already at work in society; the force and effectiveness of their work depends upon themselves.

Such facts as are narrated in this chapter prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that one chief contention of those who stand for woman's dependence, for her traditional "sphere," claiming that the duties of maternity demand it, is without any foundation. If the separation of woman from all industrial pursuits were conducive to efficient motherhood, would there be such tales of horror, such alarming and astounding accusation? The fact is, woman has not been set apart to the holy functions of maternity, but to sex uses with the express purpose of avoiding maternity.

Whatever may have been in the minds of people originally,

this is what we have come to; the female is compelled to depend upon mere femaleness for a husband and a home, that is, for a support. And that not because men wish to beget children in their own moral and physical image, but because they wish to indulge their sexual nature. If this is not the industrialization of sex, what is it? It is surely not a hard matter to see the immediate connection between this state of society, and the perpetual sin and shame of prostitution.

"Earthly, sensual, and devilish," are the words with which holy writ denounces such a fate. Immoral and godless it is in the extreme. It is one of the most serious and threatening features of a life which is pitched upon the low plane of sense. When men follow any course, when they indulge any appetite, not for the legitimate and healthful consequences, but for the mere pleasure attendant upon indulgence, they are guilty of voluntary perversion and degradation. There are gustatory pleasures, to be sure; and a man in sound and vigorous health reaps them, when he satisfies his hunger. But if he begins to eat merely for the pleasure found in mastication and deglutition, he is a glutton, and takes his place side by side with the swine.

Give woman the rights of a human being; never fear that the rights and prerogatives of the female will suffer thereby. Do right, and the Almighty will take care of the consequences.

CHAPTER X

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THE PORTALS OF PAIN. II

*It is probable that the most important factor in the change (of marriage rate and age) is the deliberate and voluntary avoidance or prevention of child-bearing on the part of a steadily increasing number of married people, who not only prefer to have but few children, but who know how to obtain their wish.—Dr. John S. Billings.*

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*Will the time come, think ye, when husbands can no longer, as they now frequently do, commit the crime of rape upon their unwilling wives, and persuade them or compel them to allow a still more dreadful violence to be wreaked upon the children nestling within them, children fully alive from the very moment of conception, that have already been fully detached from all organic connection with their parent, and only re-attached to her for purposes of nutriment and growth, and to destroy whom is a crime of the same nature, both against our Maker and society, as to destroy an infant, a child, or a man?—Storer.*

## CHAPTER X.

### THE PORTALS OF PAIN. II.

CAUSES OF THE CRIME—DENIAL OF HUMAN RIGHTS—WHY CHILDREN ARE SENT—DANGER OF DIVORCE—A DECAY OF SOCIETY.

The crimes of abortion and infanticide, as already alleged, are so widely prevalent as to alarm the nation. Many are the voices that are lifted against them, but they still persist. May it not be that we have ignored the real causes of these awful offenses? It is a commonplace that men are prone to doctor symptoms, instead of diseases. In nothing is this more manifest than in the treatment of social disorders. And it is perfectly clear that the crimes and shames of the marital state indicate a disorder not individual, but social. Public morals are unsound, and the baleful cause of it all lies deep.

#### CAUSES OF THE CRIME.

Any particular case of abortion may arise from a combination of causes. The woman may have sinned, and resort to crime to hide the consequences of her sin. Or she may have a horror of the pangs of maternity, a creeping dread of the ordeal of parturition. Or it may be that she feels that already her hands are full; that she has as many children as she can properly care for. Or she may have imbibed the pernicious notion that pregnancy is a disgrace, and maternity something to be apologized for. Or, as is often the case, with ample means at her command to care for the child, she has other plans than the rearing of children. She belongs to a long list of clubs and societies; she has innumerable social obligations; she desires to be free to travel; and for these selfish reasons, because of indolence and indifference, she becomes a party to the cowardly crime.

Dr. Kellogg in his monumental work to which reference has already been made, quotes the learned Dr. Storer in going back



A PLEASURE TRIP.

"Free to travel."

of all these reasons to one which he deems primary and fundamental,—the wrong inflicted upon the unwilling and protesting wife by the husband:—“Will the time come, think ye, when husbands can no longer, as they now frequently do, commit the crime of rape upon their unwilling wives, and persuade them or compel to allow a still more dreadful violence to be wreaked upon the children nestling within them,—children fully alive from the very moment of conception, that have already been fully detached from all organic connection with their parent, and only re-attached to her for the purposes of nutriment and growth, and to destroy whom is a crime of the same nature, both against our Maker and society, as to destroy an infant, a child, or a man?”

Marital excesses mark the beginning of the trouble,—apparently! There is a profound and lamentable ignorance among the married touching their mutual relations and obligations. The rights of the wife seem to be wholly lost sight of. She is subordinated and subjugated; she is made to yield to the demands of the husband, no matter whether to do so is to meet her own inclination and desire, or to do violence to every law of her being.

There is room for reform just at this point. Men should be given to understand that the wife is the sole mistress of her own body; that this right is never surrendered, and cannot be forfeited. And if she chooses to refuse his approaches, he must yield, and practice a manly continence. If on the other hand, he is a mad, unreasoning brute, and threatens to divorce her for the exercise of her God-given freedom, sad as are the tales of the divorce courts, better the rupture of such a bond, than its maintenance only by the practice of infamous outrage and crime.

#### DENIAL OF HUMAN RIGHTS.

We said in the paragraph above that marital excesses mark the beginning of the trouble,—apparently. It is a part of the whole argument of this book that the trouble has its beginning back farther yet, as do all other similar troubles; that it begins in the present social and industrial status of woman, in the absurd

denial to her of human rights, and the enforcement of marriage as her predestined lot. As we have said again and again, we repeat,—the majority will marry, no matter what the state of society and industry. But marriage under anything approaching an ideal social state will be a far different matter from the marriage with which we are now familiar.

The absurd judgment which assigns to woman exclusively the tasks of the home, which denies her admission to breadwinning occupations as unbecoming and unwomanly, is the abundant fountain of all these miseries. Woman's lot is that of a wife and mother; so the argument runs, either consciously or unconsciously. Then there can be no wrong inflicted upon her in the marital state. Her body is to complement the man's body. She is created for man. Hence he is to be the sole judge and arbiter, in all questions arising between them. She is to serve him whenever his passion is aroused.

It ought to be easy to discriminate between use and abuse. In ordinary matters the distinction is obvious. But a depraved and exaggerated sexualism has grown to consider the abuse the use. And warped judgments and prejudiced opinions conspire and combine to enforce this false conception of woman's prerogatives and man's rights. The lot of wife and mother is no more necessarily and exclusively the lot of woman than the lot of husband and father is necessarily and exclusively the lot of man. And the man who considers it his sole function to marry and bring children into the world, cannot be found, outside the walls of a lunatic asylum.

Under normal conditions, woman desires children. Her instincts are those of maternity. It is mainly because of her desire for children that she yields to her husband's approaches. Why is it, then, that she should revolt? Why, if happily married, does she become a partner in crime? There are many considerations, aside from inherent inclination, that can be urged in favor of the family.



PARENTAGE.  
"No true parent ever considers children a mere encumbrance."

**WHY CHILDREN ARE SENT.**

Children are not mere playthings. They are not sent into the world merely to amuse us, or to fill up the hours with pleasant diversions. This seems to be the notion of those fond and foolish parents who lament the growth of their children from babyhood to maturity. But it is a patent absurdity. And besides, it is contradicted by the facts. For there are times when the little ones are by no means a pleasure; when they become a burden and a care. But neither is this their chief function. They do require attention. They do demand sacrifice. There are times when they seem to be in the way. They make work. But no true parent ever considers his children a mere encumbrance.

In the first place, children strengthen and sanctify the marriage bond. Many a married couple can testify to this. No matter how ideal the marriage, how considerate husband and wife are one of the other, there come days of trial. Their relations are sometimes strained. They feel the friction, and fret and chafe under it. They misunderstand each other. Instances are not uncommon of a good man and a woman living together, happy to all appearances, who have not spoken to one another for days! There are months and years of smooth sailing; but there are shoals and storms as well.

**DANGER OF DIVORCE.**

Now when the trial comes, when the strength of the marriage bond is tested, if there is a child in the home, there is not half the danger of lasting estrangement and divorce. For the child has some rights. The question will immediately arise, "Whose shall the child be?" He is not estranged from either. He loves both father and mother. And his baby love for them will redeem them from misunderstandings and reproaches. There is no doubt that there are families living together in peace and happiness today who are held together by the children. The parents thought out their differences, and became reconciled, for the children's sake.

These facts are quite at variance with the foolish notion some wives have, that their husbands will love them less if they become mothers. A man who marries for the same reason that he would buy and support a mistress may not be pleased when his wife becomes the mother of his children; but a man who marries a woman because he loves her, and whose instincts are not perverted and depraved, will revere still more the mother; she will occupy a higher pedestal than the wife can ever hope to ascend.

Children serve an indispensable part in the development of character. No home is perfect and entire without children, and no man can ever grow to his natural height and moral symmetry, unless he is the father of children. They make him a better citizen. If the children of the municipality have no place to play, he may or may not be interested in the playgrounds movement. But if he has children of his own that suffer the deprivation, he is immediately and intensely interested. Every little sufferer, from whatever cause, appeals to the father as to no one else.

If the boys of the neighborhood are consorting with vile fellows and learning vicious habits, it is a matter of no consequence to the childless man. But if the father of boys finds that his own family is being corrupted by them, immediately he realizes that he is a stockholder in the public morality. He is anxious to have wrongs righted, to rid the community of every infectious immorality.

"To speak of children as if they were shackles and fetters," says Henry Ward Beecher, "always in the way, 'children, children everywhere,' is a shame and a sin. They are to be regarded as part of our education. Men cannot be developed perfectly who have not been compelled to bring children up to manhood. You might as well say that a tree is a perfect tree without leaf or blossom as to say that a man is a man who has gone through life without experiencing the influences that come from bending down, and giving ones self up to those who are helpless and little. Of what use would an engine be to a ship, if it were lying loose in

the hull? It must be fastened to it with bolts and screws, before it can propel the vessel. Now, a childless man is like a loose engine. A man must be bolted and screwed to the community before he can work well for its advancement; and there are no such screws and bolts as children."

#### **CHILDLESS OLD AGE.**

But a couple may lose sight of these considerations; they may not reflect that children will draw them nearer to one another; that they have a teaching and developing service to render, even to their own parents; and if they are aware of these things, they may be indifferent to them. There is another consideration, however, toward which they cannot be altogether indifferent. Are they willing to approach a childless old age? To grow old without children is to come to the period of comparative helplessness, dependent upon the care of hired menials. And the world knows too well what that care is. No sight can be much more pitiful than that of a helpless old couple, living out the remnant of their days without love of kith or kin, wholly at the mercy of hired servants.

When we are strong and active, we can get much better service than when we are old and feeble. The servants know there will be a hereafter to their indifference or negligence. But they know that the old people are unable to avenge themselves; that they may practice almost any sort of imposition upon them with impunity. And if the old people complain, to whom will their complaint be borne? Who is there to come to their rescue? They discover that wealth cannot buy everything; and if they reach an old age of poverty, their lot is even worse.

Happy, indeed, are the men and women who can look forward to a peaceful decline, into the valley of shadows, leaning heavily upon the strong arms of children whom they have brought into the world, and whose duty and pleasure it is to make them comfortable during the remaining days of their pilgrimage. But may Providence defend the childless couples.



**CHILDLESS AND CHEERLESS.**

"They will shrink from a childless old age."

Life itself is a sacred gift. It is rarely ennobling and inspiring, to think that men can co-operate with the Creator in bestowing life upon other creatures like themselves. Any person in good health lives through splendid days, when he can stand in the open air under the blue dome of heaven, and thank God for the luxury of mere animal existence. On such days there must come a sense of gratitude for life. What should be the feelings of those who have steadfastly denied life to their own offspring? It is inhuman; it is abnormal; it is a sin and a shame. It is as if all the trees in the orchard were to refuse to blossom and bear fruit. Where then would be the glory and beauty of the orchard?

To avoid fatherhood and motherhood is to act in a manner at once unnatural and unwise. It is to deny the promptings of a good heart and refuse the guidance of heaven-born instincts, as well as to lose from life much of what makes it desirable and good. Why, then, is it done, especially, when to do it drives one to commit the most horrid of crimes? Because the marriage out of which such feelings of revolt and rebellion grow is itself unwise and unnatural; because it is a mere agreement between two persons to live together in the relation of husband and wife, in order that the one may support the other. And this perversion and degradation of matrimony arises because the world has seen fit to deny to woman any industrial rights whatever, and shut her up to marriage as her only portion.

#### A DECAY OF SOCIETY.

We are not arguing that this is the reason for any specific act of infamy on the part of any particular couple; but that it is back to this fundamental error and perversion that we must go, if we would reason largely and accurately, in attempting to explain a decayed state of society. Personal dereliction, personal immorality, are always and everywhere factors in wrong-doing; but they are not the only factors. We would not spare any effort to correct individual conduct; to make husbands faithful,

considerate and continent; to make wives intelligent, true, and womanly. Neither would we overlook the larger reasons, nor ignore the great social and industrial forces that so powerfully affect individuals, whether taken singly or collectively.

In a wrongly adjusted social state, women marry to escape from poverty and want; not to find in marriage the fulfillment of their natural impulses. Is it strange, then, that having married in such a fashion, they exert all their ingenuity to avoid the burdens of maternity?

It is impossible to imagine the extent of the evils following in the train of these we now discuss. We may build and adorn the altars of religion; we may gather and disburse millions of dollars in charitable and missionary enterprises, but we shall look in vain for real growth in spirituality as long as these woes are not medicated. There can be nothing but disappointment to all those who toil and hope for human advancement. There can be no possibility of health, while this cancer is eating our life away.

Nor will this wrong exist alone. Vices, like virtues, go in groups. Innumerable social ills are inflicted upon the world, because of this. And all through the darkness and the light, through youth and age, from the cradle to the grave, the evil grows, and triumphs. Schools, it is sometimes said, become hot-beds of vice; and why? What else can we expect, if they are filled with children who are the accidents of lust, cursed into the world? The taint of licentiousness is transmitted from parent to child as inevitably as the herbs of the field bring forth after their kind.

Laws have been enacted against these crimes, but they evade law, and defy public opinion, or debauch it. Yet the legislator has a work to do, and we would not paralyze his hand. All who have been criminals through ignorance, will reform, once their criminality is pointed out. And yet, no offender against the laws of God or man is harder to reclaim, than one whose offense is sexual.

A perversion here is not wholly beyond remedy, but the means employed must be vigorous in the extreme. Everyone who can in any way contribute to a sound and healthful public opinion has a duty to perform. Everyone who can in any measure control his own actions, can contribute to the solution of the problem.

It is not wholly hopeless. Dawn follows darkness, all over the round world, and it is always sunrise somewhere.

“Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes  
With smiling futures glisten;  
For lo! the sun rolls up the skies!  
Lean out your souls and listen!  
The world is rolling Freedom's way,  
And ripening with its sorrow:  
Take heart; who bear the cross today  
Shall wear the crown tomorrow.”

“A number of years ago, a woman called on the writer, stating that she had become pregnant much against her wishes, and earnestly desired that an abortion should be produced.” So writes Dr. Kellogg in “Plain Facts.” The following conversation ensued:

“Why do you desire the destruction of your unborn infant?”

“Because I already have three children, which are as many as I can properly care for; besides, my health is poor, and I do not feel that I can do justice to what children I now have.”

“Your chief reason, then, is that you do not wish more children?”

“Yes.”

“On this account you are willing to take the life of this unborn babe?”

“I must get rid of it.”

“I understand that you have already borne three children, and that you do not think you are able to care for more. Four children are, you think, one too many, and so you are willing to destroy one. Why not destroy one of those already born?”

"Oh! that would be murder!"

"It certainly would, but no more murder than it would be to kill this unborn infant. Indeed, the little one you are carrying in your womb has greater claims upon you than the little ones at home, by virtue of its dependence and helplessness. It is just as much your child as those whose faces are familiar to you, and whom you love. Why should you be more willing to take its life than that of one of your other children? Indeed, there are several reasons why, if one must die because there are too many, one of those already born should be sacrificed instead of the one unborn. Your other children you are acquainted with. Some of them have serious faults. None of them have very marked mental ability, or give very great promise of being specially useful in the world. This one that is unborn may, for aught you know, be destined to a career of wonderful usefulness. It may be a genius, endowed with most remarkable gifts. It may be the discoverer of some new truth or new principle, which will be of great service to the world. It may be of all your children the most talented and the most lovable, and in every way the most desirable. Again, you cannot destroy the life of this innocent child whom you have never seen, without endangering your own life as well, and certainly not without incurring the risk of life-long suffering and disease. This could all be avoided by the sacrifice of a child already born."

"But that would be too horrible! To think of taking one of my little boys and cutting his throat, or throwing him into the river! I could not do such a wicked thing!"

Dr. Kellogg adds that so far as he knew, no active measures were taken to produce abortion; but the mother dragged on wearily for several months, till finally, the poor babe was born, emaciated, spiritless, a wasting, putrefying corpse, and lived a lingering death for months.

Much of what is absolutely false and hollow in our boasted civilization would stand revealed and condemned, if we would occasionally condescend to compare it with barbarism. Somewhere

we read an account of a savage woman, who was seen going down to a spring in the early morning with a large bundle of clothes to wash. Along towards evening she returned, carrying in one corner of the basket, a baby to which she had given birth, as a mere incident of the day's toil.

Now it may be that this is an exceptional case, even among the uncivilized, but all reason teaches that much of the peril and pain—if not all of the peril, is the direct result of the abominable and unholy fashions of living and dressing that we have allowed to creep in. It cannot be that the All-wise should have annexed such terrific penalties to a process as natural and necessary as that of birth. It is because of the tyranny of Mrs. Grundy, it is because of the foolish blunder of segregating woman to sex functions exclusively, and denying her wholesome exercise in daily labor, that this flood of peril and pain sweeps over the land.

Then down with every custom and away with every fashion that interferes with the orderly progress of humanity, or in any degree mars the Creator's handiwork!

## CHAPTER XI

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MRS. GRUNDY vs. GOD ALMIGHTY

*I'll be at charge for a looking-glass,  
And entertain a score or two of tailors,  
To study fashions to adorn my body.  
Since I am crept in favor with myself,  
I will maintain it with some little cost.*—Richard III

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Personally, we have never had any experience in petticoats; but when we have seen a woman battling her way along the street against a December wind, with her dress skirts whipping about like sails, and the frosty air making small cyclones around her limbs, protected only by cotton stockings and thin drawers, our unscientific imagination has somehow become impressed with the idea that the biped in pantaloons on the other side of the street has a great advantage in point of warmth as well as convenience, notwithstanding the lack of "aesthetic" qualities in his dress.—Kellogg.

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"Ma, if I should die and go to heaven, should I wear my moire antique dress?"—"No, my love, we can scarcely suppose we shall wear the attire of this world in the next."—"Then tell me, Ma, how the angels would know I belonged to the best society."—Anon.

## CHAPTER XI.

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### MRS. GRUNDY vs. GOD ALMIGHTY.

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WEAR YOUR GLAD CLOTHES—TALK AND TIME—MULTITUDINOUS  
MALADIES—DAME FASHION INDICTED—PALTRY PLEASURE.

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The writer means no irreverence by this title; it is a simple statement of cold, alarming, appalling fact. Go among men and women of the world with your eyes open, your senses alert, and your hearts athrob. You will not go far, until you find that in this modern whirl which we call society, with its panoramic splendors and lewd dances, fashion's decrees have displaced the Ten Commandments, Mammon undermined Moses, and the Smart Set overthrown the Sermon on the Mount.

Again let us premise that we do not attack polite society, but that vulgar world of ostentation and vicious display which dubs itself the fashionable world; the "Four Hundred;" the consummate flower of modern extravagance, corruption, and dissoluteness. Only yesterday, walking and talking with a discriminating judge of events and conditions, he remarked,—"It is a startling fact that under the stress and storm of this highly organized life we now live, more than ninety per cent of the average woman's talk is of dress. What the newest fabrics are, what patterns are most "stunning," what decorations are in vogue this season, what habit-makers have the call among the socially elect, and how the fat or the lean may be most becomingly clad. Other subjects, of course, occupy their time, to a degree. Among those who affect the club habit, there are dilettante discussions of art, of science, of sociology; they patronize benevolences, social settlements, and rescue missions. But when these women start out, even on an errand of mercy, the uppermost thought is what gown they shall wear, and their last gesture is to strike an attitude before the mirror.

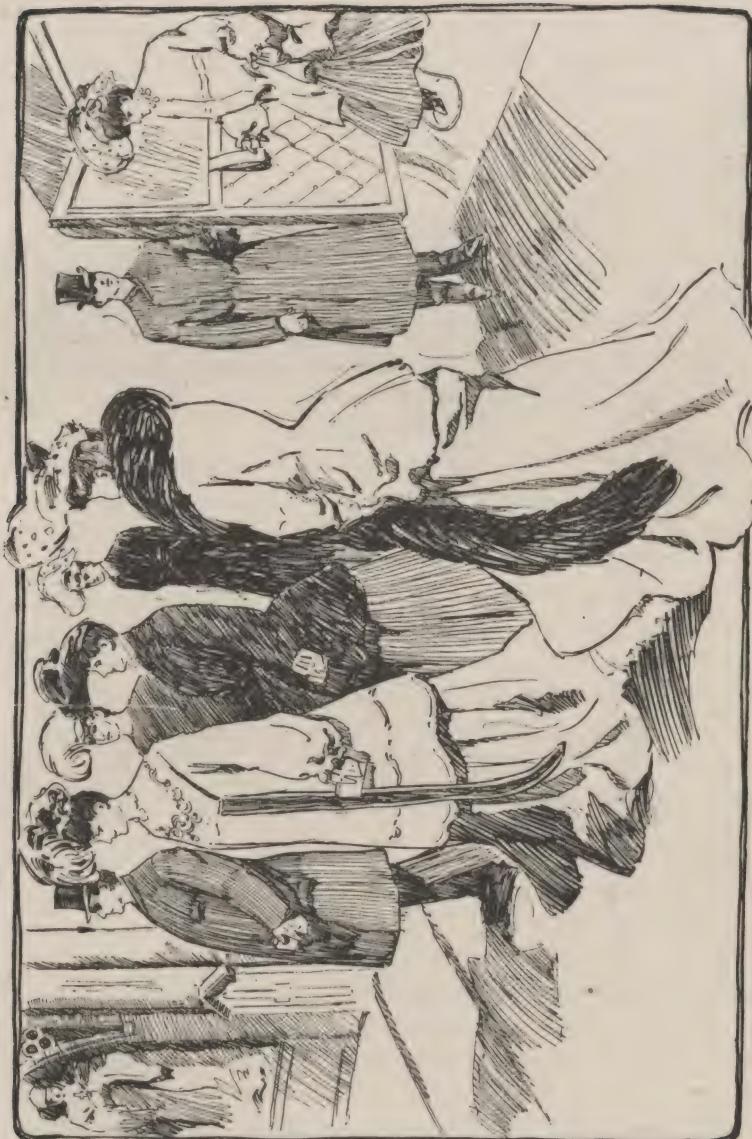
**WEAR YOUR "GLAD" CLOTHES."**

The church, of course, receives its due of consideration, but I was not at all surprised when the other day a lady friend of mine, whose husband is a successful dry goods drummer, told of an invitation to a prominent west end church, and it was particularly impressed upon her mind, to quote the exact language of the pious woman who extended the invitation, that "You must be sure and wear your glad clothes."

There you have it, in plain English; not as imagined by some furious fanatic, mad against his fellowmen; nor yet as seen through the jaundiced eyes of a disappointed and defeated candidate for social dignities, but as it actually is, in this God's world, with its heavens and hells. "Be sure and wear your glad clothes." And that to church! to the sanctuary of the Most High! Uttered by one who is herself a church member, and a devout worshipper in this splendid temple, dedicated to the Man of Sorrows and triumphant Mercies!

Where are the worshippers of God, when even His sanctuaries are taken possession of by the disciples of Mrs. Grundy, and envious eyes look critically at rustling silks and the hybrid creations of the modern milliners' art; where is that gentle spirit of devotion and reverence, that high courage born of deep conviction, that marked the Puritan and the Cavalier in the early settlement of this western world? Have they left no descendants? Are we really advancing, or retrograding? When we talk of "progress" it is certainly in order to ask, "Whither?" It is very easily possible to progress into the maelstrom, over the cataract, into the tomb. Not all motion is progress, even though so heralded in flamboyant utterance of pulpit and press.

Was this remark accidental, extraordinary, and exceptional? It was made in all earnestness, as let who wishes see for himself, by joining some bright Sunday morning the regulation dress parade which lines up in its exclusive pews, peers critically at the pulpit through its gold glasses, sniffs the delicately perfumed air,



THE SUNDAY DRESS PARADE.

"I want you to come to our church, and you must be sure to wear your glad clothes, too."

and listens condescendingly to the bird-like trills of the trained choir and the chaste eloquence of the renowned Dr. Dodgem, adept in allaying fears, propitiating prejudices, and dealing with a varied assortment of personal idiosyncrasies for six or eight or nine months out of the year. One would think that at least Mrs. Grundy and her minions would not invade the precincts of the house of God; that there would be one spot on earth free from the invidious distinctions of wealth and rank, and the envying and heart-burnings provoked by rustling silks and flashing jewels. But it is all a part of that terrific and elegant slavery to fashion which has thrown its silken chains around a mighty multitude, and drives them with a fury as relentless as fate.

#### TALK AND TIME.

Not only ninety per cent of the average woman's talk, but fifty per cent of her time is taken up with the all-absorbing topic of what she shall put on, and wherewithal she shall be clothed. What with selecting patterns, fitting gowns, and the time taken in going and coming, fifty per cent will be allowed as a moderate estimate; and almost another fifty per cent must be consumed in exhibiting the dresses once they are completed. Any of these poor foolish women will tell you what an endless, nerve-wrecking round it is, season after season, to follow the fashions, to stand up and have dresses fitted, to go through the genuflections demanded of those who burn incense to Mrs. Grundy, and adopt her cult.

What a horror there is in all this! Conversation, than which there is little nobler, made to serve as a sort of catalogue of fashions, a purveyor of feminine styles of dress, and to serve for the tacking of a flounce or the twisting of a curl! One could look on at the fantastic antics of Dame Fashion with amusement, if it were not that ruffles and flounces and puckers and tucks are strangling the life of our women, and the follies and foibles of fashion are marring their bodies and wrecking their health and shriveling their souls. There are aspects of the subject that are

amusing, and then there are gilded tragedies and masked infamies and curtained chambers of horror. There are deserts hotter than Sahara, drinking up the sweet dews of paradisic homes; there are sweeping simoons of sorrow and failure and bankruptey and heart-break, made up of the composite sighs of the disappointed and the outstripped. Over and over, punished by outraged nature for daring wrongs, scourged with the twisted lash of disease which laughs at their agonizing cries, women that ought to be hale, strong, graceful specimens of feminine beauty, sink into premature graves under the searching probe of the surgeon's knife, or steal away to the merciful oblivion of hospital or asylum, where with hysterical laughter and mad raving, they end a career cut short by the tyranny of fashion.

Every life so sacrificed is an impious assault upon human bodies, which the sacred writers tell us are temples of the living God. Every such sufferer is another willing though deluded victim to the slavery of fashion, a witness to the surprising, alarming, tyrannous power possessed by Mrs. Grundy, to debauch, deform, and destroy the race. And the victims are found everywhere; in city and village and hamlet; for fashion is organized mimicry, and the imitation goes from high to low, from low to lower, from lower to lowest.

#### MULTITUDINOUS MALADIES.

None but physicians and surgeons, those ministers of life and health, whose sacred function it is to assuage pain and heal disease, are competent to testify as to the multitudinous maladies entailed on the race by the arbitrary and senseless decrees of fashion. They know the procuring cause of female weaknesses; they know the source of jangling discords in frail bodies, the causes of nervous prostration, hysteria, hypochondria, and melancholia. They know full well, and would gladly testify, save that professional ethics forbid, why half the babies born, as babies die; why infancy has become a period of peril and the cradle is set swinging side by side with the grave. They know better than the lawyers

and the judges, the causes of so many divorcees spread on every court docket throughout the land. They can tell the secrets of domestic infelicities; they have seen the skeletons in the closets; they have read the mystery of the continuous tragedy which spreads grave apprehension among observant and thoughtful and philanthropic men, and has led Max Nordau to write of "Degeneration."

Let them speak out, as they love the race to which they are called to minister; let them fling mistaken courtesy and absurd and sophistical ethics to the winds! Life is larger than logic, and more precious than professional standing. Fling reputation to the winds! A hundred doctors, clean, manly, faithful, who are willing to make the sacrifice, who have the hardihood to face the hypocrisies and conventionalities of the harlot world of fashion, can work redemption in our midst.

Once in a while, in this warfare against the very life of the race, one appears who does speak out in solemn warning. It is pointed out that the wearing of fashionable garments, the excesses and revelries of fashionable life, are the procuring causes of disease that feed fat our insane asylums and grave-yards. If there is a Creator, if God has anything to do with the human body, why not give Him a chance? May it not be, after all, that God Almighty knows as much about grace, symmetry, style and beauty for the human form, as Mrs. Grundy? Why not tear off the death-dealing corset, for example, and give God's fashion pattern a trial? If women only knew how the corset disfigures, as well as how abominably it displaces the internal organs, how it rolls up whatever adipose tissue there is above and below the point of greatest compression, how it mars symmetry of form and makes grace of movement and endurance of fatigue absolutely impossible, they would abandon the slavery of fashion for the liberty of daughters of God.

And yet the conflict rages. God's stern laws will enforce themselves. Sinai cannot be overthrown by a perfumed sneer, nor

the Almighty winked off the throne of the Eternities. In the month of April, 1903, the smallest press dispatch from over the sea cabled the following news as to the progress of the irrepressible conflict:

"The death of the Comtesse Louise de Talleyrand-Perigord, following a very serious operation, calls attention to the great number of society women who have been seriously ill this winter, including the Princess de Wagram, Viscomtesse Antoine de Contades, Mme. Alfred de la Ville le Roux, Mlle. de France and Mme. Waldeck Rousseau. Several have had operations for appendicitis. A professor of the faculty of Medicine was asked how he accounted for this, and he replied,—'It is all due to the present fashionable corsets, the pressure of which displaces the abdomen, impeding digestion.'

And yet the death of a few women of fashion cuts no figure. They must die, sooner or later, we say, and who can tell whether Mrs. Grundy is wholly to blame? When the black slaves of cotton plantations were occasionally whipped to death by a brutal overseer, there was no one to protest, there were many to apologize; and so it is today in the world of fashionables, when women are scourged to untimely death and the charnel house is moved up to the portals of the banquet hall, there are many to apologize and explain, few or none to denounce and expose.

#### DAME FASHION INDICTED.

We present an indictment against Dame Fashion, and every count is self-evidencing: 1. She wastes the time, and therefore the life of countless multitudes, who might be engaged in noble and ennobling service, if freed from her intolerable tyranny. Time is so precious, someone has said, that only a moment is given at once, and that is always taken away before another is bestowed. Time is the stuff of which life is made. Standing among wardrobes where hung hundreds of the richest gowns, an empire on which the sun never set at her feet, and a flashing crown upon her head, Queen Elizabeth exclaimed, like the veriest

pauper, "Millions of money for an inch of time." She who in the revelries of court life had wasted hours and days and years in chasing baubles and toying with phantasms, was obliged to cry out in piteous but unavailing sorrow at last, for one poor inch of her wasted time. Invested minutes turn to golden hours in after life; while squandered time will bring its daring prodigal to irretrievable bankruptcy of body and soul, of health and character, and to the confines of immedicable woe, to the brink of that sullen nether world the smoke of whose torment ascends day and night, forever.

O women of America, my country-women, whose proud boast it is that you are the favored among the daughters of men, why will you cringe and cower under a slavery as intolerable as that which in the orient banishes your sex to seraglios and zenannas? Why will you submit to the sacrifice of days and weeks of precious time, to no other purpose under the sun but that your bodies may be deformed, your health wrecked, your lives imperilled, and the future of the race jeopardized? We hear of strikes and boycotts on every hand, of lock-outs and rebellions; why do you not rebel against the tyrants who oppress you, the false and foolish maxims that degrade you, and strike for physical and mental freedom?

2. Dame Fashion destroys physical grace, and wrecks the health of her adorers. Watch the fashionably attired woman, elevated into an ungraceful and unhealthful pose by her high heels, struggling with her clinging skirts which she vainly tries to gather together and lift out of the filth and slime of the streets, watch her as she parades before the eyes of curious and vulgar onlookers, the rare and exquisite product of the school of Fashion. But we could endure the abominable disfigurement, perhaps, if it were not for the fact that chief among its consequences we must place the wrecking of health, the shortening of life, and the entailing of torture as its chief penalties.

3. She lays the hand of a thug upon children yet unborn, and strangles them in the womb. We do not mean here the womb



MRS. GRUNDY VS. GOD ALMIGHTY.

"The deaths of a number of society women in Paris are said by physicians to be due to the peculiar shaped corset worn this season."

murder of hired abortionists; that is another chapter in this terrible tragedy of womankind; but we refer to the physical effects of fashionable attire upon the organs of reproduction, and the death-dealing energies that work silently, unobtrusively, secretly, and are oftentimes unsuspected, even when they have brought forth their harvest of death.

"The baby is dead," said the nurse, as she came out of the Birth-chamber, and spoke to the waiting group in a fashionable home in a suburban city. "Dead—still-born," she repeated, in answer to the fearsome questions that were depicted upon the white, eager faces of the family. "And the mother—how is she?" "Very, very low, but we think that by the utmost care she will pull through." A stalwart young man buried his face in his hands, and great, hot tears trickled through his fingers. His mother went to his side to speak as only a mother can in such an hour of mortal anguish, and help him bear the intolerable burden of disappointment and apprehension.

Why does God slay the innocents? Why does He take the young life from the waiting cradle? It is an awful and unpardonable blasphemy to blame the Almighty. He is no murderer! Go to the carnival of fashion, where Madame Grundy holds court, and see the murderer there, decked out in all the flummery and finery of a Mammon-worshipping age, and accuse her. She has rendered nugatory the beneficent laws of a Creator infinitely wise, and she it is that smites and slays with more than Herodian cruelty the yet unborn babes of the mothers of men.

God has organized the physical creature after a plan which is evidently the rare product of ages of evolution. He has given it not one but many touches of indescribable beauty; He has builded the body after a pattern of loveliness, and pedestaled it on pillars of marble. More beautiful by far than the Venus de Milo is the body that He made; but deformed and misshapen almost beyond recognition is his handiwork when Mrs. Grundy has done with it.



THE FINISHING TOUCH.

"And her last gesture is to strike an attitude before the mirror."

And an accompaniment of all this thuggery is pain, which defies the drowsy drug, pain which parts white lips in piercing cries of agony; pain that digs furrows in the placid brow, and clinches the hands and tortures the writhing body. All, all, the blighting of hopes, the slaying of the innocents, the suffering of the victims, all is but the penalty which woman must evermore pay for violated law, for the poor paltry pleasure of being in the vogue, a society woman, a slave of fashion.

#### **PALTRY PLEASURE.**

And is that the real consideration, in the driving of such a bargain? Does woman get nothing for all this expenditure of time and money and suffering, but the poor paltry pleasure of burning incense at the gilded altars of voluptuous and fatuous pride? That is all she gets; it is only a momentary gratification, for Pride, like Jealousy, the green-eyed monster, grows as it is pampered, and "doth create the meat it feeds upon." A society career is soon ended. Even young women in good health, strong enough to endure ordinary burdens and exactions, are falling out of the race on every side; they can continue for a season, at first, then for but part of a season, when they must away to the sick room and the care of trained nurses and the magic of medicines to recuperate their squandered energies. Or they hie themselves away to the sea side or the lake shore or the mighty mountains, where they beseech kindly nature to renew the roses in their faded cheeks, and bring back the sparkle to their tired eyes.

But what else ought we to expect? Dame Fashion's throne is erected across the sea, in France, land of red riot and revolution, land of immortalities, adulteries, incests, and indescribable and ummentionable abominations! And "gay Paris," the unblushing capital of this land of degenerates, is the court arbiter,—the city on whose streets it is said every third man you meet does not know who is his father; the city where mothers discuss together the most available and desirable mistresses for their sons! Of old

the Hebrews asked one another scornfully, when the Nazarene walked among them, and spoke such words of life as were never spoken before or since, angered by His assumptions and his great and growing popularity,—“Can any good come out of Nazareth?” Not with the affected scorn of Pharisees and hypocrites, but with the righteous indignation of outraged manhood, America ought to demand in thunder tones, of this painted harlot called Fashion —“Can any good come out of Paris?”

The western express slowed down as it drew majestically into the Dearborn Street Station in Chicago one autumn evening a few years ago, the great engine puffing and steaming as if angry with the stop, and the passengers poured out of the coaches, dusty and weary, but glad the journey was ended. There were groups of friends here and there with warm greetings, and tender hand-clasps and loving kisses were exchanged; but a gray-haired man and a young woman gowned in significant black stood a little apart, silent, spiritless, sad. Finally, they stepped forward, and the strong man clasped his wife in his arms, as she descended from the steps, and almost tottered toward him.

“There, there, mother dear,” he said gently, “we must be brave. Marie, you take care of your mother, while I attend to things.” And he hurried away toward the baggage car, with chin quivering and eyes dimmed. What were the “things” to which he must attend? The trunks, we suppose. But men are not usually so affected when the look after pieces of baggage. There was another pilgrim on this train, who had gone out, weary, faint, sick, resting languidly on pillows, hoping that in the pure ozone of the rugged mountains she might regain her health; but it was all in vain: she had returned now, and found passage in the baggage car.

As the men rolled the truck alongside, the father waited; in a moment, the great ugly box was shoved out. He had regained his composure now, and moved and spoke automatically, giving the few directions necessary more from sheer force of

habit in looking after business details, than consciously, meeting the present emergency. The undertaker was by his side, and in another moment, the casket and the poor crushed body it contained were being hauled through the crowded streets of the city, to the palatial home in Kenwood.

As the father and mother, with their only remaining daughter, found their way through the station to their carriage, they met two of the father's business friends. The gentlemen bowed, with expressions of the deepest sympathy on their fine faces, and as they went on, one of them remarked,—

"Poor Armand, his daughter never really recovered from that cold she took at the Colonial Dames' ball, a year ago." He paused, but his friend turned an inquiring face toward him, and he went on: "Yes, Annie was there, and she was practically the belle of the ball. Everybody admired her, and her friends all loved her. I suppose that at least a score of Chicago's brightest boys broke their hearts after her, and there wasn't a prospect too promising for Annie Armand. But as I was saying, she took cold, it settled on her lungs, and just at a time when she was somewhat run down anyhow with the season's gaieties; and within a fortnight, she was coughing fearfully. Her mother took her to Colorado, but she scarcely rallied; then on to California, but it was too late, and this is the end. Armand and his daughter Marie came to the station tonight, to meet Mrs. Armand, who has just returned with the remains."

"All aboard! Chicago and Northwestern!" cried the train caller; and the gentlemen quickened their pace and were lost in the crowd. And that night, there were streamers of white crepe on the finest home on Drexel Boulevard, tied with flowers; the heavy shades were drawn; the lights burned low; the servants moved about noiselessly, and spoke in whispers, for there was death in the home. It was only one more victim immolated upon the altars of Fashion, dying as young women die every year, like whipt slaves,

## CHAPTER XII

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**“SUCH A BARGAIN!”**

*With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch, stitch, stitch,  
In poverty, hunger and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
Would that its tone could reach the rich,  
She sang the Song of the Shirt.*

—Hood.

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*Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying the Time,  
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?  
There among the glooming alleyes Progress halts on palsied feet;  
Crime and Hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.*

—Tennyson.

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*A short time ago I went down to the Pottery district, and was told of the unspeakably degraded condition in which men, women and children lived before the law of England protected the weak against the greedy and the strong; and I say that when Lord Shaftesbury, as a devout believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, persuaded this country,—amid the opposition of John Bright and a great many sincere friends of the people, who did not understand the bearings of the question—to decide that all over England the weak and defenseless should be protected by these acts, he did more to establish the kingdom of Jesus Christ than if he had merely spent his time in preaching thousands of what my critic would call Gospel sermons.—Hugh Price Hughes, D. D.*

## CHAPTER XII.

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### "SUCH A BARGAIN!"

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**TEAR-STAINED LEAVES—OUT OF SIGHT—ANOTHER MOVE—EN-SLAVED—DIRT MEAN—A BASE PROPOSAL.**

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Most people delight in good bargains. In every city in the land there are bargain hunters,—men and women who watch the advertisements, and when they see a "marked down sale" or a "fire sale," or an "annual clearing sale," forthwith they hie themselves away to their "Sweet buy and buy," until their purses are lightened and their tastes and whims are satisfied. Seldom indeed do they pause to ask whether they really get bargains, and if so, what makes them. No doubt there are now and then *bona fide* sacrifice sales, when goods a trifle shop worn, or out of style, are sold at cost of manufacture, or less. But if clothing, ready made, in good condition, is sold for less than it can be purchased in the bolt and made up, some one suffers. Who? Not the merchant, for he has his profits, or he could not continue in business. Nor yet the manufacturer, for he must have his cent per cent on invested capital, as well as wages of superintendence. Who then? The pinch must come somewhere; who suffers? The working people suffer, the men, women and children who bend all day and far into the night over their whirring machines, stitching their meagre lives into the garments they make,—they suffer. And how? In ways we wot not of; in ways that stagger belief; in ways that make the heart sick, and the blood run cold with horror.

#### **TEAR-STAINED LEAVES.**

We have taken a few tear-stained leaves from the lives of these workers, to show how upon every such bargain is the smell of fire and brimstone. Did the thoughtless purchaser but know at what terrific cost all this boasted cheapness comes, she would drop the garment over which she gloats, as if it were infected

with a deadly contagion,—as indeed, many times it is! For there is always and evermore the weird Nemesis upon the trail of any injustice or outrage. Society may permit the villainous wrong for weary days and years, and not suffer, but all the while wrath is being stored up against the day of wrath, and when finally the vengeance comes it is all the more dreadful for the long delay. In their blindness and ignorance, men seem not to know why they are smitten; but if they would only look in on the lot of "the other half," if they would only acquaint themselves with the way that other half lives, or rather does not live, more than half their days, then they would only wonder why the punishment had not come swifter and heavier. The familiar lines,

"Man's inhumanity to man,

Makes countless millions mourn,"

were never more aptly used than to describe the woes of the world's workers. in this free republic of America.

It is passing strange with what irony of fate misfortune sometimes pursues a man. John Anderson had been a well-to-do merchant in a small country town, a stockholder and director of the bank, and a prominent and influential citizen of the place. But in the crisis of '93 the bank failed; he was grievedly wronged by an absconding partner and when the smoke of the crash had cleared away, the once prosperous merchant and capitalist had nothing.

"Well, we can begin all over again, Jennie," he said hopefully, to his faithful wife.

#### OUT OF SIGHT.

And begin again they did; but things never went right. He seemed to be down on his luck. Whereas once all he touched turned to gold, now, all he touched turned to liabilities. He kept up a manful struggle for a time in the place where his fortune had been made and lost, but finally packed up and left, his little family, with their unstinted affection, being his whole resource. They moved to St. Louis, and there in the whirl of the city's life,

they dropped out of sight, and were soon forgotten by their former friends.

At first they rented a four-room apartment in a quiet, decent neighborhood, and sought to continue life among people of the same class with themselves; but this was far from an easy task. Employment at decent wages was hard to find; and situations were of uncertain tenure. Many a man in John Anderson's circumstances, but with half his native energy and pluck, succumbed to what seemed irrevocable and unavoidable, and became a public charge, subsisting on the charities of the city. But Anderson fought against the tide with an energy born of desperation. Casting up his little accounts one evening he said, dejectedly.

"Wife, I don't for the life of me see how he can make both ends meet." Then pausing a moment, he asked in a lower tone, "Are the children all in bed?"

"Yes, John dear," his wife replied, instinctively closing the door that led to their sleeping rooms, and drawing her chair up nearer to his.

"You know I never was good at figures, John, but perhaps I can help you"; and Jennie Anderson smiled faintly.

"Well, here you are; my total earnings last month were but thirty dollars. I had to pay \$2.50 to the Employment Bureau, besides car fare more than half the time; that leaves us net, \$26.50. Now it is a short sum; rent, \$16.00; groceries, \$8.00; medicines for Julia's sickness, \$4.50; shoes for Harry, \$2.00; total, \$30.50."

"But perhaps you will do better this month, John."

"That is precisely what I thought a month ago, wife, and you see how it has turned out. At this rate we'll soon be in the poor house; and who is there to care?" he added bitterly. "If anybody is fool enough to think the world is full of goodness and kindness, just let him get behind the procession once, and he'll soon be undeceived. There isn't a man in this town but what has a cold shoulder for the fellow that's down, no matter how he came to be down. Plenty of glad hands when you can pay as you go,

and every fellow's knees are oily when you've money to lend. But let your purse get empty and your clothing a bit threadbare, and then see!"

No telling how long he would have run on in this strain of bitterness if his wife hadn't interrupted him.

"But John, John, we've got our health yet, and you used to say that all in the world a young man could ask for in the way of capital was good health and average ability."

"That's all right for a young man, but when a fellow's hair begins to turn and his shoulders to stoop they look at him a minute, then ask, 'How old are you?' and the jig's up!"

Mrs. Anderson was silent. She remembered the halcyon days of their youth, when a benignant Providence smiled upon them; when with a loving heart, under sunny skies, all radiant with hope, she gave her hand to stalwart John Anderson, envied by her whole group of friends. What had they done to merit such reverses? Who can tell? Does merit always win in the world of business? We have heard of "the survival of the fittest," but the right sort of census taking in some communities not to say in most parts of the modern business world would show that the law there is, "the survival of the slickest."

It was useless to continue the discussion. The couple went wearily, dejectedly to bed. But it was near morning before John Anderson lost consciousness.

#### ANOTHER MOVE.

After breakfast, he announced his intention of giving notice to their agent to vacate the flat, and move into cheaper quarters. Julia, a young woman of eighteen, flushed a little, and started to remonstrate, but catching a warning glance from her mother, said nothing.

"I was thinking of the same thing myself, John," she remarked, "and I shall be glad to do anything to cut down expenses until the tide turns. I know the children will, too."

Harry, not yet old enough to understand the situation fully, joined in,—

“Sure, it’s all right. Movin’s fun, any way; ain’t it, Sis?”

And so in the course of a few days, they found themselves in a less desirable neighborhood, one family in a tenement house which sheltered at least a score of others.

For several days after their removal, John Anderson failed to find work. After he had left the house early one morning, Julia and her mother had a long, earnest talk. This is the way it ended. The mother is speaking:

“I can’t think of it, Julia. You will be thrown into such company! It isn’t at all safe. You have no idea of the dreadful things that happen in those factories.”

“Yes I have, mother. I have thought it all over, and there is simply nothing else to do. We can’t all stay here doing nothing, while poor papa is tramping the streets hunting for work, and lying awake half the night worrying because he doesn’t find it. Fortunately I am strong and well now, and I’m sure I can do something. You know I learned to run the machine before I was fifteen, and I’ve had quite a little experience since our misfortune came.”

“You are a noble girl, and it is quite like you to make such an offer, but I do not believe your papa will hear to it.”

“May I if he consents?”

“Yes dear.”

Julia went back to her own little room, and the mother sighed. Why should her daughter have to go forth into the streets hunting for work, while many a fair girl out on the avenues was positively surfeited with enjoyments? She really hoped that John Anderson would withhold his consent.

“Julia—my child—go to work in a factory for some Hebrew sweater? Never!” exclaimed the fond father, when the plan was unfolded to him after supper. But that was the first revolution of feeling. The daughter knew all too well the true state of

affairs, and with womanly adroitness she pressed the matter, meeting one objection after another, until she gained a reluctant consent.

#### **ENSLAVED.**

The night that followed brought not a wink of sleep to John Anderson. Over and over he revolved one plan after another for escape from the fate that had imprisoned him. But he was as powerless as any slave. Indeed, was he not a slave? and had not his whole family gone with him into slavery? Of course slaves must toil, and the girl with her good figure, her pretty face, and her dainty ways would be welcomed into the ranks. More than one employer would gladly make a place for her, if he had not one ready out of which some poor woman had fallen, a victim to the nerve-wrecking struggle for bread. Sleep on, Harry, sleep on; it will be your last night of boyish rest before long, for the Juggernaut is upon you too. The street has a place for you, and cannot spare you much longer for the school.

Sure enough, Julia found a place the first day out.

"It is such a nice place, mother; and the man treated me in such a gentlemanly way. I know I shall like it. I am to go to work Monday."

So there was one more Sunday between the girl and her new career. Again with an unsullied heart she heard the chime of the church bells, and sat in the little chapel listening to the prayers and the sermon. Her fresh, sweet voice rose in the cadence of praise, and smiling and happy, she returned to their humble home. All the rest of the day her mind was busy with plans for the future. She would show her father and mother that a girl was not to be despised. She would save every penny she earned, and get them out of that horrid place! Such thoughts were entirely becoming; they honored her, but proved how densely ignorant she was of what awaited her.

The first day in the factory passed by pleasantly enough, except for the fact that it was very warm, and the bad air gave her

a headache. She had to confess, too, when closely interrogated by her mother, that she did not like the appearance and manners of the employees. "But then you know, mother dear, they are just plain, hard-working people, and never have had any refinement. You mustn't expect too much."

And the mother tried to be comforted, but she sat long after her daughter had retired, worn and weary, trying to understand the problem. She tried to keep a brave face before her husband, but when he was gone, and Julia was gone, and Harry was out on the street, the tears fell unchecked, sobs choked her customary song, and her soul shivered with nameless dread.

At the end of the first week, according to agreement, Julia reported at the cashier's desk to receive her pay. The fellow handed her an envelope, marked \$2.00. Julia looked surprised.

"We always keep back half the first week's wage, you know," explained the cashier. "Move on, and give the others a chance."

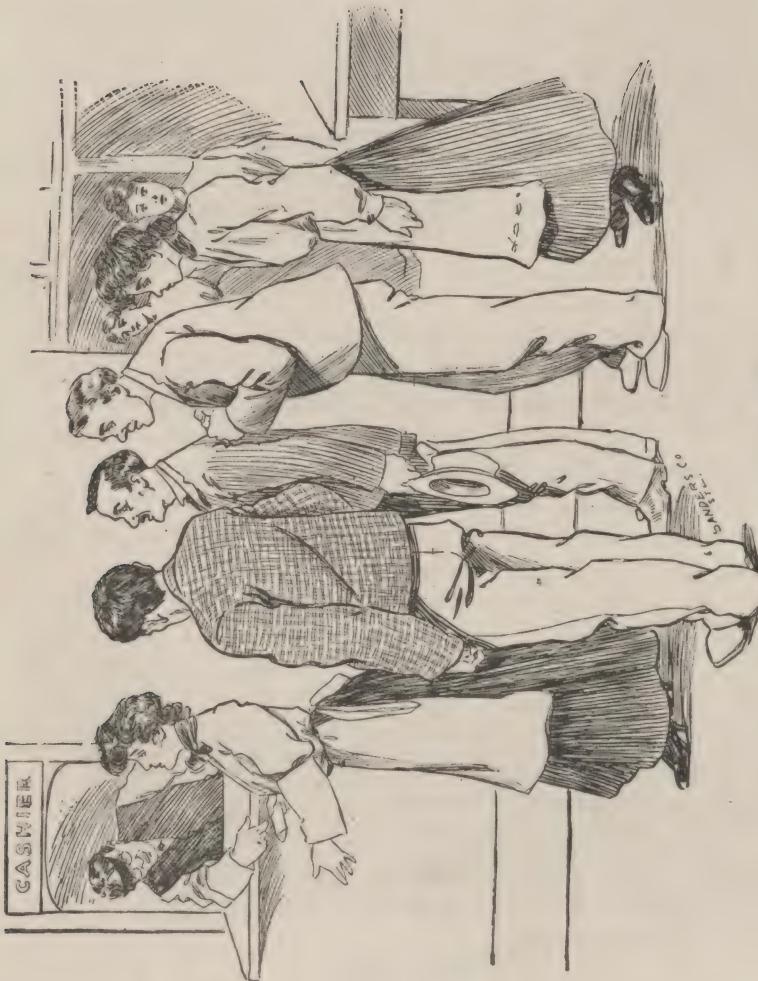
The poor child "moved on," wondering why the firm should keep half her wage. But at the end of the second week, she had a still more humiliating experience.

"Your work isn't up to standard, yet, Miss Anderson, so your pay is a little short." Julia started to protest, but those behind were pressing forward, and she was soon shoved away from the desk, and went on home, feeling dejected indeed. If her work wasn't up to standard, why didn't the forewoman say so, and give her a chance to do it again? She didn't believe the cashier; she would see the proprietor himself.

One of the girls who had a machine near hers seemed to be of rather better character than the rest, and sometimes they ate their lunches together. Julia ventured to ask her about the shortage in her pay envelope.

#### "DIRT MEAN."

"Oh, they always do that," explained Hester, with a toss of her head; "they call it 'seasoning' the hands. We come in green, you know, and have to be broke in. Of course in some cases it's



NOT IN THE CONTRACT.  
"We keep back half the first week's wages, you know."

all right, because they are careless or else they can't do very good work, and have to learn, but it ain't so in your case, if I'm any judge. Your work has been as good as the best from the start. Did you ever work anywhere else?"

"Only at home; but I learned to sew several years ago."

"Well, I think it's just dirt mean for 'em to dock you, but there's hardly a week goes by but what two-thirds of the force suffers just that way. And the more fuss you make, the worse it is for you."

What a world! There they were, girls and young men, working side by side in the closely crowded factory, bending over their machines, eager, alert, moving backward and forward like automatons, flesh and blood become part of that great mechanism of steam and steel! Julia was at first shocked by the rough language they used, but in time she grew accustomed to it. She found it harder to become accustomed to the easy, coarse manners of the operatives, and never joined in their rude jokes.

Of course she suffered on account of her reticence. "Thinks she's better'n we are!" sneered one of the ringleaders in mischief, a tall, black-haired Irish girl. "Jes wait till she's been here as long as we have. Bet old man Brown brings her to time." The third week wore to its close, and brought slight improvement in her pay envelope. It contained \$3.50; she was docked fifty cents for "wasted material." She knew she hadn't wasted a thread, but having learned that it was better to submit, she said nothing, hoping that the following week her envelope would have the full amount of her wages.

#### A BASE PROPOSAL.

One evening the foreman sent for her. "Have a chair," he said, not ungraciously, as she stepped into the little office. Presently he turned from his desk and looked her square in the face. He was a short, heavy-set man, slightly bald, with a florid complexion, thick lips, and heavy jaw. His eyebrows were very light, and his ears protruded, giving him rather a sinister appearance.

"Well, gettin' on purty well, air ye?"

Miss Julia assented, as she did not know what else to say.

"I jest thought I'd have ye step in, and tell ye that I've got a promotion for you,"—the girl's face brightened—"that is, ef we kin come to terms." And the slave driver paused to eye his victim a little more closely. The poor girl shrank beneath his gaze. What could he mean? Presently he went on.

"Yes, ef we kin come to terms. O' course I caint give no girl a nice, easy place, unless she'll be good to me, you know." And his thick lips parted in a sardonic grin that was meant for a smile.

He was warned by the expression of the girl's face not to be abrupt. "Wouldn't ye like to hev more wages 'nd less work? Most o' the girls here ain't any tew well off. Some of 'em has folks at home they like tew help, 'nd when they're likely and try to please, why, they get on all the easier. But o' course it's volunteer; we don't compel 'em. Now I've hed my eye on you, sence you first came to the shop. I said to myself, says I,—That's a mor'n likely gal; I b'lieve she'll come right tew the front. And here ye air, almost afore ye knowed it, yerself." And again the grin. Rising from his seat, he reached around over the girl's shoulder, and closed the door. "Now don't git scared, honey," he said, reassuringly, and patting her arm, "they's jest us two here, and we kin have a nice little talk all tew ourselves, and no one'll be any the wiser. You've got a mighty purty hand," taking it in his, "and a purtier face. Reckon ye hain't never been kissed?" And with that, the fellow threw his arms around her, and tried to draw her into his lap. But Julia Anderson was aroused. She struck the wretch with her clenched fist full in the face with such force tht he released her immediately and clapped his hand over his eye.

"I'll have you arrested as quick as I can find an officer," she exclaimed, in a transport of fear and anger; and turning she fled from the room and down the stairway, pale and tearful. But as



THE INSULT.

"Ye hain't never been kissed?"

usual when an officer is needed, none was in sight, nor did she find one all the way home. It was a long walk, and she had time to think. How unnerved she was! What a horror she had undergone! Could anything be worse? Yes, there were lower depths of infamy to which men might sink. Oh, that she had never gone into the factory! To be insulted by such a wretch! her whole womanly nature revolted.

When she reached home, she was so weak she could scarcely stand. Her mother was alarmed. "Julia, dear, what is the matter?"

Sinking into the first chair, the girl covered her face with her hands, and sobbed convulsively, unable to articulate a word. And the poor mother could only wait, until anger and grief had somewhat spent themselves. Then Julia told her mother, with many breaks in the narrative, what had occurred.

When she finished her story, the mother's face was hard as flint. She did not speak at all for several minutes. There they sat, in their poor home, the little clock ticking the hours away, faces clouded, hearts hurt and heavy, dazed with horror. The girl could not go back to work for Brown & Co. She should not go to work anywhere! And yet,—and yet, what were they to do? John Anderson's hard luck and harder labor, whenever he found any, were telling on him; he could no longer support his family, without assistance. Well, who could? How many laboring men are able to earn a living for their families, unless their meagre wage is supplemented by the earnings of wife or children, or both?

After talking it all over, the mother and daughter decided that it would be unwise to tell Mr. Anderson anything about it. There was clearly nothing he could do, and it was useless to aggravate him into an assault on the brutal foreman, and no end of their trouble. They could swallow their grief and shame. He—the demon incarnate!—had failed in his purpose. The fair girl still held her life unsullied, and perhaps in some other place, she

would be free from molestation. But where? What guaranty could they have that one factory was any better than another? Oh, the misery of it all!

When John Anderson came home that night they told him that Julia was worn out, and would give up her place in the factory for a few days' needed rest; that after having had some experience, it would be quite easy to get another place, and she would be better and stronger for the rest. Anderson trusted his wife and daughter implicitly, and did not notice the evasive answers returned to two or three rather pointed questions.

A few days afterward Julia was returning from the grocer's when she noticed a couple coming toward her who seemed to be under the influence of liquor. She shrank aside as they passed her, and shuddered as she recognized the foreman from the factory of Brown & Co., and one of the girls whose machine was only a little way from the one she had operated. Together she saw them go into a house of questionable character, as she hurried on, sick at heart.

"I know now," she thought, "how Brown & Company make so much money, and yet sell so cheap!"

And with a throb of gratitude, that no matter what might be before her, she was well out of a place at once so slavish and so vile, she went home. Better ten thousand times poverty, with its denials and hardships, than such a fate.

But what of the poor girls who are dragooned into the lair of the beast? No doubt there was a time when they too were horrified; when they revolted; when they sought to free themselves. But either by cunning or by force, they were enmeshed at last, and now they tramp the wearisome round, and one by one drop out of the ranks and disappear.

The Consumers' League is an association formed where it will do the most good,—as its name implies, among those who buy. And this League investigates factories and stores. No factory that does not provide decent and wholesome surroundings for its

workers can use the label of the Consumers' League; wherever you see that label, you may know, no matter what price the article bears, that it was manufactured without sacrificing a human body or soul.

"Women! who shall one day bear  
Sons to breathe sweet Freedom's air,  
If ye hear without a blush,  
Deeds to make the roused blood rush  
Like red lava through your veins,  
For your sisters now in chains,—  
Answer! are ye fit to be,  
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake?  
And with leathern hearts forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?  
No! true Freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And with heart and hand to be  
Earnest to make others free."

CHAPTER XIII

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TOWARD THE LOWEST DEEP.

*One of the affecting features in a life of vice is the longing, twistful outlooks given by the wretches who struggle with unbridled passions, towards virtues which are no longer within their reach. Men in the tide of vice are sometimes like the poor creatures swept down the stream of mighty rivers, who see people safe on shore, and trees and flowers, as they go quickly past; and all thing that are desirable gleam upon them for a moment to heighten their trouble, and to aggravate their swift-coming destruction.—Beecher.*

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*Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.*

—Popc.

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*There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.*

—*Merchant of Venice.*

## CHAPTER XIII.

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### TOWARD THE LOWEST DEEP.

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THE QUILTING BEE—TWO GIRLS—POLITE STRANGERS—DULL COMPANY—THE NEW WOMAN—TWO LETTERS—PICNIC INVITATIONS.

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#### THE QUILTING BEE.

"I tell you it all depends on how a girl marries, whether her life is a failure or not. She can marry some skat of a man, and go through the world poor and mean, and have the fun of earning her own living, and his too, maybe, or she can marry a man worth while, and be somebody in the world." And having delivered herself of this dictum, Mrs. Goodwin, wife of the village merchant, paused and looked from one to another of the ladies assembled in her parlor, as if to say, "Deny it who can!" And they didn't seem disposed to deny it.

"That's as true as gospel," rejoined old Mrs. Melton; "I've seen it time and agin. Now there was old 'Squire Deacon's daughters—"

"But don't you think," interposed the minister's wife hastily and much to the relief of the rest, who dreaded one of Mrs. Melton's endless and prolix stories, "don't you think that a girl ought to be brought up so as to do something else, in case she fails to meet the right kind of man?"

"Oh, they's plenty o' men," answered a mother of seven sons: "men a'plenty, and good enough fer any girl, in my opinion. The trouble is girls git stuck up and want so menni things thet no livin' man can furnish 'em all. It don't take s' awful much to furnish a house, ef people jest thought so."

There were some surreptitious smiles at this, for it was well known that this particular woman was no housekeeper, and her numerous family managed somehow to get along with precious little furniture.

"Why, a girl can stay at home, can't she, if she has to?" in-

quired a demure little woman whose range of thought never went beyond the front gate of her vine-clad cottage.

"For my part," said Mrs. Williams, severely, "I do not agree with our minister's wife. I do not think any girl ought to be allowed to get independent notions into her head. If she is allowed to think she can make her own way in the world, just as like as not the next thing will be she'll flare up and go off on the lecture platform, like Miss Letitia Merivale did." Mrs. Williams was the President of the Ladies' Aid Society, and her rigid views on the subject of woman's sphere were well known; she was entirely orthodox, in her religion, in her notion of managing a home and a husband, and on all questions of social wellbeing. Besides, she had a high, raucous voice, and a dogmatic way of asserting herself that usually silenced argument, when it did not satisfactorily answer it:

"Deliver me from a strong-minded woman!" devoutly exclaimed buxom Mrs. Whittaker. "A woman's lot is with her home and her husband, and if Providence don't send them to her, it must be a judgment for some of her misdeeds, or—or—"

"Or a judgment on her for not being good looking!" pertly interjected old Mrs. Simpson, who had once been the village belle, and could not forget the days of her triumphs, and still spent much of her time before the mirror, and much of her limited means on personal adornment. There was a hearty laugh at this.

"Well, I think there isn't any excuse for a woman being as plain as an old shoe, and untidy, so there!" tartly rejoined the faded rose, feeling that the laugh was a sort of personal affront, though she could scarcely tell why.

Two girls were listening to this conversation, but not taking any part in it. They were bright, attractive misses, not yet out of their 'teens, and had already learned something of the pleasure there is in being sought after by the village beaux. But they were not disposed to fall in love easily, and with whomever first

offered himself. They listened with deep interest as the talk went on.

"There ain't no manner o' doubt that Julia has done right well," said a woman who sat somewhat apart from the rest, dressed in black; "and fer my part, I'm glad of it, 'cause she was always a good girl. I know when my husband was sick so long, there was scarcely a day that Julia didn't come over and offer to help some way about the house. 'Twant because she didn't have something to do at home, either."

"No indeed," said Mrs. Williams, "Julia's mother wasn't a very good manager, and the child had to learn very young the arts of good housekeeping. She will make a fine home for Mr. Swinnerton, and I only hope my boys may be as fortunate as he."

The conversation had arisen over the marriage the day before of one of their most popular girls, who had departed with her husband to make their home in the south. There are few subjects upon which women love better to talk than that of marriage. Judging from what one is compelled to hear from the lips of acquaintances, the servant-girl problem is a close second. But perhaps they discuss servants because their minds are vacuous, or because they dislike them so strenuously. Be that as it may, these topics never fail of interested listeners. And is it strange that women should talk much of marriage, either prospective, or consummated? Society has shut every other door before them, and left nō other recourse. It is either marry or—be pitied and scorned, as one who would, but couldn't.

It was a quilting bee at the home of the minister, and these good women had come early and stayed late. They had sewed faithfully, and talked incessantly. The poor minister's wife was tired. She had made extra preparations for their dinner; had served nearly all the good things she had in her larder; and now as they began to put things to rights, and get ready to leave, it was plain that she did not regret it. But of course she was profuse in her expressions of appreciation.

"It was real good of you, Mrs. Melton, to come over, when you have so much work of your own."

"Oh, don't you mention it. I always enjoy comin' over here, and I guess my own house can get along well enough one day without me."

And so one after another paid her respects to their gentle hostess, and soon the house was comparatively quiet.

"Well, what did you think of the talk about marrying, Jennie?" asked Madge Shoemaker, as the two young ladies walked arm in arm away from the minister's.

#### TWO GIRLS.

"It just about suited me, Madge. Now I don't see why a girl shouldn't be ready to do well for herself, and marry just as high up as she can. What's the use of marrying some poor fellow, just because he thinks he's in love with you?" And the girl gave a scornful toss of her head.

"It's a good doctrine to put into practice, any how. And we two will show them that we are not slow, won't we?"

"Not by a good deal."

Just then the girls met one of the young men of the village, who bowed politely, and asked them if they had spent a pleasant day at the quilting bee.

"Yes, we had a fine time, but we didn't do any of the quilting, Harry. We just kept real busy with some plain sewing for the preacher's kids, and listened to the talk of the rest," said Madge.

"And what did they talk about?" asked the young man, curiously.

The girls both laughed. "Subjects too deep for you men."

"Yes," added Jennie, "way beyond your comprehension. Why, they talked about—about the wedding of last week, and said a whole lot of wise things about how girls ought to marry."

"Come on Madge; we mustn't stand here and talk all the evening. Mr. Simpson will be late back to the store, and that'll never do."



THE VICTIMS.

"Too Deep for Young Men."

"Well, goodby, girls; but I'd like to hear some of the things they said at the quilting bee. Perhaps I could get some valuable pointers."

The girls walked on together till they came to the corner where their ways parted. Here they paused in earnest conversation for several minutes. They were just such girls as you will find in scores of towns like Sibley. They belonged to the better class of people; had been kept in school until they felt that they had learned enough for ordinary purposes, and then had been permitted to drop out, and indulge in the little gaieties of their set, help just a little about the household tasks, and wait for a husband. They were well-formed, and quite pretty. Madge was the taller, and was quite a brunette. Jennie was a blonde, and her rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and plump figure would attract attention anywhere. "Your face is your fortune, my dear," an old lady had once said smilingly at her, after some little act of kindness. They were eager, impressionable, unsophisticated. They had never been far from home, and often dreamed of the great, busy world, and longed to go forth into its activities.

#### **POLITE STRANGERS.**

Shortly after the quilting bee at the preacher's house, an event of unusual interest occurred in the little town of Sibley. Two smartly dressed young men came to town, with the evident intention of remaining for a time. They were from an eastern city, and claimed to be representing a large publishing house. They made an occasional call on some of the leading families in the town and surrounding country, and secured a number of subscribers for a daily paper, as well as for a popular magazine. But to a close observer, their chief interest seemed to center in the young women of the place. They were soon invited to the receptions and entertainments that were given, for life is not formal and stately in these small towns, and it must be said they made themselves very agreeable.

Finally, they reluctantly left; and there was much regret.

especially among the young ladies. Their coming had made quite a stir, and their departure was the occasion of not a little comment.

"Seemed to be nice fellows, them book agents," remarked old man Warner to Madge, one day.

The girl colored slightly, and replied, "Yes, nice enough, I guess."

"But Sibley folks are the best to tie to, I reckon," added the old man, as he scanned the girl's face closely.

"Yes indeed, Mr. Warner."

And the girl hurried on, apparently not at all inclined to continue the conversation.

Jennie Provost numbered among her particular friends in Sibley a bright, promising young fellow by the name of Grandin, Nicolas Grandin. He was the son of poor but respectable people, had worked his way through the high school, and was considered quite a fine young man. He was at present chief clerk and accountant in one of the two principal stores in Sibley, receiving only a small salary, but ambitious, and hopeful of better things. It had been the dream of his young manhood to be able to provide a home for Jenny, and while they were not exactly engaged, there was a sort of understanding between them. They were often in each other's society, and the gossips of the place had tacitly agreed that they would finally marry.

One evening young Grandin called, shortly after the departure

#### DULL COMPANY.

of the two strangers, and found Jennie at home, to be sure, and yet not in her accustomed mood. She did not seem glad to see him, and kept up her part of the conversation with an evident effort. Finally Nicolas said:

"You seem to be pre-occupied tonight, little girl. What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, nothing much."

"Nothing much? then there must be something."

"Oh, I don't know."

"I guess you are the only one that does know."

The girl made no reply, and sat with eyes averted. Grandin studied her face intently for a moment, and then arose and walked across the room. After pretending to gaze at a picture for some time, he turned and said:

"Well, I think I'll go now, Jennie." After a pause, seeing that she did not vouchsafe a reply, he added:

"I hope I have not wearied you, Miss Provost."

The words were spoken earnestly, and seemed to rouse the young girl from her moodiness. She turned toward her lover with more kindness in her eyes than she had before evinced.

"No, Nicolas, you haven't tired me; of course not. How ridiculous! But I am not—not very good company tonight."

The young man lingered a moment. As he stood near the door with hat in hand, looking eagerly upon the fair girl, they formed a picture. Young, quite young, and full of hope; with dreams of the future; the girl not old enough to know the real meaning of life or love; the young man, several years her senior, sturdy, industrious, and true. They had been more or less in each other's society for several years, and were undeniably fond of each other. But tonight it was apparent to both of them that someone else had appeared upon the scene. So it was in a frame of mind by no means happy that Grandin finally said "Goodnight," and walked out upon the street.

Immediately after his departure, the girl's mother came into the room.

"Gone earlier than usual, hasn't he, Jennie?"

"Yes, I guess he has, mamma."

"You don't seem to be much concerned, my dear, and I'm glad of it. Of course, Nick Grandin is a good boy, and all that, but he isn't good enough for my girl. I want her to marry a man with some station in life, a man who can take care of her, and shield her from the storms." And the fond mother drew her daughter to her side, and patted her cheek lovingly.

"You see, dear," she continued, "everything depends on how a girl marries." If she takes up with the first fellow that comes along, how can she tell whether she loves him as she ought to love her husband? She hasn't seen anybody else. I feel sorry for the girls that have to choose among the young men of Sibley. They are not very numerous, and not very brilliant, either. And then besides, you are young yet. Just think, only seventeen. I hope before you think very seriously about marrying, you may have a chance to see someone else."

And pray, what business had a mother to be talking so to a girl seventeen? A sensible mother would not have done it. But sensible mothers are in a sad minority. Jennie's impulse was to confide in her mother, and tell her all that had recently transpired. But she had never been encouraged to make her mother a confidante, and it was a little late to begin now. So after talking at random for a while, she went up to her own room. It was still early. The town boys were playing out in the streets, and the shops and stores were lighted. Jennie stood for a moment, irresolute. She wished Madge would run over. She was half inclined to go and see her. But that would subject her to curious questioning by her mother; so she picked up a novel, and sat down to read. It was a flashy story of love and valor, written in a spirited style, and calculated to please mooning maidens and shallow men. There were two or three really good books on her shelves, but most of the collection was of the ephemeral sort, full of intrigue and escapade. When a student in the high school, Jennie showed every indication of having a good mind. Her teachers tried to encourage her to be patient and studious, but when she began to lengthen her skirts and do her hair after the most approved fashion, her ambition, if she had any, died out, and her whole inclination was towards domesticity.

She and Madge were classmates, and bosom companions. They had no secrets which they did not share. Together they discussed the eligible young men of the place, the cut of their dresses,

the trimming of their hats, and the height of their boot heels. They were just chums, as girls often are, and passing through their foolish age when their chief concerns are dress and beaux.

#### THE NEW WOMAN.

A week after the events narrated, Madge and Jennie were walking arm in arm down the street to the post-office. They paused in front of a dry-goods store to admire the pretty patterns, when their attention was attracted by a printed announcement:

#### PUBLIC LECTURE.

At the Methodist Church, May 21st.

BY MISS ANNA SHOLES.

Subject, "Woman's Rights."

Admission free. A silver offering will be taken to defray expenses.

"Well, did you ever?" exclaimed Madge. "A woman to lecture us on 'Woman's Rights.' Let's go, Jennie."

Jennie smiled. "I'd like to see her, any how. She must be a freak. Let's go in and ask Mr. Browning if he knows anything about her."

The merchant came toward the girls smiling. "What can I show you this morning, young ladies?" He understood perfectly well how girls who are in their teens love to be called young ladies.

"Nothing this morning, Mr. Browning, but we wanted to know about this Miss Sholes who is to lecture here Friday night. Who and what is she?"

"I don't know much about her, Miss Madge. Mrs. Hopkins asked permission to put up the notice, and told me that Miss Sholes is a woman who devotes herself to the platform, especially in the interests of women. She is a highly educated woman, I'm told, and will no doubt give us a good lecture."

"But can't you tell us something about her life?" asked Jennie.

"No, I can't, but I think our forelady can. Miss Jennings!" and in response to his summons Miss Jennings came toward them. "These young ladies want to know something about Miss Sholes, the lady who is to lecture here this week."

Miss Jennings greeted the girls pleasantly, and then said:

"I am not personally acquainted with Miss Sholes, but have heard her lecture several times. I understand that she is the main support of a widowed mother. Her father died a drunkard, and left them helpless and disgraced. He had been a brilliant lawyer, and the girl inherited his talent for speaking. She had managed to get some training in elocution, and had earned a little money giving readings, before her father's death. So quite naturally she took up this public work as the means easiest available for a support. Besides, she is a very earnest woman, and believes that if women had more rights, the world would be far better than it is. There would be less intemperance, crime, and suffering. She thinks that women ought to be at liberty to do whatever they can do well, and that all the rights of citizenship should be theirs."

"I suppose she wants to vote and hold office!" interrupted Madge.

"Yes indeed," said Miss Jennings, "and there are a great many who agree with her. But she is a very entertaining speaker, entirely apart from her peculiar views, and I am sure you will enjoy her lecture.

"Perhaps we'll go, but if we do, it will be to see the freak, and not because we believe in her views." And the girls thanked Miss Jennings, and left the store.

"Shall we go, Madge?"

"We'll see whether the boys want to go or not. It would put in an evening for us here in Sibley, and goodness knows it is dull enough. Besides, it may be as good as a show, to hear a woman lecture a crowd. I've a sort of curiosity to know what she will say to us, what she looks like, and all that."

"I can tell you now how she looks," said Jennie.

"Why, have you ever seen her?"

"No, but I can imagine. She will be tall and slim, with a high forehead, a long, sharp nose, and bony fingers. She will wear her hair in corkscrew curls, and won't have on any corset. Her voice will sound like a man's, and she will walk like a man."

"You must have seen her somewhere, you midget, or else you've seen her picture." And Madge laughed uncontrollably. By this time they had reached the post office, and walking up to the window, received the mail for their households.

#### TWO LETTERS.

"Here's a letter from Indianapolis!" exclaimed Madge.

"And I've got one, too!" echoed Jennie.

"Aren't they good to write so often?"

"Sure, Madge, but what would our mothers say if they knew it?"

"And what would Mr. Grandin say?" asked Madge, mockingly.

Jennie winced; for while she was not averse to carrying on a rather brisk correspondence with a comparative stranger, she did not like to think of any of her friends finding it out.

They hurried back to Madge's, and tripped merrily into the house.

"Here is a letter for you, mother dear," said Madge; and then the girls went up to Madge's room and shut the door. Both sat down immediately to pore over their letters.

The men who were carrying on this clandestine correspondence have already been referred to in this narrative. They were business men from the city of Indianapolis, so they had said, and the simple village folks were not disposed to question them. Ever since their return to that city, they had been writing to these foolish girls, under the oft-repeated injunction of secrecy. The letters they were now reading were full of terms of adulation, and references to the life of the city. They also bore the news that one or the other of them would soon be back to Sibley, to deliver

some books they had sold. It was highly important that he should have a private and confidential interview with the girls; would they be so kind as to grant it?

When the girls had read the letters through, they consulted together in low tones, and then sat down to reply. It would be easy to meet either one of them; they were well enough acquainted not to make anybody think strange of being together, and after the business was attended to, they might go for a drive, or a walk, and nothing would be thought of it. There were also sundry terms of endearment in the girls' letters.

#### PICNIC INVITATIONS.

"Where have you been, Jennie? Margaret McCool was just here to see you about the picnic of the Athena Club."

"Sorry to miss her, mamma, but I've been down town with Madge and—and then I stopped at her house on the way home," she added, somewhat confused. "But I'll see Margaret the first thing tomorrow. Does she think we can have the picnic soon?"

"Yes, she told me to tell you that the plans were coming on nicely, and if the weather was fine, they would have it on the 30th."

"Goody! I'm so glad."

"And she said you must be sure and have your list ready, so the invitations can be sent out in a day or two."

"All right; I'll attend to that right away. Is there any one you think I'd better invite, mamma?"

"No, I have no one to suggest; but leave out Mr. Grandin."

"But won't he expect an invitation, mamma?"

"And suppose he does; must you keep running after him, just because he expects it? Not a bit of it. Just give him to understand that there are other young men, even in Sibley."

So instructed, Jennie was soon industriously thinking through her list of friends, and writing down the dozen names that she was privileged to invite.

On the morning of the day for the lecture by Miss Sholes,

Madge came walking into the Provost house, looking very demure.

"This is the great day of woman's emancipation," she began.  
"Great what?" exclaimed Jennie, with a laugh.

"Woman shall be no longer downtrodden," continued Madge, assuming a dramatic attitude. "Her rights must be asserted and maintained."

"Oh, I see: this is the day of the lecture, you mimic, you."

"All good women and sensible girls who value their privileges are invited and expected. They must be sure to attend, and above all, to bring a silver offering, so the lecturer may be free from dependence on any man."

"Why, Madge, you talk like a sure-enough advance agent," and Jennie laughed admiringly.

CHAPTER XIV

---

INTO THE ABYSS

*And thus I clothe my naked villainy  
With odd old ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,  
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.*

—Richard III.

*The way of vice is as the entrance to a pit; it is easy to go down, but difficult to return. As an old stain is not easily removed, so habitual vices are not easily overcome. The most dangerous vice is that which most resembles virtue, as the most deceiving devil is an angel of light.—Anon.*

*Me miserable! which way shall I fly?  
Which way I fly is hell! and in the lowest deep  
A lower deep, still threatening to devour me,  
Opens wide, to which the hell I suffer seems  
A heaven.*

—Milton.

## CHAPTER XIV.

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### INTO THE ABYSS.

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THE LECTURE—ORTHODOX NOTIONS—RENEWED EXCITEMENT  
—AN ELOPEMENT PLANNED—DUPED AND DAMNED.

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A typical audience assembled in the church to listen to Miss Sholes' lecture on "Woman's Rights." All the old people were there, occupying front seats. The old farmers had driven in from the surrounding country, and formed a goodly part of the crowd. With their grizzled beards and weather-beaten faces, and long, matted hair, they presented a spectacle of rural simplicity and rugged strength. Their wives accompanied them, and in some cases their children also. Then there was the usual number of town people, somewhat more smartly dressed, and the rear of the room was well filled with the young men and women, the boys and the girls.

There was a hum of conversation as they sat waiting the hour of the lecture, interrupted occasionally by the entrance of another couple or group, when all eyes were turned toward the door, to see who was coming in, and to make sure they were able to find a seat. Shortly after the time appointed, the lecturer was ushered to the platform by the President of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. Hamill. Both took seats for a moment, and then Mrs. Hamill arose and introduced the speaker.

"It is not often, ladies and gentlemen, that we have the pleasure of listening to a lecture by one so widely known as Miss Sholes. I feel that we are to be congratulated on having her with us to-night, and especially on such a theme. In this country woman has more freedom and independence than anywhere else on the globe; and yet there are many particulars in which she still suffers from artificial and unnecessary limitations. I am sure the speaker will warm our hearts with words of cheer, and tell us how we can co-operate for the advancement of society, so that

our homes will be happier, and every human being will find a fuller expression of his powers. I take pleasure in introducing Miss Marianne Sholes, who will address us on 'Woman's Rights.' "

#### THE LECTURE.

There was a faint clapping of hands as Mrs. Hamill turned to present the lecturer, and then all eyes were fastened upon her. She was slightly above the medium height, rather slender, with a well poised head and a profusion of dark brown hair. Her eyes were lustrous, her mouth and chin firm, and her movements were graceful. She had not been speaking long until that air of constraint which so often holds an audience had disappeared entirely. People who came out of the merest curiosity found themselves listening attentively, interested in spite of themselves. The speaker's voice was low, but clear and distinct, rising into a richer fullness occasionally, and then resuming again the elevated conversational tone which invariably marks the accomplished speaker.

Her arguments were those with which we have become familiar, but there were many things that struck that audience with the force of novelty. They had never thought deeply upon the subject, or, indeed, upon any other subject of social well-being. If a man succeeded in the world, good! That was because he was smarter than the rest. If he had a faithful wife and a family of obedient children, why, that was because he deserved them; because,—because! And when a man or a woman went wrong, that was because they were vicious. In their thinking, these good people had never gone beyond the limits of personal merit or demerit, personal fault or virtue.

It seemed strange, for instance, to hear this woman talk of the political limitations women suffer. The men and women to whom she talked had taken it as a matter of course, that men should vote and hold office, and women should,—well, as one of them bluntly put it, in discussing the lecture afterward, "mind their own business." But although there was not a little dissent

from the positions she took, Miss Sholes completely won their hearts in her introductory words.

"I would not have you think," she began, "that I am here to advocate a species of manliness for women. We would not have the peculiar rights of the male portion of the world, even if we could. Nor would we take up their lines of business, nor invade their sphere in any way. But some of us believe that while women are quite free, as your President said, and are permitted to enjoy many privileges in this country denied to her elsewhere, still there are some particulars in which we suffer limitations and denials. But all that we ask is asked on the basis of simple womanhood; we would be nothing more nor less than women, only better and stronger, fitted to be more noble and useful as members of society, whether in the privacy of the home, the turmoil of business, or the excitement of politics."

Mrs. Goodwin and Mrs. Williams hesitated a long time before they would consent to attend the lecture, but both of them were there, and both were considerably stirred by the address. It was all over by the day after, though; for when they met down town at the milliner's, they put their heads together, and decided that it was a shame to allow a woman to speak in public, and especially in a church.

Madge and Jennie were both deeply impressed. They were not so giddy and thoughtless as to be entirely beyond the reach of sensible appeal, and as they listened to Miss Sholes, it seemed as if there was something about her at least, different from the women with whom they were best acquainted, different even from their own mothers. And their hearts were stirred within them. Why shouldn't they go on with their studies, and develop their faculties? Why shouldn't they fit themselves for usefulness in the world?

#### ORTHODOX NOTIONS.

Such thoughts filled their minds as they sat there listening to the eloquent words of the lecturer, but unfortunately, they did not linger long. Somehow on the next day, when they awoke in

the midst of their accustomed surroundings and arose to their regular routine of work and play, it all seemed far away and unreal. They were quick to receive impressions, and almost as quick to lose them, because they had never submitted to actual discipline of mind. They had been brought up to entirely different notions; they were accustomed to think of wifehood as their distinctive lot, and that without reference to any particular preparation, save only what nature had already made, in making them females. And this very orthodox notion of their lot in life was at the bottom of much of their giddiness.

If Miss Sholes could have remained in Sibley a week or two, speaking every night; if the people had been sufficiently interested to have asked questions upon points of dissent or uncertainty, and above all, if the women of the little town had taken her message seriously, and endeavored to profit by it, then this story might have had an altogether different ending. But the ancient regime continued, without intermission. Miss Sholes left the next day, and by the middle of the following week, it would have been difficult to find anyone outside the W. C. T. U. who remembered anything worth while of the lecture.

#### RENEWED EXCITEMENT.

"Jack's in town!" exclaimed Madge, excitedly, as she came running up to meet Jennie, a few days after the lecture.

"Is he? where did you see him?"

"He came by the house on his way to old 'Squire Brown's, and bowed to me."

"Where,—when—where can we see him?" asked Jennie, eagerly.

"He slipped this note under the fence corner as he went by. I saw him stoop down, and hurried after him to get it."

Jennie took the scrap of paper and read:

"Dear Mike:—Something very, very important to say. Meet me tonight at the arbor in the park, both of you, at half past eight. Never fail. Yours, Jack."

"But what did he write Mike for?"

"So if anyone else got the note, they wouldn't understand it."

"Oh!"

"Sure, you little goosie; do you think Jack wants everybody in Sibley to know about our doings?"

"Are you going, tonight?"

"Yes, of course; we are going. He wants us both, and I have a notion I know what it is." And then, drawing nearer together, the two girls began to converse in very low tones, and part of the time in whispers.

"Be sure, now, Jen." enjoined Madge, as they parted.

"Trust me, Madge."

And promptly at half past eight they were at the trysting place,—the little arbor in the corner of the park, just a step from one of the least frequented walks. They went with some trepidation, and were much relieved when they recognized their friend's figure, standing within the shadow, and heard his familiar voice.

They had not talked long till they heard a step approaching, and both girls started; but Jack only smiled.

"Never mind, girls; I reckon you know him." And in another second, who should stand before them but Harry Windom, Jack's partner.

"Where on earth did you come from?" exclaimed Madge.

"Guess. But is that all the welcome you have for a fellow?" and clasping her quickly around the waist, he kissed her.

Madge pouted for a few moments, declared she was going straight home, but she didn't. Would that she had!

#### AN ELOPEMENT PLANNED.

The men were not slow to disclose their plans. They had secured tickets for the eleven o'clock train to Cincinnati, for four, instead of two. The girls were to accompany them there, when they would procure licenses and be married at once. Why delay? didn't they love one another? And wouldn't it be pleasant to be married and live together? The girls could keep each other com-

pany, when business called the men away. It would be altogether pleasant, and then, as to the suddenness of it, the surprise to the folks, and all that, why, it had happened just that way many a time before. They were acting out a romance in real life! Of course it would be a sort of shock to the town, when it woke up and found two of its sweetest girls missing, but it needed waking up, anyhow. How could they manage it? easy enough. They could go back home at once. Jennie would leave, saying she was to stay all night with Madge,—and that would be no fable! and then, after the old folks had gone to bed, they could slip out quietly, and Jack and Harry would meet them. The girls demurred.

"We have known you so short a time," protested Jennie.

"And how do we know you are what you pretend to be?" added Madge. "No, no, I don't see how we can think of it."

The men were insistent. Harry produced a diamond ring, which he slipped on Madge's finger.

"But think how mamma will feel!"

"But don't you suppose she will be ready to forgive, and welcom her son-in-law, as soon as she knows it's done, and can't be helped?"

It was romantic, in the extreme. It appealed to the fancy of the foolish girls, and seemed to be quite in harmony with what they had always thought and expected. Finally, they separated, but without giving them a definite answer.

"Don't look for us till you see us coming," said Madge, mischievously.

At 10:45 the two men were pacing anxiously up and down the sidewalk, near Madge's home.

"Why don't they come?" asked Windom, impatiently.

"Maybe the old folks were slow about getting to bed."

"But now say, old fellow, do you think they're likely to give us the slip?"

"No, I don't, Hal, and still, there's no telling. They may

have got on to our kinks. Sorry you kissed the black-eyed one. It riled her more than she let on."

"Well, we've got to go to the depot, pard. In just five minutes that train's due."

And turning slowly and reluctantly, they walked toward the station, glancing back as they walked. But no sight of two girls running away from the shelter of a home into the night relieved them. They stood by the side of the station, waiting, and grumbling and swearing over what they called "devilish luck." The train whistled, and came thundering into the station. The brakes ground down upon the angry wheels, and brought the great engine to a stand-still. A few belated drummers alighted, the conductor called "All aboard!" and Jack Sterret swung himself to the platform. Harry Windom was about to follow, when he heard someone hurrying up behind him, and looking over his shoulder, there were the two girls, all excitement. He assisted them to the platform, Jack gave them a hand, and soon they were on board. The conductor waved his lantern, the cars started as the engineer touched the throttle, and they were off! And it was night.

#### DUPED AND DAMNED.

In less than two weeks, the girls awoke to the horror of their plight. They found themselves in a bawdy house in Indianapolis, not wedded at all, but deceived by a mock marriage, and deserted by two professional procurers. Not only were they left in the hell of the municipality, but they found that they were as effectually prisoners as if they had been tried, condemned and sentenced.

Days and weeks went by. The mistress of the house was kind but firm. They might as well get to work, like the rest of the girls, for expenses were accumulating against them all the time. It wasn't so bad as they thought. And by all sorts of approach, she tried to break them in. Finding them obdurate, she resorted to drugs. And by a system of drugged drinks, she forced them to accept the attentions of her patrons, and take up the round of prostitutes.



**"DUPED AND DAMNED."**

"The conductor waved his lantern, the cars started as the engineer touched the throttle, and they were off. And it was night."

A year went by; a year of sickness and sorrow. It found the girls hardened. And when a wealthy patron of the house invited them to move to quarters which he had fitted up farther out of the city, they consented. And here they dwelt for several months. What a life! In their sober and better moments, how they loathed it!

Their friend was a married man, but a modern degenerate. He had almost unlimited wealth. But like all men who indulge their passion without let or hindrance, he was often brutal. He came in one night, drunk and irritable. Neither of the girls could quiet him. He went from one apartment to another, flourishing a pistol. In the morning, he was found in the basement of the house, dead; the girls were gone.

No one was found who could throw any light on the mystery. It was just a tragic ending of a life of debauchery, and while the dead man was wealthy, his habits were generally known, and there was no one who cared to pry into the secret. And so to this day it sleeps with him in a forgotten grave.

But through a negro house servant, an added element of horror did come out, though it found no publication, save when one who had learned of it told another, with bated breath. It seems that during the night, before the debauchee was pacified, he became furious, and brutally assaulted Jennie. Madge went to the rescue, and this still further incensed him. With awful oaths, he freed himself from the restraint of the poor girls, and went out swearing vengeance.

Presently he returned, with the negro porter, and drove both girls into the same room, and at the point of his revolver, compelled them to submit in turn to the negro's embraces!

"Such a beast ought to have been hanged, drawn and quartered!" exclaimed one man, when he heard the gruesome story.

"He ought to have been fed to mad dogs!" answered his informant.

In the light of such tragedies and diabolisms as this, we in-

sist that we pay too high a price for the perversion of sex functions, and in the name of outraged, suffering women, the industrialization of sex ought to come to an end.

For after all, these are but its legitimate fruits. Such victims are demanded every day of the year, and willing or not, they are dragged down, down, down, to where there is no lower depth.

Truth is evermore stranger than fiction, and darker colors would be lent to the tragedy recited in these two chapters, if the real names of the parties were given. But out of consideration for the living, they are withheld. Who will see to it that in their own midst such infamies are made forever impossible?

CHAPTER XV

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CRAZED AND CURSED BY VANITY

*But when the color goes from the cheek, and the lustre from the eye, and the spring from the step, and the gracefulness from the gait, alas! for those who have built their time and their eternity upon good looks. But all the passage of years cannot take out of one's face benignity, and kindness, and compassion, and faith. Culture your heart and you culture your face. The brightest glory that ever beamed from a woman's face is the religion of Jesus Christ.—Talmage.*

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*Gaze not on beauty too much, lest it blast thee; nor too long lest it blind thee; nor too near lest it burn thee. If you like it, it deceives thee; if thou love it, it disturbs thee; if thou hunt after it, it destroys thee. If virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise. If vice associate with it, it is the soul's purgatory. It is the wise man's bonfire, and the fool's furnace.—F. Quarles.*

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*Beauty stands  
In the admiration only of weak minds  
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes  
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,  
At every sudden slighting quite abashed.*

—Milton.

## CHAPTER XV.

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### CURSED AND CRAZED BY VANITY.

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THE CORONER'S VERDICT—FROM GAY PARIS—THE CULT OF BEAUTY—FEARS TO BE DISFIGURED—PLEADINGS UNAVAILING—THE WOMAN'S QUEER MANIA—POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

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There is a fanaticism in his world which to say the least is not religious. People talk as if the only possible fanaticism were that which is connected with some more or less spiritual cult; but the cults of beauty and of fashion have their mad devotees, as unreasoning, as blind, as superstitious, as the African who binds the gree-gree upon his back, and flings himself in the dust before the fetish tree. These mad worshippers at the shrine of beauty are blissfully unaware of their stupid infatuation, and imagine themselves the freest and noblest of mortals.

But alack and alas! they are sometimes undeceived. Again and again we read sad stories similar to those narrated here, showing how frail a thing is the human mind, and how easily it is unbalanced by extravagant devotion to an ignoble ideal. They who are worshippers of the beautiful have a most attractive ritual. What heart does not beat responsive to the allurements of grace and the fascinations and witcheries of perfect beauty? Where is the fearful error, if error there be since a love of beauty throbs in every human heart?

The error lies in this,—its devotees linger on the plane of the sensuous. Instead of imitating the example of the truly great and wise, whose lives have made the earth a better place for human habitation, and looking with them aloft to things celestial; instead of seeing in all physical beauty types of a still more ravishing moral loveliness they have pitched their perfumed tents upon the low plane of mere animalism, dazzled and bewildered by its insinuating, hypnotic spell.

**THE CORONER'S VERDICT.**

"Suicide while temporarily insane," was the coroner's verdict, delivered while this chapter was being written, by a jury in the fair city of Chicago. And the verdict told the story of a life maddened, wrecked, lost, because of the infatuation of mere physical charms. A woman, whose name is withheld from these pages, out of consideration for her friends and family, was found unconscious at the Del Prado Hotel, suffering from the effects of chloroform. She died a little later at the Chicago Hospital. The poor frail body was taken in charge by an uncle, to be transported to Denver, the young woman's home. It is a short, simple, and yet an appalling story. Mrs. B——— was one of the beauties of Denver. A few years ago she was taken sick. Her husband was one of the wealthy citizens of the place, and she received every attention. Her wants, real and imaginary, were looked after. She was attended by maids and nurses, and the highest of medical skill was invoked to restore her to health. An operation became necessary. Because of the condition of her health, or because of some unforeseen complication, the operation resulted in inflicting upon her a skin disease which disfigured her lovely face.

In the bitterness of her humiliation, the poor creature complained to her friends, to her waiting maids, to her husband. Hers was the house of shadows and resounding lamentations. "Oh, must I always be the veiled woman? Will people always stare at my face because it is ugly, just as they did formerly because it was so beautiful?" and wringing her hands in a paroxysm of grief, the poor woman flung herself half-fainting upon her couch. Again and again this scene was re-enacted. Her days were spent in an angry battle with grim and relentless fate. She raved and stormed; she supplicated; she prayed, with the energy and earnestness of despair.

She went from place to place, trying everything that could promise the slightest hope of relief and recovery, but it seemed vain. Her last quest for her lost beauty, beauty which was her

idol, beauty so ephemeral and transient that in a few years at best it must fade and die, was under the treatment of a so-called beauty specialist in the city of Chicago, and when it seemed to her all in vain, her proud spirit was broken; her reason unhinged, and she sought relief in death.

Such a fate must not be considered as an isolated and extraordinary incident. It is symptomatic. It shows the awful morbid state of modern society, with its mad dances and baleful fires and bottomless pits. There are scores of women who are following swiftly along the same way. They may never reach the brink: they may be saved from the final fearful plunge; but they are potentially in the same class. They burn incense at the same altars, and pay the same obligations to the gods and under-gods of society's realm. Is it incomprehensible? Do you wonder how any sane creature can be so absorbed in the pursuit of sensuous pleasure? Remember, that it is not so maddening in its beginnings. It is a deceptive way. It seems right in all of its approaches, but as the wise one of old has said warningly, "The end thereof is the way of death!"

#### FROM GAY PARIS.

The same story floated across the waters from gay Paris, the Sodomic capital of all unblushing infamies, just a few weeks before our own American papers printed the incident referred to above. Read the heart-breaking narrative, in all its detail. See intellect prostituted, mother-love crushed, a home destroyed. This is the recital, as the brilliant correspondent Renard narrated it:

The great Charcot and his learned associates are puzzled by the case of Mme. Madelaine Robert, one of the most noted beauties of Paris, and a stark, staring maniac from midnight until 9 a. m. daily. During those nine hours madam imagines that her beauty is forever gone, "because her face and wonderful neck," objects of admiration in fashionable society for years, "are heavily scarred by smallpox marks."

While in this state she brooks no interference from any one, and Dr. Charcot ordered that no restraint be put upon the patient, lest she do violence to herself. Toward 8:30 a. m. she begins to quiet down, rings and asks that M. ——, a famous Paris beauty doctor, be sent for. To humor her the hospital authorities then dispatch an attendant, purporting to be the person wanted to her cell, whereupon the poor woman falls upon her knees and implores him to save her beauty, without which she can not exist.

The man paints her face and neck with some innocent lotion and finally asks Mme. Robert to consult the glass. What she sees fills her with surprise and joy, for, after treatment by the "beauty doctor," the imaginary smallpox marks (of which not a trace exists in fact) "disappear."

During the rest of the day and until 12 midnight madam is perfectly happy and contented and seemingly rational in all she does and says; she drives, visits places of amusement and employs herself with embroidery and in other feminine occupations. Only the past is a blank to her. She does not recognize old friends and remembers neither family nor business affairs. At the same time, she is as sprightly as ever in conversation, and her modistes and man milliners receive many valuable suggestions from this talented wearer of fine clothes. Ten o'clock finds her in bed, clad in the most elaborate night robes that money can buy.

The doctors say she sleeps soundly until midnight, when the terror seizes her, as described. This order of things has continued now for more than three months without improvement or change for the better or worse. Dr. Charcot and other great scientists do not know what to think of the case, but fear that it will develop into hopeless imbecility.

The circumstances that brought Mme. Robert to this sorry state are tragic in the extreme. Here is the story, as told by a lifelong friend of the famous beauty and society woman:

#### THE CULT OF BEAUTY.

For ten years Madelaine Robert enjoyed the reputation of be-

ing the most beautiful woman of her set—Paris society not quite up to the standard of old aristocrats like the Duchess d'Uzes, but far above the new rich, who have to take up with international adventures to get their names published in *Figaro*.

Her late husband left her an income of some 50,000 francs per year while she was still young enough to enjoy it, but, despite numerous affairs of the heart, she maintained a spotless reputation.

"You are a coquette," "an icicle," scolded her men friends. Madelaine thought them inspired because they understood her so well. Unequivocally, she had use for admirers only, lived for her beauty alone and cared to live only because she was, and as long as she was, beautiful.

Her days and half her nights were devoted to the care of her face, her shoulders, her hands, her teeth, her hair, her eyebrows, her figure and feet—to preserve their fair appearance and eradicate any slight blemishes that might show. Madelaine's only son was brought up like the children of other fashionable ladies, by tutors and maids. He had a suite of rooms large enough to accommodate three workmen's families, a pony, rifle, billiard and what not? Was he in good health? The family doctor said so. Was he happy? The mother never thought to ask, but she knew one thing—he was growing fast; he was getting to be a big boy. She herself must be growing old, then.

Madelaine began to lock herself in twenty times a day to examine her complexion, which, she feared, was no longer as clear and transparent as—how many years ago? Her skin seemed to draw together below the eyes and in the corners—seemed to grow less at those points. When her friends came to chat and talk scandal, Madelaine would often rise suddenly and go to her boudoir, to see whether she was as old looking as Bertha or Blanche. True, as yet no one seemed to notice the decadence of her beauty—no one but herself and her handglass. Ah, the ugly stories the glass told! It whispered that her flesh was firm and elastic no

longer, that the gloss of her hair was not out of the ordinary as in days gone by; awful revelations, and Madelaine swore that she would not be coward enough to survive the loss of her beauty.

And again she prayed for hours to the good Lord, who grants loveliness, but to take it away after an infinitesimal space of time. What had she done to deserve such cruel punishment? Was youth and grace given her only to make age the more unbearable? Ninon de l'Enclos retained her beauty even in her coffin; at the age of 70, she was one of the most admired women of her times. That may have been due to a miracle, but God is good and might grant her a similar favor.

Madelaine was 37, her son 15 years of age, when these and similar thoughts had almost become a mania with her. And still another care added to her burden; Phillip fell ill. He had to take to his bed. His old teacher assumed the part of chief nurse, and Madelaine came mornings and evenings to ask after the boy, remaining, however, never more than two or three minutes in the sick room.

Even then she avoided touching the patient, or speaking to him, and her visit would invariably wind up with the excuse: "Pardon me, I have forgotten to give orders to—" With this she rushed out, leaving behind a cloud of exquisite perfumery.

One evening, when Madelaine asked rather impatiently after the doctor's diagnosis, the tutor replied in a mournful voice: "Phillip has smallpox, madam."

Then Madelaine uttered a piercing cry and fled.

#### FEARS TO BE DISFIGURED.

Next morning at 6 the mother sent for the first bulletin—never in her life had she been awake so early before. "No improvement," and Mme. Robert quitted her residence forthwith and went to live in an apartment opposite. There she locked herself in the boudoir, where her mirrors, cosmetics and highly labeled bottles and boxes had preceded her and cried and moaned so incessantly as to alarm everybody in the big house. And all around

the sofa on which she was reclining stood small copper vessels, in which chemicals were burning, emitting strong, but agreeable odors.

On the morning of the eleventh day the tutor waited upon her ladyship. His face was deadly pale. He refused the seat Madelaine offered him. "Your son wants me to return with all possible dispatch," said the old man. "I came to tell you that he is very, very sick, and must see you."

Madelaine opened her eyes wide, her figure swayed. And she threw herself on her knees before the crucifix hanging over the bed, and cried: "My God, this can not be thy wish." And addressing the tutor she added rather vehemently: "No, no. I never dare do what you ask, monsieur."

"The physicians hold out but slight hope for Phillip's recovery," pleaded the tutor, "and the boy wants his mother, he craves your presence with all his heart." Instead of answer Madelaine, who had remained on her knees, buried her head in her hands and sobbed. The tutor's gentle entreaties were in vain.

Two hours later he returned, bearing a second message from poor Phillip. "Your hopeless son," he said, "knows that the end is near and begs his mother to come and see him for the last time in life."

"God forbid," cried Madelaine, "I can not, I durst not." She was still on her knees, her hair disheveled, her beautiful face mirroring the agonies she suffered.

"I never knew," said the tutor impressively, "that there was an impulse in woman's life stronger than that which draws a mother to her child's deathbed."

"Yes, there is," shouted Madelaine, beside herself with excitement. "Fear, fear, fear. I can not go to Phillip, I can not."

The tutor, being an old friend of the family, gently put his arms around Madelaine's shoulders and tried to drag her to the door. She pushed him away. "Do not touch me," she cried, "your very breath means destruction to what is most dear to me."

Saying this she fell heavily on the floor, convulsions seized her, and for several hours she bemoaned the loss of her beauty, while in a half conscious state.

#### **PLEADINGS UNAVAILING.**

Towards evening Phillip felt death near enough to touch its shroud-like garment and with the clairvoyance, peculiar to dying people, he saw through his mother's weakness, that seemed like utter hard-heartedness. And once more he dispatched the tutor to Madelaine. This was his message: "If mother is afraid to come into the room, beg her to go to the balcony. I shall see her through the window and die happy with my last look upon her lovely face. That shall be my farewell from the most beautiful of mothers—I ask no other I beseech you, induce her to come."

Phillip's physician, taking pity on the disconsolate boy, accompanied the tutor on his errand.

"Madam," he said, "there is not the slightest danger, as the heavy glass-panes absolutely prevent your coming in contact with the atmosphere, or exhalations, of the sick room." Trembling in every limb, Madelaine asked the physician to give her his professional word of honor that what he spoke was true. Three times he had to repeat the formula before she was satisfied. At last, throwing a thick veil over her face and holding a bottle with strong salts in each hand, she started out with the men. But when the balcony was reached, her knees trembled so that she was hardly able to move and her agitation was most painful to look upon.

When she was nearly opposite the window, she suddenly buried her face in her hands and moaned: "Don't ask me to go further, I will never dare to look at him. It would kill me by inches, and while I am ready to die for him I can not endure the thought of being disfigured."

The tutor and the physician attempted to take her to the window by force, but she caught hold of the balcony railing, crying aloud. The scene caused the people in the street to look up and



A DEVOTEE OF FASHION.

"Ninety per cent of her talk is of dress."

stare and offer assistance to the lady in distress, and to avoid scandal the men had to desist.

Meanwhile poor Phillip was waiting; his eyes fixed on the window; he was ready to die the moment he bid good-by to the beloved, gracious and smiling, the beautiful face of his mother, but he saw only a pair of heavily gloved hands and the bowed and veiled head of a figure in black. He saw them for hours. It was growing darker. Some of the lights in the street were extinguished, and the mother's face still remained hidden.

At 12 midnight, Phillip turned to the wall and died.

At 12 midnight, his mother released her hold on the balcony railing and fell heavily upon the stone flagging. When she awoke she was raving about "smallpox scars" on her face and neck, and she has been raving about them ever since from 12 midnight till 9 a. m., daily.

#### THE WOMAN'S QUEER MANIA.

One of the physicians consulted by Dr. Charcot on the peculiar case of Mme. Robert gave your correspondent the following report of his observations:

"The moans and shrieks in cell No. 15, which, by the way, is a large, handsomely furnished apartment, began with the stroke of midnight, and I did not take my eyes off Mme. Robert until I left her, after a personal interview some time after 9 o'clock next morning. All through the night the poor woman was raving about the 'beautiful tyrant' who was about to leave her, calling him 'angel,' 'lover' and 'god,' and showering prayers, persuasion and curses upon the creature of her wild imaginings. And again she cried as I have never seen her, or heard, a woman cry before.

"The maid in attendance upon madame tried in vain to reason with her. I heard her say a hundred times that it was all a mistake; that she was as healthy and beautiful as ever. 'To prove what I say, I offer to sleep with you, madame. I would catch my death if you were really ill with smallpox, would I not?' argued the faithful nurse.

"'Pshaw,' replied the maniac with the cunning peculiar to her condition; 'I suppose you had smallpox once in your life. So much for your protestations, my girl!'

"Toward 8:30 in the morning the maid came out to say that madame wanted the beauty doctor, whereupon I entered with the person enacting that functionary's part.

"We found Mme. Robert arrayed in a beautiful morning gown before the mirror of her dressing table, looking intently at her face and bare neck, but, observing me, she threw a heavy black veil over her head and anxiously covered her shoulders.

"'How are you this morning, madame?' asked the beauty doctor.

"'Very poorly, indeed. The scars seem to have increased in size and ugliness over night.' The beauty doctor protested, but Madelaine continued in an authoritative yet sorrowful voice: 'Perhaps you will believe me when I tell you that I counted a dozen new indentations today, five on my neck alone. How can I ever go to the opera again? Ah, I am beginning to be a nightmare, a scarecrow, a thing too awful for sight. Indeed, I am ashamed to show myself. And, by the way, give orders that Philip not be admitted. The poor child must never know that his beautiful mother has grown ugly.'

"Madelaine sank back in her chair and began to cry as if her heart was breaking. 'I assure you, madam, that I can cure these little blenishes in less than no time,' said the beauty doctor gently. 'Be good enough to remove the veil and I will attend to you the moment I get my lotion ready.' Saying so, the speaker took hold of one end of the veil, but Madelaine rose in a fury and pushed him away. 'Don't do that,' she cried; 'I do not object to your treatment, for it is really efficient, but I can not possibly exhibit my sores before strangers.'

"The supposed man of cosmetics then introduced me as a colleague, invited me to a consultation, and Madelaine reluctantly allowed the veil to be lifted. I saw a woman of great beauty,

a finely chiseled face without blemish, radiant with a complexion that a society woman of 30 might pride herself on. But, imagining herself disfigured, the poor woman blushed violently with shame and excitement. Fixing her eyes on the carpet, she constantly turned her head to hide the supposed scars.

"It's extremely painful to me to appear before anybody in such a state," she said. "I look awful, do I not? And turning to me she continued: "This punishment is worse than martyrdom at the stake."

"I was so impressed by Madelaine's earnestness that I examined that fine pink and white face even more closely than before, and confess I seldom saw a more perfect skin.

"Doctor," she began anew, "you must know that I got his awful disease while engaged in a work of love. Poor Philip caught smallpox, and, of course, I had to attend him."

"My poor boy lives, but his mother is dead—dead! My beauty gone, I am like some one who has passed away."

"Meanwhile the doctor had prepared his supposed wonderful lotion and began operations. 'Just a minute,' he said, 'and these nasty scars will be invisible, leaving you as beautiful as ever.'

"Only then did Madelaine raise her eyes from the floor—violet eyes, large and soft. As she held up her right cheek the doctor touched it here and there with his brush. The other cheek, her forehead, neck and shoulders were treated in the same manner, and I noticed that Madelaine quieted down considerably as the work progressed. Finally the beauty doctor shut his instrument case with a snap and bang and said: 'Be good enough to look into the handglass, madam. I venture to say that I lived up to my promises once more and it was not hard work, either.'

"Madelaine took a magnifying mirror and scrutinized her face and neck for some five or more minutes with all possible care. She was trying hard to locate the supposed blemishes and at the same time overjoyed not to find even a trace of them.

She called her maid as witness; she appealed to me. 'I trust you won't be jealous of monsieur? He is so clever.' And then to the beauty doctor: 'You are worth your weight in gold. I can not express how I appreciate your good offices.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"An hour later Mme. Robert drove up at Redfern's, where she astonished everybody who knew her by her youthful looks and her quiet, impassive behavior."

#### POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

And so we read upon the tear-stained page of human life, the record of our doings. All have a share in the wrongs and crimes, in the woes and infamies of the world. Public opinion rules the world today. When it wishes, it flings dynasties into the dust, and sets up republics in place of monarchies. When it will, it changes the currents of history, and the maps of the world. It enthrones pride, or passion; it lifts the gibbet, or drives the stake, and punishes criminals or makes martyrs of the world's redeemers. And when public opinion is right, then ten thousand wrongs will be abolished. When public opinion is right and sound and wholesome, then it will be impossible for fair women to worship their own beauty, and fling themselves into the abyss infatuated and depraved, cursed and crazed by a cult as absurd and bestial as it is destructive.

How the eye misleads! how it ensnares! it is the open gate through which go trooping all visions of beauty and earthly loveliness, to gladden the sense. But its ministry may be perverted, until in it burn unhallowed fires. Beware! beware! There are places upon which it is a sin to look twice. There are forms and figures which suggest vice and are so intended. Even queenly Art has been prostituted, till she ministers to fleshly depravity, and finds herself a procress of shame and debauchery.

Herein is the capital offence of this age; it has made vice attractive. The progress of the humanities, the uplift of the submerged classes, the conquest of material forces, the exploitation

of hidden stores of wealth,—all the refinements and achievements which mark the progress of civilization, and in which we glory, will be lost in a fearful holocaust of passion, unless we awake to our peril.

The air is hot and sulphurous with the smoke of overthrow. The earth trembles. And men sleep, and smile in their sleep.

We would not speak in terms of exaggeration,—nay, we could not if we would! This book deals with a subject in which exaggeration is impossible. How can one transfer to a printed page the tears and entreaties of poor girls, not yet past the age of puberty, who are seized by force and fraud, lashed to a bed, and there compelled to submit to the embraces of passionate men? How can cold type tell of the horror of shame which comes over a young woman who has been betrayed by a mock marriage and left imprisoned in a bawdy house? By what strange spell shall we bind up in cloth and ship all over the country in volumes, the remorse under which guilty men writhe, the unavailing prayers of homeless orphans, and the fearful imprecations of the abandoned creatures who are cast off by God and man, and ground down, under the Juggernaut of twentieth century vice?

The printed page is useful, but there are some tasks before which it must stand a confessed failure. And yet we can but hope that the reader's sympathetic attention will supplement the lack of the printed page. The stories ought to awaken hundreds and thousands who are too dainty or too indifferent to touch this question. It should be impossible for any earnest person to challenge the sincerity of those who are working hard for the reformation of the sinning, and above all, for the protection of the unsinning.

CHAPTER XVI

THE FAST SET

*As well try to fill the yawning chasm with a few grains of sand as satisfy the gulf of the soul's desires with the pleasure of an empty world.—Macduff.*

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*Where is now the splendor of the banqueters? where their brilliancy of lamps and torches? the feast of joyous assemblies? Where are the crowns and magnificent ornaments? where the flattering reports of the city, the acclamations of the circus, the adulations of thousands of spectators? All have passed away. The wind by one blast has swept the leaves, and now they show to us a dead tree, torn from its roots, so violent has been the tempest. It lies a broken ruin. Where are the pretended friends, the swarms of parasites, the tables charged with luxury, the wine circulated during entire days? where the various refinements of feasting, the supple language of slaves? What has become of them all?—a dream of the night which vanishes with the day; a flower of spring which fades in the summer; a shade which passes a vapor which scatters; a bubble which bursts; a spider's web which is torn down. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Inscribe these words on your walls, on your vestments, on your palaces, on your houses, on your windows, on your doors; inscribe them on your consciences, in order that they may represent it incessantly to your thoughts. Repeat them in the morning; repeat them in the evening; and in the assemblies of fashion, let each repeat to his neighbor, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."—Chrysostom.*

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE FAST SET.

AMERICAN LIFE MISREPRESENTED—WHAT OTHERS SAY—DENUNCIATION AND DISPARAGEMENT—BLOTS UPON SOCIETY—A POOR EXCUSE—MORPHINE OR SOMETHING—SELF-IMMOLATION—WASTE OF RESOURCES—THE FIRES OF HATE.

Lest our readers should fancy that this is an indictment of social order unsupported except by the testimony of one thinker, we take pleasure in introducing here the testimony of a group of people whose names are familiar in all parts of the country. And be it remembered that the wickedness of modern society is not confined to one section more than another. In city mansions and country cottages, in crowded thoroughfares and in winding lanes, we find the same taint, the same slime of lubricity. But of course we must go to the cities to see what is vulgarly called "life." These hot-house centers of population are the originators of indecencies. They are the prolific sources of the turbid tide which swells to the point of overflow, and then inundates the continent. New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Denver, San Francisco,—these are great marts of trade, and they are growing greater; but their growth in things material and commercial does not keep pace with their growth as capitals of galvanized paganizism and decorated infamy.

Nearly every town and city has a group of ultra-fashionables called derisively, "The Four Hundred." Their monkey dinners, their vulgar balls, their dazzling displays of boundless wealth, are all *prima facie* evidence of moral decay, and are the means of further arousing the angry passions of the mob of the disinherited, who look upon such exhibitions of pride and godless extravagance as the result of their own deprivations, and feel themselves thereby exploited and wronged.

Bronson Howard, dramatist and man of the world; Henry Watterson, distinguished editor and scholar; Mrs. Stuyvessant Ifish, the queenly leader of a group, and several others tell us what they think of the queer capers of these dwellers in modern Babylon. And they speak what they know, for they are in one way or another, brought almost daily into contact with the giddy whirl. They are not speculating; they are not recording the conclusions of perfervid fancy; their testimony cannot be impeached or its force diminished by any such insinuation. They are living witnesses, and their words agree. Listen first of all to Bronson Howard, the dramatist, author of "Shenandoah," and a dozen other thrilling plays.

#### DENUNCIATION AND DISPARAGEMENT.

Sitting in his cozy studio a few days ago Mr. Howard turned the vials of his wrath upon the fastest of the Newporters.

"The 'fast set,'" said Mr. Howard, deliberately, "is a small part of that little social world called the 'Four Hundred.' I hold the 'fast set' in utter contempt, both men and women. I do not even accord them the charity which one whom I do not resemble accorded to a woman of the Jerusalem 'fast set.'

"I have never heard in America or Europe that the women of New York society have a bad name. But the women of our 'fast sets,' both in New York and other cities, have sent the fragrance of their bad reputations over the planet.

"Increasing luxury naturally carries excessive drinking with it in all fast sets. For that matter, the antics that come before the public seem to make liquor a necessity to protect the performances from the charge of idiocy.

"I am not quite sure as an American citizen that even a member of the fast set, man or woman, hasn't a sacred right under the Constitution, like other people, to drink to excess in private.

"Long observation and professional study have convinced me—I still speak as an American citizen—that the entire 'Four Hundred' in all parts of the country has absolutely divorced

itself as a body from every important interest of the nation.

"If we except here and there a few local charities and subscriptions for conspicuous places at the opera, the 'Four Hundred' has no part as a body in the magnificent onward movement of the country in art, education or literature or on the true progress of our best social life.

"The 'Four Hundred' as such is not a part of the American population; it merely resides a portion of each year in America, imitating Europe. For all patriotic purposes, it is a cipher."

In this excoriation of the swell set Mr. Howard takes the only position tenable,—that it is a group, a mere coterie of people who have practically divorced themselves from American life. And yet while to all intents and purposes they are ciphers, are they not social symptoms as well? Do they not illustrate the fearful results of certain economic tendencies? Wealth brings luxury in its train; luxury breeds vice; vice is contaminating and destroying.

Henry Watterson, editor and orator, is one whom the whole country delights to hear. He always writes or speaks with emphasis; there is no misunderstanding what he says:

Must the monkey and the swell be accepted as interchangeable types, as alternating measurements of human breeding and beauty? Indeed one would think so, reading some of the reports that come to us from the inner circles of that apotheosis of boredom, that incarnation of stupidity and affectation which takes its cue from Leicester Square and the Corinthian Club in London \* \* \* which eddies around the abodes of luxury and alimony at Newport.

And when King Leopold, his Belgian nastiness arrives, Newport will doubtless give two monkey dinners and have two monkeys at each dinner. We mourn for Oscar of the Waldorf-Astoria. With the King of the Belgians giving a state dinner in the Astoria dining room upstairs and the crown princess and her Frenchman in the south palm garden, what will poor Oscar Tschirky do?

Figaro ci Figaro la, and in the outer corridors all the divorcees

sitting around and murmuring to one another. "Wouldn't it be just lovely to be her?"

The smart set of the East is like a fire in a certain district—the house or houses afire are doomed; there is no saving of them: so the energies of the force are kept to the rescuing of the adjacent tenements.

New York City is able to take care of its own licentiates. Newport, being wholly lost, doesn't mind.

Each and every community has its would-be Four Hundred. Must we be condemned if in a general way we hold up the ægis of the republican idea—of the home, of the fireside—and remind them of our common birth, our title deed to the simple homé-spun origin of the whole ship's crew of us, better than the crowns of kings and the diadems of dukes and princes?

"Doomed!" is the right word for many, doubtless, for they are in the grip of the cataract, and there is no hope for them. They cannot distinguish between right and wrong; their moral judgment is warped; their consciences are seared; their higher nature is decayed. They are drunk with voluptuousness, and their blase natures will not respond save to amusements that are grotesque or devilish or both.

#### BLOTS UPON SOCIETY.

Hon. Bourke Cockran, distinguished alike in politics and in law, gives his testimony concerning the great and growing evil of divorce:

The blot upon American society is the increasing number of divorces. In the ancient state the supreme importance of life was to increase the importance of the state. Today the end of life is the individual good. But the individual good lies in the prosperity of the family, and it is at this that the divorce strikes. If not checked it will destroy the family.

The remedy to this, as I see it, is to realize that matrimony is a state, not a contract, and divorce must be stopped. Divorce strikes at the virtue of our women, and this virtue is what pre-

serves the state. Divorce is the one foul growth upon our soil, and upon its riddance depends the fate of our future.

We had an example not many years ago of the national detestation in which the people of this country held polygamy. There were clashes between several states over the admission into the union of a state that catered to polygamy. That state was admitted, its representative was sent to Congress, and when a newspaper published the fact that that representative came from a state where polygamy existed the people of the nation were aroused and the representative sent back to his people.

If we were to choose between divorces and polygamy, give us polygamy. It is an amusing phase of the law which sends a man scouting over two or three states, seeking a legal residence on which to base an action for divorce. The situation is this: One state having given a man permission to commit a crime in another state also gives him permission to commit similar crimes in other states.

In all this criticism of the swell set, we must of course make due allowance for newspaper exaggeration; at the same time, we must remember that many, many sickening details are absolutely unfit for publication, and the most "yellow" of yellow journals mercifully draws the veil. Nothing can be more nauseating to a self-respecting American than the wild scramble to get into the presence of some scion of so-called nobility, and the disgusting fashion of aping their airs. Rita, the popular English novelist, expresses her disgust; she says,—"The manner in which American society women pursue any celebrity, dog the footsteps of royalty, and pester and worry their way into select circles is too well known to need description. The American duchess is by no means a useful or valuable addition to our peerage." Does the gentle novelist forget how amiably the "American duchess" pays off the gambling debts of her noble (?) husband? How she replenishes his purse, meets the demands of his creditors, rehabilitates his estate, pays off his mortgages, and trims his sails once more for

another sail over the painted sea of sensual delights? Her "Pa" has bought the duke, with all his titles, aristocracy, lineage, pedigree, and fixtures; he is bought and paid for. The option has been closed, and the trade made. It is a game of dollars against descent, and dollars have won. Let the English nobility get what cold comfort they can out of the transaction. The rank and file of respectable people everywhere will feel that such marriages are in every instance the mating of fools.

#### FLINGING EPITHETS.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who is dubbed leader of the "550," has volunteered a few remarks, in defense of Newport, the disreputable. She observes,—"Newport is being used too much as a place for people to come who want to break into society.

"These people attack Newport with a dash and glittering display of lavish wealth that usually fetches the desired result."

To be sure! why not? Isn't the American aristocracy an aristocracy of dollars? And is there any mount of social distinction so high that an ass laden with gold cannot reach its very summit? The dollar mark is on every yard of fashionable wearing apparel, inscribed under the coat-of-arms on their carriages, and blown in the champagne bottles that make their feasts merry. But to continue Mrs. Fish:—

"There are sets in Newport society, but that is none of my business. I think it a great pity that people in Newport society do not feel that any one invited to their houses is quite nice enough for all of the guests present to meet. The English people have the correct idea for there is no social line drawn among the invited guests to their affairs. Possibly we may gain wisdom with age." So there is hope for the socially benighted, in America's swell set. Good! No doubt they will feel profoundly thankful to Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, for this gleam of light in the midst of darkness. "Possibly we may gain wisdom with age." Finally, Mrs. Fish disdainfully avers,—

"The stories in the newspapers about monkey dinners and

all that sort of thing are quite absurd ; so are the stories about Mr. Harry Lehr. Mr. Lehr is quite an ordinary person."

It is highly interesting to hear these people talk about one another. The outsider, the mere observer, cannot distinguish any difference whatever between those who are in the charmed circle of fashionable dissoluteness, and those who are out ; but they are erecting barriers among themselves, and issuing edicts of excommunication, and flinging epithets, and exchanging compliments.

#### A POOR EXCUSE.

Mrs. Ralph Trautman, President of the Woman's Health Protective Association, does not deny the prevalence of the drink habit among these women, but says, as if in feeble effort at defense or extenuation : "The women who drink to excess are mostly idle rich. The pressure of life today and the increased nervous tension are largely responsible for the over-wrought women who seek in drugs the sedative that nature refuses."

Mrs. Henry Russell of London has had an experience with the fast set, having been to Newport, to assist the monkey brigade in entertaining. She is disposed to exonerate them from the charge of excessive drinking, but she believes that many of them are addicted to the use of drugs,—morphine, chloral, and the like. Mrs. Russell made her Newport debut at a dinner given by Mrs. Francis Otis, where her success was immediate and phenomenal. That night she made three engagements to sing the next day, at Mrs. Herman Oelrich's, Mrs. Clarence Dolan's and Mrs. Pembroke Jones'.

"I must say," began the clever artist, "that from my standpoint the Newport colony were charming to me. They always accorded me a most appreciative welcome when I sang, though their appreciation could have been only superficial, as they frequently asked me to sing a coon song, or something popular, in which I could not oblige them.

"But as a woman, though I had personal letters to many of them, I did not exist for them. I was merely an artist, an enter-

tainer. To speak frankly, I am so prejudiced against the ‘fast set,’ as Mr. Howard calls them, that I hesitate to discuss them. The men were exceedingly nice to me, in a way,—too nice, in fact; but socially, the women ignored me and gave me to understand that I was simply a rank outsider.

“I am afraid I was a bit stupid about it, for at first I believed their slights to be simply ‘Americanisms,’ but now I know they were intentional, that an artist there is merely a paid dependent, and not the social equal of those who employ her.” Who could convey, on paper, the contemptuous sarcasm of the stress which she laid upon “equal.”

“But I am begging the subject, am I not? No, I cannot honestly say that I saw much drinking among these women. At the luncheons or dinners to which I went, there was far less wine consumed than would have been the case among English women of the same class; in fact, many of them did not drink anything but water—at any rate, not in public. Sometimes when one met the same woman one had seen at luncheon later in the day, she would see that she had perhaps indulged in a bracer of some sort in the mean time, but this was not the general rule, nor was it noticeable to any extent.

“There are, of course, a few notorious exceptions, of whom everyone in the Newport colony knows.—two or three wealthy matrons who have surrendered almost completely to intoxicants. In my opinion, it is not the influence of their set that makes them what they are,—they belong simply to the little army of the unfortunates whose members may be found in all walks of life, only the bright white light of their social prominence beating upon their shortcomings makes them seem more glaring.

“As a matter of fact, the English women of the upper class drink far more than smart American women, yet I have never seen an English lady who showed the effects of the wine she had taken. They can stand more than any American woman I have ever seen. Do you know though.” and Mrs. Russell’s big brown

eyes sparkled mischievously, "I could hardly blame the Newport women if they were driven to drink by the utter inanity of their existence. To me it seems hopelessly monotonous and pointless. Day after day the same old round of so-called social functions, day after day the same old people, and such very stupid people at that. Most of those women and men do not seem to have any ideas or thoughts beyond their own uninteresting little circle, and if by chance one of them becomes conscious of any incipient stirrings of thought, she makes an effort to conceal the peculiarity. Ability or wit they seem to consider synonymous with bad form."

"MORPHINE OR SOMETHING."

I do believe that some of these women use morphine or some such thing, but I don't in the least blame them. They surely must have some antidote to the monotony and the exertion which five or six daily changes of raiment entail. Undoubtedly the American women are charmingly well dressed, and their neatness is a pleasant revelation to the stranger here, but their clothes lack all individuality. They produce a very stunning effect, but they all seem to be cut on the same pattern, from the highest to the lowest, in, of course, varying degrees, but in spite of this I think the English women might copy them somewhat, with much advantage to the general appearance of the English nation.

"Don't I like any of the American women I have met? O, dear me, yes! I think the Four Hundred are—well, I've said enough about them, but the women of other social circles I have found delightful. They are as a class, clever, cultivated, natural ladies, living contentedly in their charming homes, who make the stranger welcome without ostentation, women whom it is always a pleasure to meet, of whom the American husbands, fathers, sons are justifiably proud. Commend me to the average American woman."

We will thank the prima donna for this closing tribute to one whom all the world admires, and whom a good part of the world pays homage to, the average American woman. She it is

that stands for American life and culture; she incarnates the spirit of true Americanism; she is the rarest product of our schools and homes, and when she lifts her sceptre, throngs of willing subjects own her sway. But for the grotesque, effete, perverted, degraded, spectacular femininity which parades in the borrowed finery of European courts, and affects a tremendous disgust with life and all its accompaniments, which reeks with corruption and spreads the perfume of its nastiness around the globe,—for that element no right-thinking person of any class, at home or abroad, has any language but pity and contempt.

There is one serious aspect of this subject, which no thoughtful person will overlook; the pace set by these social degenerates is imitated all over the land, by their satellites. The virus of their vicious example enters every city and town, and as in nearly every community there is at least relatively the same congestion of wealth, the same idleness and infamy, we find also the same symptoms of moral decay. Who can set bounds to the extent of evil example? Its influence is measureless. If the swell set lived and died without injuring any one else, we might keep silence; but when their pernicious example contaminates society all over the land, we may well combat the contagion.

#### SELF-IMMOLATION.

Such human beings are immolating themselves upon the altar of voluptuousness. They are committing moral and spiritual suicide. They inflict immedicable woes upon their poor suffering bodies. They pervert every natural function. Eating and drinking have reference, not to the nourishment of the body, but the titillation of the plate, and a depraved palate at that. Their gastronomic delights constitute a large part of their lives; they gorge like swine; they vie one with another in the elegance, daintiness, and mystery of their feasts. Æsopus Clodius, the famous Roman, lived in a most luxurious manner, and on one occasion served up a dish of singing birds at a banquet, that cost \$4,000. But this dish, elaborate, costly, and useless as it was, has been eclipsed



**FIERY FOOD.**

"They gorge like swine, and with spiced viands and imported drinks wake up the animal nature."

thousands of times on the table of these modern voluptuaries. In the days of the Emperor Elagabalus, the invention of a new sauce was liberally rewarded; but if it was not relished, the inventor was confined to eat of nothing else till he had discovered another more agreeable to the Imperial palate. And so these modern degenerates, since they have given themselves up wholly to the pursuit of gross pleasures, find especial delight in the inventions of their chefs, and linger long over their tables.

But nature keeps a careful score. No offender escapes the just penalty of violated law. Sooner or later, in an avalanche of dyspepsias and sickly humors the penalties come, and the poor bodies that have been so sinned against repay the transgressor a thousandfold with pain and anguish. What right has a man or a woman to play the voluptuary? Who has authorized such a desecration of the body? How can so gross and swinish a life be explained?

But not only the bodies suffer on account of the pandering to a depraved appetite, the mind suffers as well. And among the poor women, without whom this picture of modern decay could not exist, the physical perversion is exaggerated by abominable fashions in dress. All that we see or hear in such circles, seems planned with diabolical ingenuity to work the everlasting undoing of the devotees. Are they ignorant of their own peril? Are they unaware of the precipice along which they dance? They are destroying themselves.

The effect upon the mind is pitiable in the extreme. In the first place, it lacks spontaneity and originality. They must all follow the fashions. There is no chance for the exercise of independence in either thought or action. No matter what new instrument of torture fashion may devise in the way of a new garment, it must be made and worn. No matter what attitude or posture or practice is announced, all must accept it instantly. There is no room or time for the play of independent judgment, as a modifier, even if there were sufficient brain left to furnish the

mental energy. It is all a game of subjugation, of unreason, of enslavement.

And then besides, it is a sphere in which life is pitched upon the plane of things crass and sensuous. The only mental operations required are the most primitive. They are such as the animal creation in almost any species can exhibit. There is occasionally a disposition to recognize the world of art, or literature, but this is only superficial and evanescent. It is one of the many attempts constantly put forth to introduce an element of variety, to whet the dull appetite of these degenerate and sated gourmands.

Think of the human mind entering into such eclipse! By whose authority is intellect dethroned? There can be no doubt that the women who constitute the center of this group have the ordinary range of faculties; they might, if they would, cultivate them; they might know something of the life of the intellect which they allow to atrophy; and there might be an occasional gleam of real light and knowledge, where now is naught but the smoke and darkness of absolute and entire obscuration, and everlasting eclipse.

Body, mind and soul are offered up on this altar. The victims hurry forward, and bind themselves as if with an ecstasy of gladness to be deceived, disappointed, and destroyed at last. For all this sacrifice of the noblest self brings no reward. There is nothing but disaster and despair, the gnawings of ennui and remorse. It is pitiful to contemplate. There is earnest work enough to do in this world, to enlist all hands and heads and hearts. Not one can be spared, especially for a career of debauchery like this.

#### WASTE OF RESOURCES.

And then, here is unexampled waste. Many a poor attempt has been made to justify extravagance, on the ground that it distributes the money so expended. But the apologist seems never to think that the difference in economic benefit between a \$50,000 dinner and a \$50,000 hospital or school or library is simply in-

calculable. The money that is squandered in lavish display is money wasted, as really as if it were thrown into the sea, or lost in a fearful fire. Now when there are hunger and cold and nakedness in the land, when within the very shadow of these modern palaces wretchedness and want shiver and shrink, what excuse can you offer for wanton luxury?

Not to consider, for the moment, the moral issues involved, think of the mere material waste. All waste is wicked, and this is as wicked as it is wanton and shameless. To spend money to relieve want is admirable; but to spend money when the spender knows that it must create want, is shocking to the moral nature. No matter how the possessor came to lay hands upon wealth, whether by inheritance or gift or as the result of toil, it should not be wasted. It cost somewhere, dollar for dollar, in the labor and life of men, and to squander it in ostentation is at once inhuman and sinful.

Think of the good that might be wrought, if the moneys so wasted could be gathered up, and either returned directly to the people or expended in furnishing them with the means of education and culture. A half million dollars would build a few miles of good road through a lonely region, or erect hospitals, asylums, libraries, schools, or churches in destitute neighborhoods. And in the expenditure of money thus, honest men would find employment, and the work once completed, would serve society.

Before one can say whether an expenditure is wasteful or useful, he must pause and consider the ends to which it ministers. And judged by this or any other test, we leave it to the candid judgement of the unbiased reader if the extravagancies of modern Babylon are not wasteful and wicked to the last degree. Personal pride may be inflated, personal spleen gratified, but what useful end is served? Out upon this unpardonable waste.

#### THE FIRES OF HATE.

And the smart set, gay and godless, dissolute and devilish, are feeding the fires of hatred in the bosoms of the submerged

masses. There is antagonism enough, as the heritage of centuries of wrong and oppression, without adding to the store in these degenerate days. There is a fiery unrest among the common people which bodes no good to the established order of things. And yet as if they would hasten the overthrow of the existing order, these mad devotees of fashion, blind and stupid, would fan the fires!

No passion is so unlovely, none so destructive, as that of hate. Instead of feeding it, we should find a way to quench it. But how can men and women of brains look upon the vulgar displays of the fashionables, and not feel wronged? The wrong may be hard to trace; it may even be more imaginary than real, but it will hurt, nevertheless. And after it has been harbored in hot hearts for a time, it promises to break out in fierce and tumultuous storms.

Whatever emphasizes the differences among classes is calculated to inflame the minds of the sufferers. Surely the rich, exhibiting as if it were a trophy, the power which wealth brings, must be aware of the peril to which they are subjecting themselves. Even men who are mild and temperate by nature and training, who have not fed themselves on envies, suspicions and revilings, are often jarred by the all too evident and inexplicable chasms between them and their fellowmen. They go on their weary way of unending toil, asking dark questions.

The fact is that much of this wealth which is squandered in the ways indicated, is not the legitimate reward of honest toil, either by its present possessors, or by their ancestors; it is the result of privilege; it is the fruit of monopoly; it is the spoil of the outlaw. There never stalked a brigand of the dark ages, insolent and malevolent, robbing right and left, whose deeds were darker, or whose nature shows lower depths of moral turpitude, than do some of the commercial brigands of America today. When will they receive their punishment?

The intolerable haughtiness and prodigal extravagance of  
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the idle rich may be the very means nature and Providence design to bring about their condign punishment.

#### **AMERICAN LIFE MISREPRESENTED.**

The widespread notoriety that these social degenerates receive lends itself to a gross misrepresentation of American life. We are not a nation of Anglo-maniacs, or of new-rich fools, or of blasé debauchees. The standards of American life are high, and the level of life is rising. But here is a group of people taken by foreign judges often to be the consummate flower of American civilization; and what a flower! What a rank odor!

The intelligent foreigner who comes to our country with time enough at his disposal to journey about and actually study us, will no doubt find much to criticise and condemn. But he will see in the main a nation struggling up out of the soil, with all the vigor of youth, and the hope of youth, too. Blemishes and defects there may be and doubtless are, but we are not depraved; we are not vicious; we are not stupid. We are not, above all things, we are not, entering upon the descending way of extravagance, vulgarity, and corruption.

And yet, this much-advertised section of society produces precisely that impression. It is as false as those people themselves are false and hollow. And in the name of thousands and hundreds of thousands of men and women good and true, rich as well as poor, we protest against the misrepresentation. There should be a periodical disclaimer of any and all responsibility among us for such a class.

And yet, can we justify ourselves? Do we not see in this cross-section of American life, just what the tendencies everywhere are calculated to bring about? In every rank and class, there is a feverish desire for wealth. And when wealth comes, it brings perils with it. Many are able, by superior moral culture, by the discipline of their higher natures, to withstand these tendencies, but will their children escape?

As long as the ideal for woman remains where it does, as long

It is an immense relief to turn from the contemplation of the poor fallen specimens of humanity, to those who stand four-square against every wind that blows; to those whom the gods and under-gods of fashionable society have been utterly unable to seduce, with all their intoxicating wiles. But if we would be strong, if we would avoid for ourselves and for our children the turbid waters of this Stygian pool, we must at least know of its existence, and something of its social geography.

"Ever and anon," writes one who yields a trencahant pen, "there are in the newspapers explosions of social life that make the story of Sodom quite respectable. It is no unusual thing in our cities to see men in high position with two or three families, or refined ladies willing solemnly to marry the very swine of society, if they be wealthy. Brooklyn, whose streets fifteen years ago were almost free from all sign of the social evil, now night by night rivaling upper Broadway in its flamboyant wickedness. The Bible all aflame with denunciation of an impure life, but many of the American ministry uttering not one point-blank word against this iniquity, lest some old libertine throw up his church pew."

Let us know where the slippery places are, and then take care. Let us know where the pitfalls are, and avoid them! Turn on the light. All infamies and debaucheries hate the light. When the day dawns, the bats hunt the rafters of the forsaken barns and the caves of the forest where they can hang till returning shadows hail them forth once more.

## CHAPTER XVII

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### UNCHASTITY

*This world of sense, built by the imagination, how fair and foul it is! Like a fairy island in the sea of life, it smiles in sunlight and sleeps in green, known of the world not by communion of knowledge, but by personal, secret discovery. The waves of every ocean kiss its feet. The airs of every clime play among its trees, and tire with the voluptuous music which they bear. Flowers bend idly to the fall of fountains, and beautiful forms are wreathing their white arms, and calling for companionship. Out toward this charmed island, by day and by night, a million shallops push; unseen of each other, and of the world of real life left behind, for revelry and reward! If God's light could shine upon this crowded sea, and discover the secrets of the island which it invests, what shameful retreats and encounters should we witness—fathers, mothers, maidens, men—children, even, whom we had deemed as pure as the snow, flying with guilty eyes and white lips to hide themselves from a great disgrace!—J. G. Holland.*

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*Why is there no man who confesses his vices? It is because he has not yet laid them aside. It is a waking man only who can tell his dreams.—Seneca.*

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*Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing;  
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.*  
—Shakespeare.

## CHAPTER XVII.

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### UNCHASTITY.

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VICES OF THE IMAGINATION—FILTHY DREAMERS—FOUL TALK  
—TURBULENT BLOOD—FIERY FOOD—SENTIMENTAL AND  
OBSCENE LITERATURE—IDLENESS.

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The pursuit of pleasure must occupy the mind that has no other employment. And when one, whether man or woman, begins to live for pleasure, as if that were the "be-all and end-all" of existence, the bars are flung down, and every cloven-hoofed vice may enter. The All-wise has graciously annexed pleasure to the commonest physical functions: men have discovered this, and instead of exercising them solely for their use and profit, they exercise them chiefly if not solely for their pleasure.

Although we are upon an era of change, it is still true that the world is artificially divided by the accident of sex. Upon one side are the males, the workers, the bread-winners; upon the other side are the females, the consumers. One-half of the human family is sentenced to find its support in its sex, and the exercise of sex functions. We can see in the animal world, what happens when some peculiarity is made a condition of maintenance. All animals in the polar regions are white. And why? for the very simple reason that any patch of color could be easily seen, and the animal fall a prey. Whatever life depends upon, be it color or speed or cunning, that becomes abnormally developed. And if in the human family sex conditions maintenance, we need not be surprised to find sex abnormally developed, and the sexual propensities strong beyond control.

#### VICES OF IMAGINATION.

All acts are first thoughts. Thought is the laboratory; thought is the fountain. The act of adultery is sternly prohibited by the Decalogue. Back of that prohibition are the reverberating

thunders and wreathed lightnings of Mt. Sinai. Back of it is the frown of Jehovah. And for the transgressor awaits a fearful punishment. But when the Man of Galilee came, he added a significant comment: the lustful look is adultery! There need be no embrace, no over act; the look freighted with amorous desire is enough. What sagacious insight here! Stop and think; how many adulteries would there be to stain men's souls, if the lustful desire were throttled? How many pitiful falls would there be, if the fires of passion that blaze in eager eyes were put out?

But now, if the amorous desire is adulterous, who is pure? And if the idleness and dependence into which society forces women adds emphasis and power to these vicious propensities, what shall we say of the folly of the sere old world? J. G. Holland writes discriminatingly,—“There is an enchanted middle ground between virtue and vice, where many a soul lives and feeds in secret, and takes its payment for the restraint and mortification of its outward life. There are plenty of men and women who lead faultless outward lives, who have no intention to sin—who yield their judgment—if not their conscience, to the motives of self-restraint, but who, in secret, resort to the fields of temptation, and seek among its excitements for the flavor, at least of the sins which they have discarded. This realm of temptation is, to a multitude of minds, one of the most seductive in which their feet ever wander. Thither they resort to meet and commune with the images, beautiful but impure, of the forbidden things that lie beyond. In fact, I have sometimes thought there are men and women who are really more in love with temptation than with sin—who by genuine experience have learned that feasts of the imagination are sweeter than feasts of sense.”

What a vanity it is for one to imagine herself chaste, when she allows her fancy to range over these alluring realms! The poet is right who ascribes an indelible taint to the maiden who only dreamed of her lover an unmaidenly dream. And the man who revels in lurid images, whose amorous desires range unchecked

over the fields of impure fancy, who delights to gaze upon suggestive pictures and read salacious stories, no matter what restraint he puts upon his outward conduct, he is an unchaste man. Dr. Kellogg says,—“Though he may never have committed an overt act of unchastity, if he cannot pass a handsome female in the street without, in imagination, approaching the secrets of her person, he is but one grade above the open libertine, and is as truly unchaste as the veriest debauchee.”

What man, familiar from close observation or from sad and remorseful experience, with this fact,—what man is there who does not wish that every safe-guard possible may be erected, to protect both sexes from even the thought of unchastity? But what can we hope, for moral earnestness and energy of will in such a battle, when the very organization of society decrees that the female shall occupy a place in the world determined solely by her sex? Does she not become the impersonation of sex? When you hear certain names or see certain persons, you think of what those names and persons stand for. Herod is a synonym for cruelty; Jezebel for wickedness; Cleopatra for licentiousness; Frances Willard for sobriety; Grace Darling for heroism. But now a woman, no matter how good and pure, stands for human reproduction, and for the pleasures to attend the act of copulation.

Is that a shocking statement? Admitted; but is not the deplorable fact still more shocking? If the writer is responsible for the statement, who is responsible for the fact? Do we not see that when women everywhere are permitted to have some aim in life, and to enter into productive industries according to their strength and fitness, we shall cease to look upon her as exclusively and alone designed to minister to the reproductive act? Then she will suggest what other workers do, the industry which engages her, the cause which occupies her time and absorbs her energies, rather than sexual delights.

No matter how suggested or by whom permitted, impure thoughts stain the mind like a leprosy. They wither noble ideals;

they scorch lovely fancies; they turn a garden into desert. Expel a vicious thought from your mind as you would pluck a sleeping adder from your bosom! And then by high and noble companionship, by chaste and useful employment, remove the very ground of temptation and sin. What an error it is, and how prevalent, that only the outward act is harmful! And yet multitudes are deluded by it. Physicians testify, on the contrary, that lascivious thoughts are productive of disease,—disease of the tissues, as well as of the mind.

"I have traced serious affections, and very great suffering to this cause," writes the famous Dr. Acton. "The cases may occur at any period of life. We meet with them frequently among such as are usually called, or think themselves, continent young men. There are large classes of persons who seem to think that they may, without moral guilt, excite their own feelings or those of others by loose or libidinous conversation in society, provided such impure thoughts or acts are not followed by masturbation or fornication. I have almost daily to tell such persons that physically, and in a sanitary point of view, they are ruining their constitutions. There are young men who almost pass their lives in making carnal acquaintances in the streets, but stop just short of seducing girls: there are others who haunt the lower class of places of public amusement for the purpose of sexual excitement, and live, in fact, a thoroughly immoral life in all respects, except actually going home with prostitutes. When these men come to me, laboring under the various forms of impotence, they are surprised at my suggesting to them the possibility that the impairment of their powers is dependent upon these previous vicious habits."

Would that such careers of secret and unallowed vice were confined to the males. But where shall we draw the line, when not individuals, but society itself is permeated with corruption? Dr. Graham says,—"Those lascivious day-dreams and amorous reveries in which young people and especially the idle and the

voluptuous and the sedentary and the nervous are exceedingly apt to indulge, are often the source of general debility and effeminacy, disordered functions, premature disease and even premature death, without the actual exercise of the genital organs. Indeed, this unchastity of thought, this adultery of the mind, is the beginning of immeasurable evil to the human family."

#### FILTHY DREAMERS.

Frances Osgood tells us that labor is a sort of worship; and the poet is right. It is a preventative of unchastity in thought or deed. But now when you put a whole class in the community into such a state that they do not need to work, you invite the moral rust and decay that are the inevitable accompaniments of idleness. The result is the same, if you deny to one entire sex the right of toil, because sex unfits them for it.

Every idle word, every obscene jest, every lurid picture, leaves its taint upon the mind. The dream may be as beautiful as a roscate dawn; it may embody all the elements of desire; it may awaken a tingling sensation of illicit pleasure; but be assured that ere it vanishes the dreamer has sunk lower and still lower into the mire of sensuality, and condemned himself to a slavery worse than death.

But how long before the dream bodies itself forth into action? Do we not read now and then of a shocking and surprising fall from virtue, in some community? A man or a woman, or perhaps both a man and a woman, who had been considered models of good behavior, are of a sudden revealed as adulterers. And we moralize upon their downfall, forgetting that it was not the sudden onslaught of a terrific temptation that carried them away; it was the stealthy undermining of their moral natures by this practice of filthy dreaming. Their natures had been hollowed out, until they stood, fair and good outwardly, but within, full of corruption. Then when the storm smote them, they fell.

#### FOUL TALK.

Among women as well as men, though let us believe never

to the same extent, impure talk is heard, day after day. Through the gateway of the lips pours a turbid stream of filth, tainting the minds of speaker and hearer, leaving its deposit of unchastity to rot the conscience and damn the soul. The day scarcely dawns, the first waking moment scarcely comes, till the torrent commences. There are intermissions for the sober business of life, but there is a quick return to the vile story, the veiled allusion, the leprous word.

Women comprise about all the virtue there is in the world, someone has observed. And yet "women are not without their share in this accursed thing, this ghost of vice, which haunts the sewing circle and the parlor as well as the club-room. They do not, of course, often descend to those depths of vulgarity to which the coarser sex will go, but couch in finer terms the same vile thoughts, and hide in loose insinuations more smut than words could well express. Some women, who think themselves rare paragons of virtue, can find no greater pleasure than in the discussion of the latest scandal, speculations about the chastity of Mrs. A or Mr. B, and gossip about the 'fall' of this man's daughter, or the amorous adventures of that woman's son."

Men delight to pay homage to the virtue they find in the women of the world. They are very exacting indeed, of those who stand very near to them. But do they never pause to try themselves by the same standard? Habits of thought and speech once firmly established are hard indeed to break. When one lends himself to such a career for a time, he will be surprised at the amount of effort demanded to break the silken cords. It has almost come to pass that "because a thing ought to be done, therefore he cannot do it." A horror of great darkness awaits the man or the woman lent to vice, even in its most seductive and attractive form,—a darkness which can be felt, and from which the way of escape is long and devious.

A company of fellows were sitting one evening around a hotel office stove, regaling one another with vile jests and stories. A gentleman who happened to be present endured it as long as he



THE LATEST SCANDAL.

"They discuss eagerly the 'fall' of this man's daughter, or the latest amour of that woman's son."

could, and then arose to leave the room, preferring early retirement to such company. As he passed the group, he noticed a yellow dog curled up behind the stove, and walking up to the dog, he gave him a gentle kick, and said significantly,—“Get out of here! this is no place for you!”

#### TURBULENT BLOOD.

In conversation with a gentleman who is closely connected with one of the national benevolent associations of the land, mention was made of the fate of some of the girls who had gone astray, after having been inmates of one of their orphanages. He explained it by the statement that a great many of the waifs that are gathered into the shelter of these orphanages have “turbulent blood;” they are the progeny, sometimes, of illicit amours; they are the children of parents, wedded, maybe, but depraved and sunken.

Physicians and biologists assure us that of all traits transmitted by the law of heredity, none goes with greater certainty and more momentum from father and mother to son and daughter, than this one of sexual immorality. History teaches it. The daughter of Augustus was as unchaste as her father. Her daughter after her was as vile as she. The kings of Israel, from David on for generations, show the baleful influence of hereditary prepossession.

This is without taking into consideration the diseases that are transmitted. Passion itself, with fiery impetuosity, goes on down the line. Sometimes a child will inherit all of his father's or his mother's worst traits, with few or none of the nobler. He comes into the world, cursed at his birth, foredoomed and fore-damned. Who shall sit as arbiter, when such a soul is judged?

Go back from one generation to another, and you will find the trail of the serpent is over all. Those who now live, those whose high privilege it is to bring children into the world, must not be content with accepting more or less regrettfully the children that are unavoidable. They must watch themselves, and be sure that their children are the fruit of chaste desire. They must

decide whether the next generation shall go in the same beaten path of slimy sin, or whether there shall be a new departure, and the race begin a moral ascent.

#### FIERY FOOD.

As if natural instinct and hereditary taint were not enough, there are tremendous errors in diet that feed the fires of passion. Are there not cases where the infant imbibes the essence of libidinous desires with its mother's milk? Poisoned at the fountain, what can you expect from such a life? Highly spiced foods are the rule on many a table. Rich food, animal food, sweets, condiments, etc., are the staple diet with many. And so the smoldering fires of passion are fed, until they break out in earliest life, to burn and destroy.

The effect of gross feeding is strongly stated by some of our physicians, who feel that it is their duty to remove the cause of disease as well as to cure the disease itself:—"Exciting stimulants and condiments weaken and irritate the nerves, and derange the circulation. Thus indirectly, they affect the sexual system, which suffers through sympathy with the other organs. But a more direct injury is done. Flesh, condiments, eggs, tea, coffee, chocolate, and all stimulants have a powerful influence directly upon the reproductive organs. They increase the local supply of blood; and through nervous sympathy with the brain, the passions are aroused."

And is it surprising that in our best homes, even, we are feeding appetite and passion? The kitchen and the dining room are the realms into which above all else we have turned the women of the world. We have a euphonious way of putting it; we say it is "the home" which is woman's peculiar sphere, and yet in every instance it will be found that she burns incense before the holy stove. Restricted to the care of a house, is it strange that she should fill that full of unnecessary activities? Among them, there are all those ingenuities that have reference to dining two or three times a day. She invents dainty and appetizing viands. She

compounds strange dishes. She is a priestess indeed, and Gourmand is her god.

The woman is not to blame. She would be free, if we would permit. But the very men who pause occasionally to point out some of the perils with which this book deals are harking back, not forward; they declare for the ancient and the traditional lot of woman. Seeing the occasional outbreaks that occur in the business world, among shop and office and factory girls, they foolishly and falsely attribute these outbreaks to the new career, rather than to the survival of taints in the blood, planted there by long centuries of subjugation and repression. The cure for the excesses of liberty is not tyranny, but more liberty; and so the cure for the lapses that accompany woman's industrial emancipation is not a recrudescence of barbarism, a reversion to paganism, but more freedom, fuller emancipation.

There is no necessity of feeding the animal. Feed the man. Turn the attention of cooks and housekeepers away from mere savory viands to nourishing food. Feed the stomach, not the palate. Stop late suppers, eating between meals, and banish from the dining table all condiments and stimulants. At present there seems to be a conspiracy between the kitchen and the drug store, with physicians and undertakers in the background.

#### SENTIMENTAL AND OBSCENE LANGUAGE.

One of the most exciting causes of vice is impure literature. That which is merely sentimental, which is full of erotic pictures and suggestions, is as deservedly immoral as that which is realistic to the last degree. And this sentimental literature is what we find in the hands of many fair maidens. They pore over the pages that are all but sulphurous with the breath of passion, and the heated fancy re-acts upon the sensitive body, and the fountains of thought are surcharged with vice, until overthrow is almost a certainty, when desire and opportunity co-incide.

As for obscene literature, although tons of it, together with the plates, are destroyed every year, it yet pours fourth its yellow

tide and flows into open and secret channels, carrying its full freight of death, apparently unchecked. Who shall stay the flood?

But we feel that the greatest peril to those who will read the pages of this book comes not from this low grade literature, this spawn of the devil. It comes rather from the kind first mentioned, the sensual, the realistic. The flood of vicious novels is compared by one trenchant writer to a "fresher, overflowing the banks of decency and common sense. These books lie on your center table to curse your children, and blast with their infernal fires generations yet unborn. You find them in the desk of the school miss, in the trunk of the young man, in the steamboat cabin, on the table of the hotel reception room. You see a light in your child's room late at night. You enter suddenly and say,—"What are you doing?" "I am reading." "What are you reading?" "A book." You look at the book; it is a bad book. "Where did you get it?" "I borrowed it." Ah, there are always those abroad who would like to loan your son or daughter a bad book. Everywhere, everywhere, an unclean literature. I charge upon it the destruction of ten thousand immortal souls, and I bid you wake up to the magnitude of the theme. A woman who gives herself up the indiscriminate reading of novels will be unfitted for the duties of wife, mother, sister, daughter. There she is, hair dishevelled, countenance vacant, cheeks pale, hands trembling, bursting into tears at midnight over the fate of some unfortunate lover; in the day time when she ought to be busy, staring by the half hour at nothing; biting her finger nails into the quick."

We can sympathize with the indignant outburst of one who, as a teacher of morals, finds his work hindered, and much of it undone by this baleful scourge. T. De Witt Talmage says,— "Cursed be the books that try to make impurity decent, and crime attractive, and hypocrisy noble! Cursed be the books that swarm with libertines and desperadoes, who make the brain of the young people whirl with villainy. Ye authors who write them, ye publishers who print them, ye booksellers who distribute them, shall

be cut to pieces, if not by an aroused community, then at last, by the hail of divine vengeance, which shall sweep to the lowest pit of perdition all ye murderer of souls. I tell you, though you may escape in this world, you will be ground at last under the hoof of eternal calamities, and you will be chained to the rock, and you will have the vultures of despair clawing at your soul, and those whom you have destroyed will come around to torment you, and rejoice in the howl of your damnation!"

#### IDLENESS.

The evils with which this chapter attempts to treat are either induced or aggravated by idleness. And when we remember that much of a woman's time is passed in vacuous idleness; that throngs of men are so unfortunate as to have a great deal of leisure time, we are not surprised that the pit yawns before them, and the fiends invite.

Fill the days full of beneficent and productive labor: let each morning, cloudy or clear, call to service, and there will be no danger from the beleaguring beasts of unchastity, because they will assail a citadel armed and guarded, and actively defended. But if you allow yourself to sit in day-dreams, if you court mental vacuity, then the guards are off duty, the breach is open, and the foe sneaks in.

Who can chant the requiem of lost hours? Who can portray the heinousness of his fault who throws time away? But whatever estimate we put upon its value, we must agree that time wasted in idleness, inviting thus moral disaster and everlasting overthrow, is worse than time murdered, for it is the suicide of a soul.

"Come, gone, gone, forever,—  
Gone as an unreturning river,—  
Gone as to death the merriest liver,—  
Gone as the year at the dying fall,—  
Tomorrow, today, yesterday, never,  
Gone, once for all!"

CHAPTER XVIII

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THE SOCIAL EVIL

*It is an evil that at any time may, and repeatedly does, reduce youth to premature, helpless old age; transform the body into a rotten shell; affect not only the sinner, but his posterity, and make the kiss of love he means of carrying contagion and foul disease to pure brides and innocent children.—W. D. P. Bliss.*

*The numerous scandals and divorce suits which expose the infidelity of husbands and wives are sufficient evidence that illicit commerce is not confined to the unmarried; but so many are the facilities for covering and preventing the results of sins of this description that it is impossible to form any just estimate of their frequency. The incontinence of husbands and the unchastity of wives will appear in their enormity only at that awful day when everyone shall stand before the judgment seat, and receive the penalty of his guilty deeds.—Dr. J. H. Kellogg.*

*The diseases dependent upon prostitution are appallingly frequent, a distinguished surgeon recently declaring that one person in twenty in the United States has syphilis,—a malady so incurable that a profound observer has remarked that “a man who is once thus poisoned will die a syphilitic, and in the Day of Judgment he will be a syphilitic ghost.” Prof. Bross says, “What is called scrofula, struma, or tuberculosis, is, I have long been satisfied from careful observation of the sick and a profound study of the literature of the subject, in a great majority of cases, if not invariably, merely syphilis in its more remote stages.” Though there are doubtless many of us who believe that a not inconsiderable proportion of scrofulous and phthisical cases are clearly due to other causes than syphilis, we must admit that this statement contains a very large element of truth.—Prof. Fred H. Gerrish.  
M. D.*

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE SOCIAL EVIL.

IN MODERN CITIES—IN DAYS OF OLD—SOLD INTO HARLOTRY—  
MRS. CHARLTON EDIOLM'S TESTIMONY—PALL-MALL GA-  
ZETTE EXPOSURES—THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1904—GAINING OR  
LOSING?

"Prostitution is not an evil peculiar to any age, country or civilization," says a thoughtful modern writer. And any student, even the most superficial, will bear out this statement. Every now and then the people of some city will become aroused to the enormity of the vice and some good preacher will inaugurate a crusade against the scarlet women. There will be a temporary commotion, the display of some startling pulpit pyrotechnics, a rumble and rattle of the sensational press, more or less grumbling and swearing among the police and other city officials, a few changes or removals among the *demi monde*, and then when the spasm of virtue has spent itself, the resumption of the usual order, with midnight carousals, and the endless carnival of the nether world.

#### IN MODERN CITIES.

In 1858, when Dr. Sanger wrote upon this subject, the number of prostitutes living in the city of New York, from information given by the Chief of Police and obtained from other reliable sources, was estimated at 6,000. In 1893, at the World's Congress on Social Purity, held in the city of Chicago, Hon. Elbridge T. Gerry stated that he and Superintendent Byrnes, of the police department, had compared notes with exactly the same result, and that, viewing the matter from two different standpoints, they agreed that the then number of prostitutes in New York was at least 40,000. This estimate was disputed at the time, as being too high. In an article in *The Arena* for March, 1896, Rev. F. M. Goodchild says:

"It has been declared that in New York city there are between 40,000 and 50,000 such women. That would make one habitual prostitute for every nine mature men in the city. As it is estimated that every fallen woman means on an average five fallen men to support her, it would appear that more than half our men are regular contributors to the brothel, which I should hesitate very much to believe. Eight years ago the Superintendent of the Florence Night Mission estimated that there were then 15,000 prostitutes in New York city. The number has not increased by more than 10,000 certainly, probably not by more than 5,000. An army of 20,000 such hapless creatures is ghastly enough not to need exaggeration."

This writer evidently never did any original investigation, nor did he stop to think that the brothels of the city are not wholly dependent upon residents. There is a stream of visitors, mostly male, passing through all the great cities constantly, and enough patronage might be developed thus from outside the city to increase materially the number of such resorts.

"Chicago's Dark Places," a volume prepared by a carefully selected and organized corps of men and women of wide experience in dealing with these classes, says,—"There are several sections in Chicago almost entirely devoted for whole blocks to houses of prostitution. One of these localities is known as the Black Hole, and it does not belie its name." The details given of the ways in which young girls are victimized and enslaved in these vile places and of the hard pressure brought to bear upon dependent working girls, making them an easy prey to the seducer, are harrowing in the extreme.

"But this shameless vice is not confined to the slums. One section of the south side is mentioned in which sundry localities are devoted entirely to houses of ill fame. The major portion of these houses, says the commissioner, are "gilded palaces." They are elegantly decorated and elaborately furnished, and to these the visitors generally come in carriages, fourteen carriages

having been counted at one time on a single block. The reports upon the lower types of theaters, concert halls, and museums, are remarkable chapters, showing a close and direct connection between these so-called amusements, strong drink, and social vice. In one of them, in exterior a cheap theater, the commissioners, in a circuitous way, were introduced to girls in decollete costume, who invited them downstairs, to see the can-can danced by twelve naked young ladies. The exhibition consisted of a most disgusting dance performed by over a dozen girls in a state of absolute nudity, and ended, when the dance was over, with open and personal solicitations from these abandoned women. In this vile place, where was also a bar, which did a thriving business, they found on their arrival, some ten or twelve men, most of them respectable looking, some of them young and some old, all in eager expectancy awaiting the arrival of the 'ladies.' The reports on the dives and obscene pictures, books and advertisements are striking exhibits of the numerous and ingenious ways in which the young of both sexes are systematically corrupted, and vice promoted."

Of Philadelphia it is said,—“There are not less than 1,000 houses of ill fame in the city, and as many as 5,000 women live among us by the sale of their bodies.” These figures were compiled ten years ago, and are suspiciously small, even for that time. They would probably have to be doubled now. The witness adds, “I wish I might have confidence that the estimate is too high; but nearly six years of observation make me fear that the figures are much too low. This does not include, of course, the vast multitude of poor girls whose labor yields scarcely enough to keep soul and body together, many of whom fall victims to the lecherous men who are always on the watch for new cases.”

In St. Louis, the writer had occasion at one time to make a careful investigation of the prevalence of this scourge, and the results were appalling. The population of the under-world in this fair city is probably between that of Chicago and Philadelphia,

and in form and depth of depravity, in consummate wickedness and Sodomic bestiality, it is second to none. The work of the procurer and the solicitor is promoted with the usual subterfuge and success; the hospitals overflow with the victims of debauchery, and the yellow, turbid Mississippi receives its tribute from the despairing souls that make populous the under-world. And yet, no result was more apparent than this,—the taking of a census of these poor creatures is simply beyond the bounds of possibility. The statements usually made upon this subject are always liable to error. It may be safely said in every instance that they are unreliable. And whether they seem large or small, depends largely upon the personal opinion and feeling of the writer or speaker. In the very nature of the case, it is a shifting population, and no doubt varies not a little from time to time. But it is always large enough and active enough to constitute a plague spot, an ulcer, a dreadful menace to the community.

#### **I N D A Y S O F O L D.**

The destruction of the world by the flood was due to the infamous wickedness of the people who then inhabited it, and there can be no doubt that the most flagrant wickedness of that age was licentiousness. But it was not long after this awful punishment till the same vice began again to assert itself. Among the early Assyrians there was a total abandonment to unchastity. Their kings reveled in the grossest sensuality, and sunk reason and conscience in debaucheries.

"No excess of vice," says Dr. Kellogg, "could surpass the licentiousness of the Ptolemies, who made of Alexandria a bagnio, and all Egypt a hot-bed of vice. Herodotus relates that "the pyramid of Cheops was built by the lovers of the daughter of this king, and that she would never have raised this monument to such a height except by multiplying her prostitutions."

Cleopatra's name will forever stand as a badge of infamy. She bewitched and seduced two masters of the world, and her dazzling beauty was surpassed by her indescribable lewdness.

The poison of the asp which brought her to the grave is but a type of the moral virus which her career had injected into the society of that age.

In Gibbon's Rome we read of Theodora, that "her beauty was the subject of more flattering praise and the source of more exquisite delight. Her features were delicate and regular; her complexion, though somewhat pale, was tinged with a natural color; every sensation was instantly expressed by the vivacity of her eyes; her easy motions displayed the graces of a small but elegant figure; and either love or adulation might proclaim that painting and poetry are incapable of delineating the matchless excellence of her form. But this form was degraded by the facility with which it was exposed to the public eye and prostituted to licentious desire. Her venal charms were abandoned to a promiscuous crowd of citizens and strangers, of every rank and of every profession; the fortunate lover who had been promised a night of enjoyment was often driven from her bed by a stronger or more wealthy favorite; and when she passed through the streets, her presence was avoided by all who wished to escape either the scandal or the temptation. The satirical historian has not blushed to describe the naked scenes which Theodora was not ashamed to exhibit in the theater. After exhausting the arts of sensual pleasure, she most ungratefully murmured against the parsimony of nature."

The same historian tells us, with unsparing fidelity to truth, of the corruptions of the clergy and the church. He says of Clement VI, that "he was ill endowed with the virtues of a priest; he possessed however, the spirit and magnificence of a prince, whose liberal hand distributed benefices and kingdoms with equal facility." Under his reign Avignon was the seat of pomp and pleasure; in his youth he had surpassed the licentiousness of a baron; and the palace,—nay, the bed-chamber of the pope, was adorned or polluted by the visits of his female favorites."

But the more ancient religions were supremely gross. The

ancient cities, the ancient monarchies, seem to have reeked with corruption. Says one writer, "Tyre and Sidon, Media, Phœnicia, Syria, and all the Orient were sunk in sensuality. Fornication was made a part of their worship. Women carried through the streets of the cities the most obscene and revolting representations. Among all those nations a virtuous woman was not to be found; for, according to Herodotus, the young women were by the laws of the land, "obliged once in their lives, to give themselves up to the desires of strangers in the temple of Venus, and were not permitted to refuse any one." These religious debaucheries were continued into the days of St. Paul, and later; some say until the fourth century, when the temples in which they were prosecuted were destroyed by Constantine.

Among the Greeks, who are so often held up as models of culture, whose philosophies are to this day the wonder and delight of the learned, there were infamous degrees of lewdness. They celebrated the worship of Bacchus and Phallus by processions of girls half nude, "performing lascivious dances with men disguised as satyrs." Bourgeois says "Prostitution was in repute in Greece." The most distinguished and learned women were courtesans, and even Socrates himself would in these modern times be called a libertine.

The story of Roman infamies surpasses even the tales of her triumphs. It is said of Julius Cæsar that he was such a rake as to have "merited to be surnamed every woman's husband." Equally notorious and shameless were Antony and Augustus. The vice which deluged the court submerged also the populace, and was stimulated by the erotic songs of such poets as Ovid and Catullus. "Tiberius displayed such ingenuity in inventing refinements in impudicity that it was necessary to coin new words to designate them. Caligula committed the horrid crime of incest with all his sisters, even in public. His palace was a brothel. The Roman Empress Messalina disguised herself as a prostitute, and excelled the most degraded in her monstrous debaucheries. The Roman

emperor Vitellius, as is well known, was accustomed to take an emetic after having eaten to repletion, to enable him to renew his gluttony. With still grosser sensuality he stimulated his satiated passions with philters and various aphrodisiac mixtures."

And yet, with this midnight of debauchery before us, we are shocked to reflect that the worst has not been told! Neither can it be. The fearful infection permeated whole empires, till they fell from very rottenness.

#### SOLD INTO HARLOTRY.

Whatever may be true of the ancients, it is easy to ascertain the alarming truth with respect to the moderns. It is one turbid stream of debauchery, flowing down the ages, laughing at penalties and conventions, breaking through all barriers, and sweeping generations into its awful maelstrom. The corruption of European capitals is the veriest commonplace in the tales of travelers, as well as of residents. The oldest and greatest centers of civilization are seething pools of sexual corruption. In Paris, places of amusement and, indeed, all places of public resort, are thronged by courtesans, on the lookout for victims; "and in numerous picture-shops which line the Rue di Rivoli, the most obscene pictures and photographs are exposed for sale, with practically no attempt at secrecy.

"In Stockholm, government statistics show more than forty per cent of all the births to be illegitimate, and in Vienna the state of morals is no better, and venereal diseases are so nearly universal that a physician of wide acquaintance with the inhabitants of this great German metropolis, has declared that three-fourths of the entire population are syphilized. In Naples, lasciviousness stalks abroad at all hours of the day and night. Women sell their souls for a few farthings, and the debauched people vie with one another in imitating the horrible obscenities and sexual sins of the Roman Sodom and Gomorrah—Herculaneum and Pompeii—and that with the terrible judgment which fell upon these dens of iniquity daily before their eyes,

while just above them still towers the stern old Vesuvius, from whose fiery bowels were in olden times poured out the vials of the Almighty's wrath, and in which are still heard the mutterings of a day of wrath yet to come."

Not long ago a gentleman not given to exaggeration, especially with reference to matters in which the reputation and standing of his own nation are concerned, declared stoutly that New York is the wickedest city in the world! That was doubtless a hyperbole, but it is a straw, indicative of the drift of the current. And why should not American cities, surge and foam with the corruptions of the old world, when American law-makers are stolidly indifferent to any rational check on foreign immigration? It is a fact well known that the criminals and vampires of old world cities come to these shores; they stream across our threshold, and settle here and there in the large cities, and form communities of corruption and outlawry. They grow by accretion, and by gaining recruits from the population around them. Men discontented, disappointed, despairing, the defeated and the spiritless, women who have been outraged, and from whose souls the last flickering ray of hope has faded away into Cimmerian darkness, help to swell these communities. And then they corrupt and infect the very air, till the municipality is honey-combed.

It is declared by all who have investigated the subject with any care, that there is an organized traffic in girls carried on around the world. A number of years ago the House of Representatives in this country had a Committee appointed to investigate the question of foreign immigration in New York, and to them the President of the Woman's National Industrial League stated that "syndicates exist in New York and Boston for the purpose of supplying fresh young girls from immigrants arriving in this country, for houses of ill fame; their agents go abroad and assist in this nefarious business. Immigrants arriving in New York furnish 20,000 victims annually."

It is easy to see what a fruitful source of supply for the

brothel foreign immigration may be. The agents are practically immune from detection, or from prosecution if detected; for who among the ignorant and friendless foreigners would prosecute? And when we remember that there is often connivance between the courts of lower rank and many of these criminals and helots, we need not be surprised at the situation. Think of the multitudes of girls, turned aside from lives of respectable poverty and honest toil, to feed the fires on the altars of Venus!

There is one consideration which alone encourages these human vultures in their traffic; the outraged victims of their trade are too deeply humiliated and ashamed to cry out. What have they to gain by it? If the arrest and prosecution of their betrayers could give them back their virtue, then there might be some incentive. But when it would only advertise their own shame, and when the possibility of any condign sentence is all too remote, they may well pause. In every land under the sun, this nefarious trade is carried on, and girls and young women are bought and sold like slaves.

There is probably not a large city in the land in which men may not be found, of wealth and social influence, who are the steady patrons of these syndicates and procurers. They have their agents out for fresh victims all the time, and when they weary of one, or find that she has become diseased, they pass her on down the scale, and demand another.

#### MRS. CHARLTON EDHOLM'S TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Charlton Edholm, author of "Traffic in Girls and Florence Crittenton Missions," said at a Congress which met in Baltimore, "I stand here in the presence of God to say that of the 230,000 erring girls in this land, three-fourths of them have been snared and trapped and bought and sold." Suppose this is an exaggeration; it is only the exaggeration of a fearful and hellish evil. Discount it fifty per cent, if one dare discount the testimony of a specialist that much, and we still have three-eighths, only a little less than half. What a picture of masculine depravity!

What must be the moral turpitude of him or her who thus traffics in virtue, and robs life of its whole charm, and the future of its hope. "They are neither man nor woman,

They are Ghouls!"

Statistics show that the average life of a prostitute is five years. Take this fact, together with the immense number of them, in this and in other lands, and then estimate if you can, the volume of the traffic that goes on under every flag. We hear of Turkish atrocities; and they are as real, as vindictive, as heinous, as the most sensational correspondent can make them appear, no doubt; but are there not Turkish atrocities in every land?

The head of a well-known University Settlement in an Eastern city names a prominent fashionable avenue lined with the apartments of the kept mistresses of business men. And there is no doubt that if the same gentleman were to carry his investigations into other cities, he would find a similar condition everywhere, the only difference being in the number of such houses or apartments, and that would doubtless be according to population.

#### PALL-MALL GAZETTE EXPOSURES.

The whole world was startled at the disclosures made a few years ago by the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, of London. At the very center of the modern world's influence, in the very thrones of her power, such a shocking state of morals was exhibited as would not have been believed, except on incontrovertible testimony. Wealthy men, profligate princes, and other royal personages, as well as the professional debauchees, were found among the promoters and patrons of vice.

Familiar as the story was and is, we cannot forbear quoting a few paragraphs, as in and of themselves the best possible exhibition of the modern Sodom. "In ancient times, if we may believe the myths of Hellas, Athens, after a disastrous campaign, was compelled by her conqueror to send once every nine years a tribute to Crete of seven youths and seven maidens. The doomed

fourteen who were selected by lot amid the lamentations of the citizens, returned no more. The vessel that bore them to Crete unfurled black sails as the symbol of despair, and on arrival, her passengers were flung into the famous labyrinth of Dædalus, there to wander about blindly until such time as they were devoured by the Minotaur, a frightful monster, half man, half bull, the foul product of an unnatural lust. The labyrinth was as large as a town, and had countless courts and galleries. Those who entered it could never find their way out again. If they hurried from one to another of the numberless rooms, looking for the entrance door, it was all in vain. They only became more hopelessly lost in the bewildering labyrinth, until at last they were devoured by the Minotaur.

"Twice, at each ninth year, the Athenians paid the maiden tribute to King Minos, lamenting sorely the dire necessity of bowing to his iron law. When the third tribute came to be exacted, the distress of the city of the Violet Crown was insupportable. From the king's palace to the peasant's hamlet, everywhere were heard cries and groans and the choking sob of despair, until the whole air seemed to vibrate with the sorrow of an unutterable anguish. Then it was that the hero Treseus volunteered to be offered up among those who drew the black balls from the brazen urn of destiny, and the story of his self-sacrifice, his victory, and his triumphant return, is among the most familiar of the tales which, since the childhood of the world, have kindled the imagination and fired the heart of the human race. The labyrinth was cunningly wrought, like a house, says Ovid, with many rooms and winding passages, that so the shameful creature of lust, whose abode it was to be, should be far removed from sight. And what happened to the victims, the young men and maidens—who were there interned, no one could surely tell. Some say that they were done to death; others, that they lived in servile employments till old age. But in this alone do all the stories agree, that those who were once caught in the coils could never retrace their steps, so in-

extricable were the paths, so blind the footsteps, so innumerable the ways of wrong-doing.

The fact that the Athenians should have taken so bitterly to heart the paltry maiden tribute that once in nine years they had to pay to the Minotaur, seems incredible, almost inconceivable. This very night in London, and every night, year in and year out, not seven maidens only, but many times seven, selected almost as much by chance as those who in the Athenian market-place, drew lots as to which should be flung into the Creton labyrinth, will be offered up as the maiden tribute of Modern Babylon. Maidens they were when this morning dawned, but tonight their ruin will be accomplished, and tomorrow they will find themselves within the portals of the maze of London brotheldom. Within that labyrinth wander, like lost souls, the vast host of London prostitutes, whose number no man can compute, but who are probably not much below 50,000 strong. Many, no doubt, who venture but a little way within the maze, make their escape, but multitudes are swept irresistibly on and on, to be destroyed in due season, to give place to others, who also will share their doom. The maw of the London Minotaur is insatiable, and none that go into the secret recesses of his lair return again. After some years of dolorous wandering in this palace of despair,—‘for hope of rest to solace, there is none, nor e’en of milder pang,’ save the poisonous anodyne of drink,—most of those insnared tonight will perish, some of them in horrible torture. Yet, so far from this great city’s being convulsed with woe, London cares for none of these things, and the cultured man of the world, the heir of all the ages, the ultimate product of a long series of civilizations and religions, will shrug his shoulders in scorn at the folly of one who ventures in public print to raise even the mildest protest against a horror a thousand times more horrible than that which, in the youth of the world, haunted like a nightmare the imagination of mankind.”

Mr. Stead found not only that the polite man of the world would scornfully ignore his revelations, but that other men, even in of-

ficial life, would attempt to silence the ruthless innovator, and if possible thrust him into ignominious imprisonment. He classified the crimes which his exposures brought to light, as follows:—

1. The sale and purchase and violation of children.
2. The procuration of virgins.
3. The entrapping and ruin of women.
4. The internal slave trade in girls.
5. Atrocities, brutalities and unnatural crimes.

The astounding revelations of the Pall-Mall Gazette aroused a sentiment of indignation among those who ought to be the custodians and conservators of public virtue. A committee was appointed in due time to investigate the alleged exposures, and upon this committee were persons of no less distinction than Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Canterbury, with others of equal rank. They reported,—“After carefully sifting the evidence of witnesses, and the material before us, and without guaranteeing the accuracy of every particular, we are satisfied that, taken as a whole, the statements in the Pall-Mall Gazette on this question are substantially true.” What an admission! and coming from such a source, from men whose heads and hearts would incline them to soften the harsh outlines, if that were possible, for the sake of their city’s reputation; for the sake of the cause of religion, the religion of Christ which has been at work on this decadent old world now for nearly two thousand years; and for the sake of our common humanity.

In her address as President of the W. C. T. U. at the convention which met in Philadelphia several years ago, Miss Frances E. Willard said,—“The effect upon our minds of such unspeakable disclosures as those of the Pall-Mall Gazette, and the horrible assurances given us by such an authority as Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, that we should uncap perdition in the same direction were the hidden life of our own great cities known, has so stirred the heart of womanhood throughout this land, that we are, I trust, ready for an advance. Had we today the right wo-

man in this place of unequaled need and opportunity, we could be instrumental in the passage of such laws as would punish the outrage of defenseless girls and women by making the repetition of such outrage an impossibility. Women only can induce law-makers to furnish this most availing of all possible methods of protection to the physically weak. Men alone never will gain the courage thus to legislate against other men. Crimes against women seem to be upon the increase everywhere. Three years ago the Chicago Inter-Ocean gathered from the press in three weeks forty cases of the direst outrage, sixteen of the victims being girls. In the majority of cases, where the gentler sex is thus hunted to its ruin, or lured to the same pit in a more gradual way, strong drink is the devil's kindling wood of passion, as everybody knows."

"Men alone will never gain the courage to legislate against other men!" What a discriminating statement! The trouble is, that it would be exceedingly difficult to find a legislature anywhere in which there are not men who patronize this hellish traffic. They would act on the defensive. The hyenas who indulge their passions by means of this trade would move heaven and hell, especially hell, to stop any attempt at reform, and the cry would be raised, "Let him that is without sin pass the first law!" The men who are themselves involved, who have been or now are enmeshed in the nets of harlotry, would not dare to move, or support a movement. Recall the history of the age-of-consent laws, in the various States.

Some years ago in San Jose, California, an awful revelation was made by one of the local newspapers. An alert reporter saw a white child playing in a Chinese laundry,—a little girl. Investigation disclosed the fact that a regular business was going on of rearing female white children for brothels, both Chinese and American. It is not hard to pick up waifs, illegitimate children, or the offspring of drunkards, or orphans; a whole territory could soon be populated by such flotsam and jetsam of humanity, gathered from single cities. And when the days of utter helplessness

are past, a child can be made to earn in some small way, her living, till she is sufficiently matured for the sacrifice. Girls at the most tender age, ten or eleven years, have been brutally devoted to the trade.

Chinese, with their pagan notions, their stolid and sensuous natures, are not the only people engaged in this strange and inhuman industry. It is a business which finds its promoters in many places throughout the world, and forms one of the saddest, maddest possible pictures of human depravity. And yet there are men like Col. Ingersoll who go tramping around telling the world there is no hell! Let them read some of these pages, and they will be convinced that if there is no hell, it is an awful oversight on the part of the Creator, and that a petition ought to go up at once to the throne of Infinite Justice for the establishment of one.

#### THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1904.

St. Louis, U. S. A., is the seat of a great World's Fair, in the year of grace 1904. These lines are written in December, 1903, and already the indications are apparent on every hand that the emissaries of evil are swarming into the city. They are flaunting their banners and building their entrenchments and carrying on their high carnival, and getting ready for still greater abandon. The countries of Europe are to be scoured, if necessary, to find victims for the brothel. The tide of foreign immigration is to be strained. Rural regions are to be invaded with greater boldness than ever.

There are those who look on and smile serenely and say,—“It has always been so, and it always will be so!” But there are not wanting men and women of sterner stuff, who stand aghast at such revelations, and are exclaiming with white lips,—“Such enormities of vice and crime are against nature! they are the spawn of hell! they must and shall cease!” A holy conspiracy ought to be formed among all the forces that make for righteousness, and this citadel of flamboyant iniquity attacked and overthrown.

**GAINING OR LOSING?**

It is hard to tell, as one sits on the beach, whether the tide is advancing or receding, from any single wave. Moment by moment the eye rests upon the tumbling billows, and finally, it is easy to say whether the tide ebbs or flows. So it is in this matter of human welfare. It is impossible to say, from the waves of any single generation, whether we are gaining or losing. But if we sweep under review a cycle of generations, it is easy to note a difference. And we are glad to report that in spite of present-day demoralization, in spite of the unnameable infamies that stain our history, civilization is advancing, at least in this respect.

Notice how abrupt and irremediable is the fall of a man, no matter how brilliant and powerful, who once stands disclosed as a debauchee. Recall the sad ending of the carer of Breckenridge, of Kentucky. And he is but a signal example of the whole class. Society will smile and welcome the libertine, and condone his offences, until it is known to a certainty, known to the world, that he is foul and leprous, and then, although consciously tolerating other reprobates, society frowns upon him.

And we believe that the majority of people now on earth want to do right, and want justice done. There are doubtless multitudes to whom the pleasure of illicit amours is of greater weight than the woe and want and torture of thousands of helpless victims. There are men who are accomplished seducers, and are proud of it! They are lost beyond all hope of redemption; they are thoroughly depraved; there is not the vestige of a conscience in their whole obese anatomy! They are more dangerous in a community than lepers, for lepers would be quarantined. But unfortunately we seem to have no way whatever of establishing a moral quarantine. But there are multitudes who have resisted the tides of sensuality and deviltry that beat and surge even in their own veins, and having kept themselves pure, are ready to help purify from every taint of corruption the society in which they live.

The number of the righteous is daily increasing, for good

examples are as contagious as bad. Virtue, as well as vice, grows by contact. It is said that one could not enter the room where the statue Apollo Belvidere was exhibited, without unconsciously standing more erect. And unconsciously, people assume a more erect moral attitude when they come into the presence of virtue. We are gaining, not losing! But if we are to keep what we gain, we must not sleep. In this matter of personal and social purity more than in any other, "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Parents must be vigilant; teachers must be vigilant; preachers must be vigilant. All who are friends of humanity, all who hold to lofty ideals and look toward brightening skies must be vigilant and active in this warfare against corruption.

" 'Tis weary watching, wave by wave,  
And yet the tide heaves onward;  
We build like corals, grave by grave,  
Yet pave a path that's sunward.

We're beaten back in many a fray,  
Yet newer strength we'll borrow;  
And where the vanguard rests to-day,  
The rear will camp to-morrow."

The mere fact that in the investigations so far made, a large percent—in most cases, the largest—of prostitutes enter the business direct from homes is deeply significant. No one can study the subject without being convinced that the evil is deepseated and widespread. And the fact referred to demonstrates several things; first, that the home is not such a harbor of safety that vigilance can be altogether relaxed. It matters not whether it be the home of the rich or of the poor, it must needs be guarded.

One thing at least is certain,—we cannot lessen or eradicate an evil by ignoring it. All it wants is to be let alone, and a familiar method of evil-doers is to attempt to beat off reformers by throwing mud on them. If they can be made to appear odious, then their efforts will be in large measure, neutralized. If they

can be stigmatized, then the people who make a commerce of sexual vice flatter themselves that they will go on unmolested.

It ought to appear, before you lay this book down finally, that many marriages are but little removed from prostitution; that some are not at all removed; that many of the practices within the marriage relation are of a sort with those that are without. And these facts should establish a new feeling in men's hearts. "Neither do I condemn thee," said One of old to the Magdalene; "go and sin no more." A spirit of tender sympathy and right good will should take possession of every woman and of every man; and the submerged and the outcast should be made to realize that they have friends and helpers on every side.

Of one thing be assured, it pays to do right. And nothing else does pay. When a man boasts of his illicit amours, he ought to be pilloried, then and there. He is beneath contempt! He is so vile that for him and his class the Devil no doubt provides a dark corner of ooze and slime into which they are thrust and locked up forever, lest they disgust hell with their vileness!

## **CHAPTER XIX**

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**CAN THE CURSE BE REMOVED?**

*The first thing to do is to arouse the people to a sense of the enormity of the evil as it exists among us. The best mitigation, probably, must come from our homes. Parents have been criminally negligent. A prudish silence lands many a girl in the brothel, and provides her customers as well. It ought to be possible to impart to our children some instruction about these most important relations of life, without mantling the cheeks of parent or child with a blush.—Rev. F. M. Goodchild.*

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*Undoubtedly, organized society can do something. It can prohibit solicitation on the street alike for men and women. It can arrest and expose men as well as women in disorderly houses, condemning them to punishment and exposure, and not merely to a fine. It can change the laws, and make them bear equally on men and women. There is no question that fear of exposure does deter many men from visiting brothels. But as many find the cause of prostitution in poverty, they would remove prostitution by attacking poverty.—W. D. P. Bliss.*

## CHAPTER XIX.

### CAN THE CURSE BE REMOVED?

WHAT ARE THE CAUSES OF UNCHASTITY?—PROPOSED REMEDIES INADEQUATE—A SUPERFICIAL DIAGNOSIS—UNDER-DRESSED WOMEN—THE ROOT OF THE EVIL—POVERTY A CURSE—SETTING THE SLAVES FREE—BEGINNING AT HOME—A MORAL REVOLUTION.

A vice which is flamboyant and defiant, which makes a mockery of virtue, and flaunts its gaudy symbols upon well nigh every public thoroughfare, laughing at restrictive and prohibitive laws and challenging the officials of the State and city as well as the moral sense of the community, must have very strong cause for its existence. The mere nature of the social evil is enough to warn us in advance that we must look deep into the structure of society for its roots.

#### WHAT ARE THE CAUSES?

It is folly to doctor symptoms. If the cause cannot be reached and removed, then there is no hope of a cure. Dr. Sanger in the book referred to in the preceding chapter, out of 2,000 cases, attributes 525 to destitution, 513 to inclination, 258 to seduction, 181 to drink. But other writers differ from this classification. There can be no doubt that in individual cases, these may be the procuring causes of the woman's downfall; but there must be an underlying cause, supporting these, and lending them their force.

The Massachusetts Bureau of Labor has made the most thorough statistical study of this grave subject. Original investigations were made in Brooklyn, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Louisville, Newark, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Richmond, St. Louis and San Francisco,—fourteen different cities, covering the entire continent, and hence embracing practically all possible conditions and causes. In the

report of the Bureau, the statement is made,—“Statistical science can only be employed to show the results of the lives of the people; it cannot show the inner motives which lead to results.” There will be no debate among thoughtful people as to the power of motive. It is all the difference, many times, between success and failure, between learning and ignorance, between righteousness and sin. But is it not possible that motive itself may be supplied by circumstances, by environment, by associates? In this study of the Massachusetts Bureau, we read,—

“Observation is not sufficient, and personal interviews might lead to difficulties greater than those belonging to observation alone. The force of statistics in such conditions is rather negative than positive, and this negative quality is brought into use here. It is often flippantly asserted that the shop girls recruit the ranks of prostitution. Of course such a charge cannot be entirely removed when applied to any class. The only question here is, Does it apply to the class against which it is brought?

“A few statistics of a negative character have been collected relating to prostitution. This partial investigation has been made as to how far the ranks of prostitution are recruited from girls belonging to the industrial classes. It should be distinctly borne in mind that this partial investigation was applied only to what may be called professional prostitutes; *for no statistical investigation can disclose the amount of immoral conduct of any class of people.*” We emphasize this statement, because in a work of this character it is deeply significant. It is by no means easy, in any American city, to ascertain the exact number of professional prostitutes; much less the number of moral lapses in the community.

“Hence,” continues the report, “that quiet, unobserved, unobtrusive prostitution, which exists in all communities, has no place in the present consideration. The number of women giving information as to their occupation before entering upon lives of shame was 3,866. The largest number coming from any occu-

pation has been taken from those doing housework, hotel work, and cooking ; this number, 1,155, being 29.88 per cent of the whole. The next largest number, so far as occupation is concerned, ranks with the seamstresses, including the dressmakers, employees of cloak and shirt factories, etc., this number being 505.

"A fact which strikes one sadly is the large number who enter prostitution directly from their homes. This number is 1,236, being 31.97 per cent of the whole.

"It cannot be said, therefore, so far as this investigation shows, that the employees in workshops are to be burdened with the charge of furnishing the chief source whence the ranks of prostitution are recruited. The experience of the writer in making an examination in many cities, both in the United States and in Europe, sustains the statement, but more strongly than the figures here given, that working women do not recruit the houses of prostitution."

This testimony must be borne in mind; for there are some hysterical advocates of the conventional career for women, who are crying out against her invasion of industry, on the ground that it throws her into temptation ; that she must sooner or later succumb. It is refreshing to read this refutation of the charge, while at the same time remembering that there may be working girls and women who depart from virtue, though they may not become professionals.

"Nor does the investigation show that employers of labor are guilty of reducing their employees to a condition of prostitution, as is so often alleged. Only in the rarest cases can one meet with a whisper that this is the case. And these whispers, followed to their source, have rarely disclosed any facts which would lead to the conclusion that employers make bargains based on the loss of character of their employees."

As corroborative evidence, the writer of this book recently met a prominent business man who told of a bright, capable salesman making application to him for a situation. The gen-

tlemen needed just such a man; but the applicant spoke deprecatingly of his former employer, and he determined first to find why he was discharged. It developed that the young man had found somewhere a smutty rhyme, and had given it to one of the young lady stenographers to copy. She resented the insult and when it was reported to the head of the firm, he said,—“Certainly this house is under obligation to protect you from insult, and guard your character from aspersions. About the only reparation we can make in the present case is to give the young man his time.” And he was immediately discharged.

“Working women are not street walkers. They could not carry on their daily toil and walk the streets too. A captain of police expressed the matter well when he said that people who charge the working women with walking the streets at night for evil purposes do not know what they are talking about. Night-walkers are, all of them, hardened professionals. The prostitutes, some of them, may have been hard-working women, but no working woman ever walks the streets as a prostitute. This captain said that when a girl falls from virtue, she has first to graduate as a ‘parlor’ girl, and then serve some time in a still lower house, before she is hardened enough to take to the streets.”

The foregoing report does not include any women or girls who are occupying rooms by themselves. If such an investigation were made, the results would no doubt be materially modified. In his thrilling book, “If Christ Came to Chicago,” Mr. W. T. Stead quotes the testimony of Dora Clafin, the “Madam” of a house of ill fame; she says,—

“Prostitution is an effect, not a careless, voluntary choice on the part of the fallen. Girls do not elect to cast themselves away. They are driven to the haunts of vice. The more distinctively womanly a girl is,—and I mean by that the more she has of beauty, delicacy, love of dress and adornment, feminine weakness—the easier a mark she is for the designing. And the designers are not wanting.

Girls, I say this emphatically, are not seducers. They have innate delicacy and refinement. I say honestly that I do not believe that one woman in 10,000 would cast herself at the feet of lust except under duress or under the force of circumstances. The recruiting grounds of the bagnio are the stores, where girls work long hours for small pay; the homes that have few comforts, and practically no pleasure; the streets, where girls are often cast, still unknown to sin but in want and without shelter; in a word, places outside the levee, where distress and temptation stand ever present as a menace to purity and rectitude; behind every effect there is a cause. In the case of prostitution, the real cause lies not in the girl who falls, but in the social conditions that make the fall easy, and the men who tempt to the step and furnish the money to support degradation after the step has been taken. Before reform in the levee is possible, there must be reform in the home, on the mart."

#### POVERTY A CURSE.

Poverty is often a procuring cause of vice. The fact is, extremes meet. Luxury and idleness, arising from boundless wealth, produce vice in its rankest growth, and these find in poverty, a poverty which grinds and taunts, the other half of the equation. In stores, factories and offices, salesgirls, working girls and typewriters are drawn or lured by the lack of money or the desire for more money.

"The money returns," writes F. M. Goodchild, "furnish a very great temptation to girls to part with their virtue. Some fall because they cannot find work; some because they do not wish to work. Many a girl who is strong and healthy and comely and lazy, learns that there is a market for such as she; that she can earn more in a night by sin than she can in a week or a month by work, and she sells herself accordingly. The peculiar temptation to a woman is that her virtue is a realizable asset. This vice costs a man money; to a woman it yields money. Mr. Booth says that the number of young women who receive \$2500 in one year for the

sale of their persons is larger than the number of women of all ages in all businesses and professions, who make a similar sum by honest industry. In sin the prizes come first; in honest callings only after long and painful toil. Even in the common houses on Bainbridge Street, at a fifty cent rate, girls often make \$20 or more a week."

But it ought to be said in every such statement of the actual or possible earnings of vice, that while a few women may have wealth squandered on them, they are the rare exceptions. If truth were told, there is no manner of doubt that the rank and file make less than they could in honest industry. Often the haunts of vice, so far from being resplendent, are the abodes of squalor and wretchedness. They are even filthy and revolting in the extreme. Girls have been known to forsake honorable bread-winning callings for the brothel, only to find when too late to retreat, that they have indeed made a brimstone bargain; they have sold honor and virtue, and received less than the poor paltry wage which rewarded them for arduous toil.

And then besides, the remuneration of a woman in this hellish business can continue but a short time. Dissipation and disease make awful inroads on the most vigorous constitutions, and it is but a few years till the poor outcast lies on a pallet in a city hospital, and from thence is carried out to Potter's Field. Let all dreams of wealth and luxury in careers of profligacy be dissipated. Look the future as well as the present, sternly in the face, remembering that "virtue is its own reward." Fallen women have starved to death. Their occupation is affected, like any other, by the condition of the times. Better starve with honor, than live in luxury, a reprobate. But if it is starvation in addition to reprobation, what woman in her right mind will entertain the amorous solicitations of a lover?

"It is true," says W. D. P. Bliss, "that an enormous amount of prostitution is due to the economical conditions which often make it next to impossible for a single woman to earn a decent

living, and throw thousands of women on the streets, and bring immorality within easy reach of almost any man."

#### UNDER-DRESSED WOMEN.

Why is it that fashionable attire is almost invariable meretricious? Why should women expose their persons upon the ball-room floor and upon the stage? With the libidinous blood of generations throbbing in their veins, men are sure to find their passions aroused by the slightest encouragement. And this encouragement they can find in any high-toned gathering, in any theatre. A gentleman who made a tour of the bagnios in one of our large cities declared that in the parlors, he did not find a single prostitute dressed or rather undressed with more abandon than in the parlors of the wealthy and the aristocratic; neither did he find any more suggestive pictures upon the walls.

To quote a keen and observant student of sociology,—“The stage, the concert hall and the ball bear a large responsibility. From the spectacular play and from the ball, with the under-dressed women at the one and the under-dressed women and the wine at the other, men hurry to the brothal. It by no means follows that the cure lies in the abolition of the theatre or the dance, though some think so, yet the part in this matter played by the present stage and fashionable society cannot be denied.

“The supreme social cause of prostitution, however, we believe, has not yet been mentioned. This is the crowded tenement. When boys and young girls have no attractive home, and no healthy playground, they *must* be on the streets. A child cannot be kept in the house all day, and live. When a girl comes from school or from a store, to the crowded living room or flat, and finds the narrow quarters redolent with the steam of washing and the fumes of cooking, she must, in the cities, go on the street for fresh air. There bad company captures more girls than in any other way. Not many girls, we are convinced, sell themselves *for the first time* for money; after the first great downward step, money directly plays its part, but the supreme social cause of pros-

titution we believe to be the bad housing of the poor, resulting from low wages, and the poverty of the great masses in our cities."

#### **INADEQUATE REMEDIES.**

The remedies commonly offered, it will at once appear, from the foregoing statement and illustrations, are altogether inadequate. Medical writers exhort parents for allowing their children to grow up in ignorance; ministers and religious teachers generally deplore the lack of moral restraint; good disciplinarians attribute the fall to a defective home training; and so every doctor looks at the patient from his particular view point.

All these are helpful; they are efficient, but not sufficient. Neither will it be enough to abolish the theater and the dance; eliminate amusement, and reduce all life to a monotonous humdrum. These are not only insufficient; they are, some of them at least, positively harmful. The bow must be unstrung occasionally, or it will lose its elasticity. The high tension under which men toil today must be relaxed at times, or life will burn itself out prematurely. But as a thoughtful reading of the authors quoted above, and of other careful writers upon the subject, will show, the problem is in its last analysis, economic as well as moral. Hence all purposed remedies that do not touch in some way upon the economic question, must of necessity be superficial and inadequate.

It will at once be remembered that this agrees with the main contention of this book, viz., that we have sexualized the economic relation, and industrialized sex. Whatever economic reform is advocated, it will at last be found necessary to recognize woman as a factor in industry.

#### **SETTING THE SLAVES FREE.**

[If women are prisoners of poverty, if they are hemmed in and restrained by artificial and traditional barriers, they ought to be set free, whether they suffer materially therefrom or not; but when it is apparent that not only a whole sex suffers from this unreasonable subjugation, but the race suffers, and a weight of de-

pravity crushes pure spirits into the nethermost hell, then the condition is infamous, and the wrong cries aloud for correction.

The attempts that are being made to deal with this great evil are puerile in the extreme. Cities have tried license; they have tried segregation; they have tried moral suasion; they are spending time and money in asylums and refuges; but all the while the tides of corruption devastate the fairest places on earth, and sweet lives are sacrificed in an awful holocaust of ungovernable passion, because they will not open their eyes to the age-long injustice under which woman writhes.

There are many good women who will resent the intimation that any of their natural rights are abridged. They belong to the well-to-do classes; they are reared in homes that are well organized, homes in which kindness and love reign. They scarcely know the meaning of deprivation or denial. In all that goes to make life full and rich, they are fortunate. But they cannot be unaware of the suffering of their less fortunate sisters, and if they know of them, they cannot be indifferent to them. They should take advantage of their fortunate condition to assist the weak and the down-trodden, and precisely this is what many of them do.

Brush away the fantastic barriers that keep one entire sex in bondage. Place in the hands of woman whatever implement she is able to use; train her to deftness and skill in its use; then pay her for her work what it is actually worth, for all labor is necessarily asexual. When we do this; when girls as well as boys are taught and trained to be independent bread-winners; when the old notion of woman's sphere as being distinctively and exclusively reproduction is finally and forever abandoned,—then we may look for a fairer day, a day of hope, a day of deliverance from the servitude of the centuries. And such a time is coming, and even now every slave's chains slacken. It is a toilsome path, and the feet that pioneer the way are torn and bleeding, but they are making it smooth for those that come after them.

**BEGINNING AT HOME.**

All true reforms begin with the individual. No reformation, no matter how broad, can make headway without the constant appeal to the individual heart and conscience. If every woman would take care that the one who lives in her house and walks in her footsteps is right and lives right; and if every man would do the same, the problem would be solved. Not all men and women will suddenly correct their habits and mend their ways. But the reader can do it. Each can begin at home, and make the best possible use of the means at hand, until finally better means are offered.

A social and industrial state the most ideal nevertheless waits on individual initiative. Collective righteousness will never be more than the aggregate of the righteousness of individuals. A single corrupt person can contaminate others, and spread the contagion of vice like a pestilence through the best ordered communities. And this being true, why not here and now resolve each for himself, to take care of at least one person on this green and brown earth, and see to it that his ways are ways of righteousness and peace?

As a matter of course, it is evident to all that here we approach the realm of religion, than which there is no more powerful factor in human life. We only wish that churches and ministers were not so negligent of a theme so vital as this. It is confessedly difficult to discuss the question in all its bearings before a mixed audience, but what is to hinder its discussion before separate audiences of the sexes? Much can be done before the mixed audience.

A writer in the Westminster Review says,—“One aim most if not all schemes of reform have in common, and that is the establishment of an equal standard of sexual morality for both sexes. On all sides it seems to be agreed that the existing dual standard of morality is, or will be, doomed, now that society, and especially the female portion of it, is becoming so keenly alive to its evils. It is also felt that unless masculine morality is raised to a higher

level, feminine morality may fall from the exalted position it has held for so long, as it awakes to the full value of the fact that its purity is only playing into the hands of the impurity which it encounters in the other sex. The proposed paths toward the desired goal are very wide apart." But they have this common principle of a high standard of morality for all."

Women can themselves materially change, if indeed they cannot revolutionize, the existing sentiment on this subject. It is the merest commonplace that women are cruelly severe with their erring sisters; even kindred are harsh and unnatural; the fall of a girl or a young woman seems to excite their loathing; but toward the seducer they show a very different feeling. They are indifferent, or they extenuate his fault, or they overlook it, and receive him into their homes, and allow him to marry some pure girl, and make her the mother of his children, thus bringing beings into the world cursed with lecherous appetites. Why should they write the offense of the chief criminal in the water, and that of the chief sufferer on the rock? It is an outrageous blunder, a cruel injustice! But as long as women hold this position, it is not at all likely that men will request them to change it. They are the beneficiaries of this false and foolish sentiment, and they are quite willing to accept it, and no doubt many of them will do what they can to foster it. The deliverance is with women themselves.

But if the supreme cause of prostitution is in poverty, we must reorganize industry so as to abolish poverty. This contention of modern reformers needs to be supplemented with the principle which underlies the chapters of this book,—that woman herself is economically dependent, and that sex has been industrialized. When this is once clearly seen, then we may hope for a much more rapid advance in industrial reform.

#### A MORAL REVOLUTION.

Does someone say that all this contemplates a moral revolution? Precisely; and why not? When things are wrong side up they ought to be turned upside down. Revolution is just the

thing. We shall never rise above the present stage of civilization until we lay hold of the radical injustice from which the race suffers, and end it. Justice is better than courtesy or chivalry; justice must precede charity. A just form of social and industrial organization will eventually be evolved. We are as yet only candidates for civilization.

At the Baltimore Congress some of the resolutions adopted were as follows: "That chastity, a pure, continent life alike for men and women, is consonant with the best condition of physical, mental and moral health.

"That prostitution is a fundamental violation of the laws of health, is degrading and destructive to the individual, a menace to the home and to the nation.

"That State or municipal regulation of prostitution is morally wrong; is worse than a sanitary failure; is cruel and unjust to woman, and creates a shocking traffic in girlhood."

If it be said, "These things can never be; they are contrary to human nature," we reply, then human nature must undergo a metamorphosis. It must be transformed; it must be revolutionized. And the agencies are at work. On the one hand are the forces of destruction. Disease marshals its black cohorts, and smites to kill. It declares that men and women who are unsound morally shall suffer physically, and shall not live out half their days. It slays them by the thousand, and it leaves their unfortunate offspring impotent. Society, too, lays the criminal and the vicious classes under ban. The church utters her solemn warnings, and brings to bear her divine authority and offers her heavenly reward. And so upon the right hand and the left, behind and before, there are triumphant forces working for the redemption of the fallen, the rescue of the lost, and the removal of this curse.

## **CHAPTER XX**

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**FOR BETTER OR WORSE:  
A STUDY OF MODERN DIVORCES**

*When married people seek a separation among the Arabs, the cadi orders them to live for some time with a discreet and austere man of the tribe, that the latter may examine their life, and see on which side the blame lies. This elderly man makes a report at the expiration of the appointed time, and this report is the foundation on which the cadi bases his judgment for divorce.—Anon.*

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*Passion, interest or caprice, suggested daily motive for the dissolution of marriage; a word, a sign, a message, a letter, the mandate of a freedman, declared the separation; the most tender of human connections was degraded to a transient society of profit or pleasure. According to the various conditions of life, both sexes alternately felt the disgrace and injury; an inconstant spouse transferred her wealth to a new family, abandoning a numerous, perhaps a spurious, progeny to the paternal authority and care of her late husband; a beautiful virgin might be dismissed to the world, old, indigent and friendless.—Gibbon's Rome.*

## CHAPTER XX.

### “FOR BETTER OR WORSE:” A STUDY OF MODERN DIVORCES.

CONDITIONS AS THEY EXIST—LAX IDEAS PREVALENT—LOVER OR LIBERTINE—MARRYING A MAN TO REFORM HIM—A TRIAL TRIP—A BUSINESS VENTURE—A GREAT TEMPTATION—THE DIVORCE COURT—AFTER THE VERDICT.

“But mother dear, do you think he really loves me?”

“Why, daughter, yes, of course I do, or I would not urge you to accept him. That is, I believe he cares for you as much as most men care for their wives, or for the women they marry. You must not be so romantic, dear. It will not do to expect too much.”

“I do not think I am expecting too much,” replied the fair girl; “and I cannot say that I dislike Mr. Meredith. Nor do I think him indifferent to me,—by no means. But somehow I can’t get over feeling that he is in some way selfish in his love. I do not like some of his ways, and it has been intimated to me that he is a man who is fond of many women.”

#### LAX IDEAS PREVALENT.

“Why, daughter, you surprise me! Who could ever have given you such an intimation? It must have come from someone who is herself infatuated with Mr. Meredith, and who takes this means of causing a breach between you. Now, my dear, bear in mind this—if you wait till you find a man against whom there is no reproach whatever, whose character is spotless, and whose reputation is beyond criticism, whose manners are those of a Chesterfield, and who never has an impure thought, you will live and die an old maid. I do hope you will get over your squeamish notions, and be more practical. Mr. Meredith is a good business man, and has a good income. He is abundantly

able to take care of you ; he is anxious to marry you, and I do hope you will be sensible, and not refuse him just for a whim."

Mrs. Howell and her daughter were quite unlike, as the foregoing conversation indicates. The mother was a woman of the world, more or less vain, pretentious, and fond of society. She was never troubled with any impracticable notions ; she was perfectly willing to take the world as she found it, and get all she could out of it. To her it was a fountain from which to drink : a cluster to press ; a fair voyage to take. Her daughter Mabel, on the other hand, was inclined to be thoughtful, serious, and of an other-worldly disposition. She was a bonny lass, as the Scotch would say ; her features were finely chiseled, her skin white and clear, her eyes a deep blue, and her full forehead was crowned with a mass of golden hair shot through with sunlight. When she moved it was with unconscious grace, and her fair form attracted the gaze of many an admirer.

The Howell home was furnished in splendid taste, with just a touch of that vulgarity which marks many American homes, and its inmates were among the most popular people of the city. The father was a thorough-going man of affairs, aggressive in business, and at the same time fond of society. He was a member of several clubs, but took special pride in his family, and really enjoyed their society. There were two children younger than Mabel—Anna, a miss of fifteen, and Harry, a boy of eleven.

A few days after this conversation in the Howell home, two gentlemen were talking together in earnest tones, as they sat waiting to be served in the dining room of a down-town cafe.

"Yes," said the elder, a man of about forty, "I guess Meredithe is going to make a landing this time sure. He seems to be clean gone on the girl, and the indications are that she is willing. But we shall miss him, won't we?" and a smile parted the thin lips.

"You bet we will!" was the somewhat fervent response of his companion, a man some ten years younger, but with a dissipated

face. "What the deuce does the old fellow want to marry for?"

"Guess it's the only way he has this time. He's in love with the fair Mabel, and girls in her set are not to be trifled with. It's marry, or let them alone. If a fellow wants to walk the primrose path, he must confine himself to young ladies who are willing to stand for that sort of thing; and they don't have fond mammas watching them, and stern papas worth half a million any day, ready to take care that they are not badly treated. Didn't we order tripe, John?" he asked, as the waiter served their lunch.

"No—that is, I don't remember. This roast is all right, anyhow. But it seems strange that a man with Meredith's habits, and his numerous affairs of the heart should even think about settling down as an old married man. Why, where will he spend his evenings?" and the fellow laughed.

"I think I've stated the case, John. You mark my word, though, Meredith will tire of the girl. A man can't go the gaits he has for nearly twenty years, and then all at once go into the retail business. Unless I'm very much mistaken, the young lady will find herself a sort of secondary affair after the honeymoon is over."

And thus they talked on over their lunch, and lunch ended, sat puffing their cigars, and still remarking occasionally on some new aspect of the subject. They were, as their talk indicates, boon companions of the man Meredith, and had been with him in many a night of it. They were men of good business ability, like Jenkins Meredith; they had a wide circle of friends, and were highly esteemed among them. But they were fast. They frequented places that were not used as chapels, and their associates in merry-making were sometimes people who would have created a sensation in a prayer meeting.

In less than six months, Jenkins Meredith and Mabel Howell were married. Shortly after the wedding, Mr. Meredith's business interests took him to the West, and his bride of course accompanied him. They took apartments in one of the fine hotels

of Denver, and to all outward appearances, lived very happily. And for a time, they were happy. When Mrs. Meredith thought of her apprehensions, and then saw how devoted her husband really was, she reproached herself for ever having doubted him. They found time to be much together. They traveled through the mountains, visiting the usual places of resort, and pushing sometimes beyond the beaten paths, into scenery of extraordinary wildness and grandeur. One evening, after they had been out for a drive through one of the gorges, they sat together on the veranda of the hotel, talking over the events of the day. They sat facing each other, and as he watched his wife's expressive face and radiant eyes, Mr. Meredith was convinced that no fairer creature ever touched the planet.

"Have you seen today's paper?" asked one of their friends, coming up to their corner. "I beg your pardon for interrupting you, but I see your friend,—our friend, perhaps I should say, Ethel Montgomery, is married." And Knowlton laid the paper down in Meredith's lap. He picked it up eagerly, and read the notice, his wife leaning over his shoulder.

"Married, good and hard!" he exclaimed. "Well, well; and to that fellow Jackson! I wouldn't have thought it."

"Do you know Jackson?" asked their informant, taking a seat near by.

"Know him? yes, rather better than I wish I did," said Meredith, hesitating. "But then I guess he'll sober down now, and break away from his cups."

"Is he the man that used to be absent from his desk for five days at a time?" inquired his wife.

"The very fellow, my dear. He had those sprees as regularly as the month rolled around. Once every thirty days he'd be off, and there wasn't any power on earth could keep him from it."

"Well, I do hope Ethel hasn't married him to reform him." And Mrs. Meredith glanced at the far off mountain top, as if she saw a vision that disturbed her.

Mr. Meredith frowned slightly. He was not altogether pleased with the news, knowing what he did of Jackson, and he felt that there must be trouble ahead.

"The fact is, my dear, Jackson ought never to have married. A man that can't govern himself any better than he may need a guardian, I'll admit, but a girl is a fool that will undertake the job." And he flicked the ashes off his cigar viciously.

"There are others, don't you think, Meredith, that ought not to marry?" and Knowlton gave his friend a sharp look that went home. Meredith flinched, but was outwardly calm.

"Why yes, I suppose of course there are others, as the boys say. But I hope you don't put yourself in that class," was the tart rejoinder.

"I can't say that I do, sir," was the stiff reply. It was Knowlton's turn to wince, now. He and Meredith had been too intimately associated, however, to fall out, and a peace was soon patched up without Mrs. Meredith really grasping the situation.

"Jackson has good ability, and his house would not think of giving him up, in spite of his occasional sprees; so I guess Ethel will be provided for. And then it may be that having a wife to look out for and to exercise a sort of supervision over him will cure him of his wild ways," said Meredith, thoughtfully.

"Oh, well, it's their lookout, not ours," replied Knowlton, lightly. "We shall have enough to do to take care of ourselves. And neither Jackson nor his wife are innocents abroad. They are both old enough to know their own minds and to go their own gaits. Success to them; long life and happiness!"

"So say we all of us," chimed in Mrs. Meredith. "I must write Ethel a note of congratulations, and reprove her for slipping up on us, the sly puss."

The months crept along, and it was nearing the first anniversary of Mabel Howell's wedding. What had the year brought forth? A letter to her mother will tell us a part of the story:

Cambridge Hotel, Denver, April 12th, 18—.

My Dear Mother:—I wish I could see you and have a good long talk with you. I am sure it would do me good. Can't you come out and spend a few weeks with us? You know it is only a short time now until our wedding anniversary. Can't you come a week or two in advance, and be here with us at that time? It will be a great relief to me if you can, for Mother dear, my heart is very heavy. I do not know what is the matter, but Mr. Meredith is not like he used to be. He is away from home so much, and the little time he is here he is moody and abstracted. He has not spent an evening in our apartments for the last three months; it seems longer. And many a time I have missed him at breakfast. Do not say that I am to blame, for I assure you I have done all that I can to hold his affection.

I have an awful fear that he does not love me any longer,—that he never did love me. Of course he was very attentive, and he seemed to be very much in earnest, but when I look back to the days of our courtship, I see that every attention might be explained on other grounds. If he were not rich himself, I should be inclined to say that he married me because of Papa's wealth. I know there was some sinister or selfish motive in it, and I hate to think what it may be.

I have tried not to be suspicious; you know I am not naturally, but on the contrary, very confiding. And yet he has tried me exceedingly. For a while he was kindness itself. We had a most delightful time. He heaped every comfort upon me, and seemed very solicitous for my happiness and welfare. But after all, there was scarcely anything that he might not have done for any animal pet!

Now, Mother, I hope you will not think me petulant and unreasonable, for I am not. Only I have a dreadful heartache, and there is no one else in whom I can confide. Of course I have talked with Jenkins about the way he acts, that is, I have mentioned it once or twice, but he becomes angry at once, and will have nothing to say. Love to Papa and the rest. Your anxious,  
MABEL.

Having written and sealed the letter, Mrs. Meredith flung herself upon the couch, and cried softly. It was that inner grief, which comes only from a deep heart wound. Would her mother

understand? Could she read between the lines, and discern the terrible tragedy that was hinted at? Or would she treat the matter lightly? Mrs. Meredith herself, though the grief was hers, hardly dared to think of what she was morally certain must be the fact. Why would men marry, if they did not want to respect the marriage bond? And why couldn't they marry women in their own class?

#### LOVER OR LIBERTINE.

Before sufficient time had elapsed for a reply to her letter, the writer had her worst fears confirmed. Mr. Jenkins Meredith came home one evening early. He was in a great hurry, and as soon as he could dress, was off again, with not a word for his young wife, aside from an inquiry as to where he could find some article of wearing apparel. Sad-eyed and disconsolate, Mabel walked to the window of the sumptuous apartment, and stood looking out into the gathering darkness. It was symbolic of her own life, she thought. The shadows were gathering thicker about her every day. Night was coming on,—night! just when hope and joy should be in the ascendant. What dreams she had had, when a light-hearted girl, she had looked curiously into the future, trying to read its secrets. And now the stern realities were upon her. Instead of the tender devotion of a true man, she was the cast-off toy of a selfish, corrupt, infidel fellow, unworthy of the slightest regard.

Turning hastily away from the window, in which such dark pictures were framed, she started for her own room, when she spied an envelope upon the floor near the mirror before which her husband had stood to adjust his cravat. Mechanically she stooped to pick it up, read her husband's name in a fine feminine hand, took out the scented sheet, and read it. Not once did she stop to think of it as any breach of confidence. It was her husband's, and surely he would not have any correspondence of a merely social sort that he would wish to keep from his wife! Having finished the brief epistle, she stood for a moment as if in a

trance, staring into vacancy. Then she clutched at her bosom, murmured inarticulately, and fell as if struck by an unseen hand.

The little French clock on the polished mantel ticked loudly, the curtains stirred lightly, the single gas jet flickered and then burned up brightly, but otherwise there was perfect silence in the room, and lifelessness. Everything was in perfect order; chairs, tables, books, vases, and other ornaments,—all were in evidence of the care, attention and skill of the young wife, who lay prone on the velvet carpet, scarcely breathing. To one in her pitiful plight, what a relief were death! But death never comes when desired. He issues his grim edicts when least expected. He breathes upon the flowers, and they wither and die, while the ripened corn stands ungathered. He is a terrible tyrant. He bids the strong, the hopeful, the happy, prepare for the lone pilgrimage through the valley of the shadow, and he sternly denies the imploring prayer of one from whose eyes the light has fled away, and leaves them to live and drink the cup of bitterness to the very dregs.

A bell boy came to the door and rapped lightly. There was no response. He knocked louder; still no answer. After a third knock, he turned on his heel and walked back to the elevator, whistling. He carried a card in his hand. Someone had called to see Mrs. Meredith, and he reported at the office that she was out. The chambermaid came along two hours later, and paused to knock, before entering. She waited for the usual cheery word of admittance, but it did not come. She knocked again a little louder, and still receiving no answer, tried the door. It was not locked; she opened it, and entered, with a feeling of nameless dread. And there before her lay Mrs. Jenkins Meredith, to all appearances, lifeless. The girl started back, and seized the door, which she had left half open, and was about to flee. Then collecting her wits, she approached the silent figure. Perhaps after all she had only fainted, and would revive in a moment. But when she touched the cold hand a shudder crept over her, and she hurried to the house telephone, and called the office.

Immediately a physician was sent for, restoratives were applied and just at midnight, a slight tremor passed over the frail body, her bosom heaved convulsively, and her eyes opened. Nobody knew where her husband was; the letter, which was found near where she had fallen, as if she had flung it from her, gave no clue, except to show that he was a man well known to gay companions of both sexes. It was written and signed by one of his "lady" friends, and had reference to an appointment. It was not until the next evening that Meredith returned to his apartments. He walked into the hotel office from the bar room, and in response to the clerk's message, that his wife was taken seriously ill the night before, hurried up to her room.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the painful scene that took place between him and the woman he had wronged. The world is not ignorant of such tragedies. A man who seems to be strong and upright, but who in reality is living a Jekyll and Hyde existence, falls in love, after his fashion, with a good girl. It is only the amorous passion of an accomplished libertine; it has in it none of the love of which only a pure heart is capable. Many a time he has experienced the same passion, and heretofore he has found or made a way to gratify it outside of wedlock. But in this particular instance, he finds that there is only one way to accomplish his desires; and so he makes the marriage altar the open door into the temple of Venus. He courts his victim, proposes, is accepted, and in due time he marries her; and the awful profanation goes on, until at length, tired of this one as of the rest of his victims he seeks in the embraces of strange women the delights he no longer finds in his marriage bed.

After a few words between him and his sick wife, Meredith turned to his own apartment, quietly packed his belongings, went to the office, paid his bill to date, and departed. He stood for a moment in the middle of the sick room, pulling on his gloves, and without looking toward the woman whose life he had wantonly blighted, said, in cold, measured tones,—

"I prefer another woman to you, and since you seem to have found this out, I hope you will govern yourself accordingly. The courts are open, and you cannot free yourself too soon to please me." And without a goodby or even a bow, he passed out of the room! "And it was night!"

His first wedding anniversary was ten days off. What a celebration! Instead of the pure and simple joys of wifely and husbandly fidelity, there was the pall of heart-breaking grief, the sundering of the marriage tie, and the writhing serpents of lubricity!

A few months later, Mabel Howell Meredith was at home, pale, wan, spiritless. Within a year, she had brought suit for divorce, and everything was completed except the legal details. On the day that she entered the court-room, a trial was in progress, involving other parties. She paid no attention to the proceedings, until she thought she heard a familiar voice. Looking toward the witness stand, she started to see there, testifying against her husband, Ethel Montgomery. Jackson himself was not in court, nor need he be. The wife told her story in a few minutes, and the court listened, and entered the decree of divorce.

#### **MARRYING A MAN TO REFORM HIM.**

The date and place of the marriage were duly proved, and then came the story of cruelty and abuse. It seems that after his marriage, Jackson went from bad to worse. His periodical sprees were closer together. He failed to provide the commonest necessities. He was vulgar and abusive. To put the poor woman's story into narrative form, leaving out the questions of her lawyer which drew out the sad recital,—

"From the very first, he was rough and cruel. We had not been married a week until I was under the care of a physician. He remonstrated with my husband, but that seemed only to make him worse. He went from our home to the lowest resorts in the city, and from the society of abandoned women he would come back home. He drank almost continually. The only relief I

had from his brutal treatment was one interval of three weeks, when he was gone from town on a business trip. That ended disastrously, for he spent the time when he should have been busy, carousing, and spending the firm's money. He was discharged on his return, and then, having nothing to do, he made day and night hideous.

"Finally, I realized that my life was in peril. He would come home at all hours of the night, in a state of beastly intoxication, and at such times, I never knew what he was going to do. One night, he brought two women of the street with him, both as drunk as himself. Without giving me time to dress, they forced me out of doors, and took possession of the house. I was thankful to escape with my life, and since then I have neither seen nor heard from the man."

The story is condensed, and it is impossible to give it the pathos it had as it fell from the lips of the sick and suffering woman. To her friend, Mabel Meredith, it seemed to be a sorrow, a shame, worse even than her own. The hearing over, Ethel Jackson left the court-room by a side entrance, and the next case was called. It seems that the docket was crowded, and Mrs. Meredith's lawyer informed her that as it would be some time yet before her case was reached, perhaps she would prefer to wait in the judge's private office. But her sympathies had been aroused, and she felt equal to almost anything.

But the next case called was quite different. The husband was suing, as "the innocent and injured party." This fact alone awakened an unusual degree of interest. The story was a familiar one, as it had been reported in the daily papers for some time before suit was brought. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson had been married ten years, and during that time they had lived together as husband and wife. But their lot was not a happy one. Children were sent to them, and it was owing to this fact alone that they had not separated long before. But for the children's sake, the husband was forbearing.

Finally, forbearance ceased to be a virtue. The wife seemed to be utterly unable to comprehend what a wife's duties are, to say nothing about discharging them as a wife should. She spent her time in an endless round of amusement. The children were turned over to the tender mercies of nurses and governesses. She repulsed her husband's attention, and seemed to find pleasure in the society of other men. Finally, the husband had occasion to leave the city, not expecting to be back for a week. But his business was concluded in a less time, and he came in on a late train several days prior to the time set.

The rest of the story is best told in his own words. "I entered the front door as usual, and went immediately upstairs to retire." Here he paused, as if unable or unwilling to proceed.

"Did you find anybody at home?" asked his lawyer.

"Yes, my wife was at home." Was the evasive answer.

"And was there anybody with her?"

"Yes."

"Will you tell the court, Mr. Henderson, who was in your wife's apartments, as they supposed in your absence?"

"A man was there whom I afterwards found to be Robert M. Judd."

"Did you offer any violence?"

"I was without a weapon, and could do nothing. Both of them begged me to have mercy, and I allowed Judd to leave the house."

"Then what did you do?"

"I also left the house, returning early in the morning to get the children."

"And how have you lived since then?"

"Mrs. Henderson took her departure the next day, and the children and I have been at the house. As for Mrs. Henderson's whereabouts, I cannot say."

"Your honor, we rest our case."

The wife had filed a cross-bill, but the evidence supporting

it was of the flimsiest character, most of it being ruled out as irrelevant and incompetent. The case was tried to the court, and the verdict was ready soon after the evidence was in. A very brief statement was made by Mr. Henderson's lawyer, summing up the testimony, and reciting the statute. The defense talked longer, but it was a losing cause. Mrs. Meredith sat through the story, appalled. Finally the judge said,—

"Decree of divorce absolute entered, and Mr. Henderson awarded the custody of the children."

#### AFTER THE VERDICT.

The parties arose, and prepared to leave the court room. Mr. Henderson conversed a moment with his lawyer, who told him he would send him a copy of the decree in full, and then, taking the children with him, started out. Mrs. Henderson drew on her wrap, and was adjusting her veil, apparently indifferent to the result, and as the others walked past her, the little child turned and said,—

"Isn't Mamma coming too?"

And then as no reply was vouchsafed, she slipped her hand from her father's, and turned back.

"I want my Mamma!"

But "Mamma" turned aside coldly, and the little thing was led out of the court room, sobbing for her "Mamma."

After the verdict,—who can say what agony takes possession of human hearts?

Mrs. Mabel Howell Meredith was made free in a short time, as her husband merely entered an appearance by attorney, and made no opposition to the suit.

The papers the next morning devoted more than the usual amount of space to the divorces granted, giving brief sketches of the careers of one or both parties, and the three described herein called for special comment among the society and club men and women of the place.

"I want my mamma!" but "Mamma turned aside coldly, and the little thing was led out of the court room, sobbing."

### AFTER THE VERDICT.



"What did you think of the story Mrs. Jackson told on the stand?" asked one club woman of another.

"Awful! and yet it was every word true, I'm satisfied."

"Do you really think he took those women to his home, and turned his wife out doors?"

"Why, of course he did. Do you suppose Ethel Montgomery would tell a falsehood?"

"Why, no, I can't say that I do, but it seems impossible for a man to do such a thing."

Just at that moment, a friend joined them. "You were speaking of the Jackson divorce case? Isn't it a commentary on 'marrying a man to reform him?' Poor Ethel! I had a long talk with her before her marriage, and begged her to break the engagement. Others did, also, but she was determined to marry him, and now this is the end of it all. I should not have been surprised at such developments in the course of a few years, but to see such an abrupt and sudden termination of things astonished me."

"It simply shows, ladies, to what an extent a man may be mastered by appetite. I knew Mr. Jackson when he was a young man, a mere boy, and a brighter, more promising fellow never lived. His people were first class. His mother was almost a saint. Of course they had wine in the house, and thought nothing of it; but poor Charlie developed an appetite that wine alone would not satisfy. He fell into fast company, and must have been pretty far gone when Ethel married him. We did hope her influence would be a help to his reformation, but he seems to have gone to pieces immediately."

The two gentlemen who had discussed Meredith's marriage over their lunch and cigars met again that day.

"Well, I see it's all over with Mrs. Meredith!"

"Yes, George, don't you remember our talk a year ago? I told you how things would end. As soon as he had her in his possession, he was done with her. Why didn't the fool stay with women he could thrown down easier?"

"See that you do, old fellow," replied his friend, with a sardonic smile.

"Never fear, old man; none of the highty-tighty kind would have anything to do with an old rake like me."

"Well, I shall not give them a chance, as far as I am concerned." And the two comrades went into a saloon to brace up.

#### A TRIAL TRIP.

Not a fact is narrated in the foregoing paragraphs which cannot be duplicated in the lives of men and women who have loved, or thought they did, and wedded, and been divorced. Nothing is colored, or wrought up for effect. And yet lax ideas of marriage and divorce are taking possession of many minds. Roy Devereaux writes airily,—"But the great mass of women still find in the marriage tie their best protection. In any less permanent relationship it is the woman who suffers, almost invariably, and as yet no scheme has been devised which shows a possibility of working as well, or which attempts to provide for the adequate disposal of children or the transmission of property. So far the philosophers who would teach us how to obtain wives as well as pianos on the hire system have been either hopelessly unpractical or obviously insincere.

"The facilities for divorce ought, however, in my opinion, to be considerably extended. If the dissolution of marriage could be more easily effected, we should hear nothing more about the abolition of the contract. By this means relief from marital misery could be obtained by the individual without bringing into every alliance an element of insecurity which must finally tend to the disintegration of society." And much more to the same effect. And this, too, in a book the title of which is "The Ascent of Woman!" It is enough to say that probably no one on earth but a Frenchman could write in such a strain.

To extend the facilities of divorce in a country where there are laws as lax as in some of our States, for example, would be a direct encouragement to divorce, and would make of marriage

in many instances a sort of trial trip; you go on board, and sail off, and if you don't like the accommodations or the company, you step ashore at the first landing! Men and women need to be taught, rather, that marriage is for better or worse; that it is a tie indissoluble, save only by death. Then there will be fewer hasty, ill-considered unions, and more of the homes that alone can bless the earth, and make it Eden-clad once more.

#### A BUSINESS VENTURE.

There are marriages of necessity, and marriages of convenience, and marriages for commercial purposes pure and simple. These last vary in details, but the principle is the same, whether it be the marriage of a title bought by some rich American heiress, or the marriage of two adjoining farms. Sometimes one party to the contract makes the venture, and sometimes the other. Now it is the man who seeks a fortunate alliance; and again, it is the woman. But these marriages do not turn out well. They lead by a way more or less direct, to the divorce court.

And they are prolific of wretchedness. Think of making a business venture of matrimony! It is shocking to the crudest and the simplest minded. Marriage belongs on the highest ground, and to make of it a mere bargain and sale is to outrage the finer sensibilities and awaken the indignant protests of all right-thinking people.

How much will you give for a husband? How much? And what kind of man will you buy? Imagine such questions being asked. Or, to change the form, without much alteration of the sickening fact, how much will you take to become this rich rogue's wife? Will you have a definite amount settled on you, in advance of the marriage, or will you take your chances, finally, in the divorce court, where the lawyers wrangle over alimony?

People should exercise more than ordinary prudence in matrimony; to that nobody objects. But to the marriage which is hire and salary, or barter and sale, all men must object who have at heart the welfare of the race, and the peace and order of human

society. Make a business of anything else rather than this. Keep the bridal altar chaste. Gospels may be bought and sold, pardon may be paid for, extreme unction and masses may be provided for in last wills and testaments, but let marriage be free from the smell of the bargain counter.

#### A GREAT TEMPTATION.

Men and women will never find that they are immune against temptation, until they begin at home to cleanse the chambers of imagery. Nothing can be more disgusting than naked vice. But on the other hand, nothing can be more alluring, to weak mortals, than vice as it is ordinarily presented. Read "The Scarlet Letter;" read "Cousin Betty;" read the lives of men and women with whom you are more or less acquainted. Read the tragedies of the divorce court, the tales of misery that come from the homes of marital misfits; read these, and then be convinced that the world needs an awakening upon this subject.

"While the city van carries the scum of this sin from the prison to the police court morning by morning, it is full time, if we do not want high American life to become like that of the court of Louis XV, to put millionaire Lotharios and Pompadours of your brown stone palaces into a van of popular indignation, and drive them out of respectable associations. What prospect of social purification can there be, as long as at summer watering places it is usual to see a young woman of excellent rearing stand and simper and giggle, and roll up her eyes sideways before one of those first class satyrs of fashionable life, and on the ball room floor join him in the square dance, the maternal chaperone meanwhile beaming from the wall on the scene? Matches are made in heaven, they say. Not such matches, for the brimstone indicates the opposite region. The evil is overshadowing all our cities."

But if weak women and weaker men are tempted to indulge their vicious propensities, if after years of virtue, there comes a stress of storm, when all the good resolutions and good habits

of a lifetime are swept away, and even those reputed strong faint and fall, is there not a temptation also assailing the defenders of the home, the advocates of personal and social righteousness? Are they not tempted to avoid this great theme? They are driven back by horror, or they are intimidated by threats; their voices are silenced and their pens are struck from their fingers.

Shall we be tempted to silence when the noble-minded are betrayed? Shall our lips be mute in a criminal conspiracy to protect the designing debauchee? Strip off the mask of the hypocrite! Uncover the shameless nakedness of the prowling prostitutes, male as well as female, and under the lash of remorseless justice whip them to their homes!

It seems that Herbert Spencer once ventured the suggestion that woman's mind should not be cultivated, but should be left purely instinctive. At least, this is the form in which we have seen the suggestion credited to him, though it is scarcely possible that a philosopher of such eminence and ability should make so egregious a blunder. M. Bourgeois, the philosophic statesman of France, is quoted as commenting.—“He would be right, if an intellectual education warped those instincts. But does it? I think not, and I regard the man who, in his intellectual pursuits, finds a companion in his wife, as the happiest of his sex. Mental freedom is grievously crippled when a husband has to keep, in the society of the feminine members of his family, the best and finest side of his mind closed as if by a water-tight compartment.”

And the editor of a daily paper adds the illuminating remark,— “How many divorces are due to the intolerable bore of domestic life! A gifted husband and a dull wife do not fulfill the ideal of a united life—equality in difference. And a wife whose mind is cultivated and alert must be a model of patience if she can bear the stupidity of a dull husband without an occasional flare-up. Equality is safest, let there be as much difference as may be.”

All of which we adopt and endorse. If Herbert Spencer ever said what is attributed to him on this subject, we are confident he repudiated it later. But is it not positively refreshing to find an editor of a daily paper who can say what our editor above quoted has said? Truly, the times are changing, and we are changing with them. But then, when editors can speak without dictation from the counting room, they generally speak right.

Let us close the chapter on divorces; and let us go forth from our reading, determined to stand forever against the practices that make marriage mere sex barter, and so pave the way for divorce. Moral equality, or something within a few leagues of it, at least, is as necessary as mental equality.

CHAPTER XXI

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TRADED FOR A FADED TITLE:  
A NEW EXPORT BUSINESS

*The sum of all that makes a just man happy  
Consists in the well choosing of his wife;  
And there, well to discharge it, doth require  
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;  
For beauty being poor, and not cried up  
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.  
And wealth, when there's such difference in years  
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy.*

—Massinger.

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*In all the features of the too-often shoddy civilization which the acquisition of great wealth has brought into American society, the palm in disgusting evidence, we are inclined to think, is to be accorded to the disposal of American heiresses to decrepit or impecunious off-shoots of foreign families accounted in what is recognized as the nobility. Let a fortune be squandered at the gambling table or in horse racing, and frequently a physical frame be wasted in concomitant excesses, the resort to reconstitute the means of living for the victim, if nothing further is to be attained, is to quarter him on some American millionaire's daughter in marriage. Indignation here is not first to be visited upon the person pecuniarily benefited by this arrangement. He simply profits by our national weakness, is provided for by the gift of the earnings of those whom he despises, and despises not altogether unjustly. The contemptible creatures are those who bow down before nobility in its debasement and sell their own flesh and blood for its sustaining. We are moved to these remarks by an instance just recorded in which one of these English bridegrooms had Sheriff's writs for debt served on him shortly before his wedding, and the ceremony itself was delayed because of the failure to appear promptly of a guaranty of a certain amount of the bride's dowry to that interesting individual.—Boston Herald.*

## CHAPTER XXI.

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### TRADED FOR A FADED TITLE: A NEW EXPORT BUSINESS.

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IMPOVERISHED ESTATES AND WANING GLORIES—TITLED DEGENERATES—HEIRESS TO MILLIONS—DRAIN OF DOWRIES—VICTIMS RATHER THAN WRONG-DOERS—BEHIND THE SCENES—SENSATIONAL DIVORCES—FAILURE OF DEMOCRACY OR NOBILITY. WHICH?—INCIDENTS MORE OR LESS STRIKING—A SERIO-COMIC SUGGESTION.

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There is no more curious incident connected with the amassing of great fortunes in America, than the purchase with them,—a girl being thrown in—of faded foreign titles. No single fact has attracted so much attention, among women especially. The marriage of Miss Goelet in New York in November, 1903, furnished an amazing spectacle of the morbid curiosity which these international matches arouse. There is but one incident approaching the average wedding of this sort in bizarre features, and that is the wedding of one rich young American to another.

#### **IMPOVERISHED ESTATES AND WANING GLORIES.**

In the various countries of the old world are to be found effete noblemen in varying degrees of degeneracy. They are the sons of impotent and poverty-stricken sires. They belong in the European herdbook; that is, they have a pedigree. Some swashbuckler ancestor of theirs was a bold brigand. He was valuable to some king or emperor, to whom his sword was pledged, and said king or emperor rewarded him by bestowing upon him a vast landed estate, and with the estate a title. He became lord this or duke that or marquis the other, and bequeathed his estates and his title to his son after him.

The years rolled on, as the years have a habit of doing, even with the nobility, and there came the usual inevitable result,—the wasting of the nobleman's substance in riotous living. One after

another, from generation to generation, these fellows struck the harp of the senses till it vibrated again. They sounded every string; they tried every conceivable pleasure; they surrounded themselves with menials who were adepts in inventing new pleasures of sense. They drank, they drank deeply, they drank till they were drunken, and then they drank again. As one of our humorists says, "they drank between drinks," and transmitted to their offspring an exaggerated thirst and an enormous capacity for the pleasures of the palate.

But their pleasures were by no means confined to drinking. They gambled, too. They played for high stakes, and they played just a trifle harder than they drank, if that is conceivable. Their passion for gaming became widely known, and there were swarms of professionals who were ready and anxious to show them some of the mysteries of the black art. Thus year by year, they dissipated their revenues, and piece by piece their estates. They became heavily burdened with mortgages; they floated all sorts of securities for their gambling debts, until they were inextricably involved, and the time came when all they had left was the title, its original lustre faded, its glory departed.

Nor is the whole story told yet. They found pleasure in the company of court ladies, and in introducing to the court, creatures of whom they were especially fond, and making ladies of them, after a fashion. They imitated the example of the prodigal son, as so many others have done, before and since. They drank of the flowing bowl, and caroled the gay song and wove the labyrinthal dance and sped along the primrose path, until they had thoroughly depleted their energies, and poisoned their blood with foul diseases. Bloated, obese, splenetic, malodorous, they still found women to whom they and their sons could marry. They seem never to have been without male issue. The son walked in the footsteps of the sinful father. Generation followed generation in the mad career, and the scions of these noble houses whom we see today are the pitiful survival of ages of debauchery. They

are poor, harmless fellows, ordinarily, except for the weak and diseased constitutions they inherit, and the power they have to transmit these diseases to others. Some of them are so full of infamy that they have become walking lazarettos of awful abominations!

#### TITLED DEGENERATES.

And now these titled degenerates, full of sickly humors, and yet awake to the limitations and inconveniences of their poverty, cast about for a means of escape from the thralldom in which they find themselves. They have said goodby to manly purity; goodby to health and strength; goodby to lands and gold; goodby to sobriety and sense; goodby to decent associates; goodby to self-respect and respect of others; all that common morality and decency hold good, they have waved a gay farewell. They infect the air. They have nothing to boast of, but their descent,—a descent indeed!

The founder of one of these houses may have been, must have been, in some particulars, at least, a man of parts. He must have been a stalwart soldier, a good fighter, or a man of extraordinary brain power. He was an ancestor; but the rest of the line have been only descendants. That this picture is not in any degree overdrawn anyone will testify who is at all familiar with the facts. This is not saying that there are none but degenerates among this part of the present population of our globe. There are occasionally families as true and men as brave and strong as among the peasantry. But too sadly often these unfortunates are the awful examples of the corrupting power of wealth and idleness.

#### HEIRESS TO MILLIONS.

Here are the two terms to the equation. Here on the one side is the titled degenerate, debauched and bankrupt; on the other, is the piled up wealth of the American business man, won in ways devious and uncertain from the producers of the world, and his daughter. The daughter is as much the creature of con-

ditions as the titled bankrupt himself is. She inherits millions from her father. She has all the time to squander that the possession of millions affords. She becomes familiar with the highways and byways of Europe. She is marriageable,—that is, marketable. Her jewels are worth a king's ransom. They would adorn any court. She does not want for suitors; they are multitudinous and insistent. She is coy, and dilatory. In many cases, her great wealth does not blind her, nor deaden her moral sensibilities; in far too many cases it does both, and more, it destroys her love of country, and reverence and trust in her country's institutions.

Her forefathers may have borne a brave part in the war of the Revolution. Her foremothers may have been Colonial Dames of the highest standing. Her ancestors on both sides are modest, faithful souls, to own whom ought to be a pride to any sane person. And the part they with other Americans have played in the drama of human progress is enough to inspire any human being with fervent patriotism, and evoke songs of praise from the silent rocks.

But with the heiress to millions there is the same power of corruption that is found on the other side of the sea. Wealth, fame, power, are glorious, when fairly won and gloriously used; but they eat and undermine and overthrow with fatal and astonishing swiftness when they are made mere toys,—the instruments of self-indulgence or self-aggrandizement. The life of the heiress is a life of superficiality; of insincerities and hypocrisies; of frauds and pretenses. She must pretend that she has been educated, when she has had but a little veneer. She must pretend to have no feeling, to betray no emotion, when her heart leaps or sinks. She is swept along in an endless whirl of voluptuousness and extravagance, of shimmering pretense and palpable fraud, until she is ruined for any sane, sweet life at all.

#### DRAIN OF DOWRIES.

And these two are married; the degenerate son of decadent sires, offering his coronet, a little faded and battered, to be sure,

is met by the young lady with her "Pa's" millions, and they dicker a while, and finally agree on a trade. Of course it is called, out of courtesy, a courtship, and the consummation of the trade is called a marriage; but it is a bargain in the marriage market, and no one believes for a single moment that there would be any marriage or any thought of marriage, without the bargain features. The marriage is an unpleasant necessity to the nobleman. In no other way can he get hold of the millions, and as he happens just at present to be in need of money, he swallows his pride of aristocratic lineage, and marries the girl. The money is paid over, or "settled" on the noble son-in-law, or if the father is as shrewd as in the business transactions by which he accumulated his plethoric millions, it is settled upon the daughter, and the income from the estate is alone available, and only at her order. These, however, are mere details; the bargain is the main thing.

It is apparent enough that it is not the girl who attracts the tattered nobleman, although he is gallant enough to say so,—when he manages to get up a thought; for they never wed any American girl unless she has the millions. As a correspondent for one of the dailies says, in discussing this subject,—"The Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians and what not who marry our pretty heiresses, are gracious enough to say that they marry them because they are sweet and fresh and vivacious, and know how to get themselves up becomingly. But this pertains to the girl of moderate means as well as to the rich. How is it, then, that the titled European selects only the girl with the swell dowry, the girl who can replenish his exchequer?"

Ask the titled foreigner, and he will look wise,—if that be a possible feat—wink the other eye, thrust his tongue in his cheek, and say with unaffected nonchalance, "I need the money?" And he does need the money; that is no fable! But what on earth does he possess that the girl needs? There is the mystery. Is it the glamor of a title? And what is a title, pray? But leaving this phase of the subject for the moment, what about the financial as-

pect of this marriage business? Recently the papers printed a list of the estimated fortunes taken out of the country by American girls as their dowry for their foreign lords. The list as published does not claim absolute accuracy, but it was not disputed, and may be taken as fairly accurate, and as reliable as any such estimate can be:

Duchess of Manchester, nee Yznaga.....	\$ 1,000,000
Princess Poniatowski, nee Sperry.....	1,000,000
Duchess of Marlborough, nee Vanderbilt.....	10,000,000
Lady Curzon, nee Leiter.....	5,000,000
Lady Lister Kaye, nee Yznaga.....	1,000,000
Countess Von Pappenheim, nee Wheeler.....	1,000,000
Princess Colonna, nee Mackay.....	2,500,000
Countess Castellane, nee Gould.....	15,000,000
Lady Randolph Churchill, nee Jerome.....	500,000
Lady William Beresford, nee Price.....	3,000,000
Duchess of Manchester, nee Zimmerman.....	2,000,000
Miss Goelet (Duchess of Roxburghe).....	40,000,000
Countess of Strafford.....	1,000,000
Princess Auersperg, nee Hazard.....	1,000,000
Lady Thomas Hesketh, nee Sharon.....	1,000,000
Mrs. Paget, nee Stevens.....	2,000,000
Mrs. Vivian, nee Roberts.....	12,000,000
Countess of Craven, nee Martin.....	1,000,000
Countess of Donoughmore, nee Grace.....	500,000
Baroness de Vriere, nee Cutting.....	500,000
Mrs. Douglass Campbell, nee Lawrence.....	500,000
Marchioness de Breieuil, nee Garner.....	2,000,000
Princess Vicovaro, nee Spencer.....	1,000,000
Marchioness de San Marzano, nee Gillender.....	1,000,000
Countess de Rohan-Chabot, nee Gallatin.....	1,000,000
Princess Scey-Montbeliard, nee Singer.....	1,000,000
Princess Hatzfeldt, nee Huntington.....	2,000,000
Baroness Bocklinson, nee Berwind.....	1,000,000

Marquise de Choisene, nee Coudert.....	500,000
Princess Engalitscheff, nee Partridge.....	1,000,000
Duchess de Dino, nee Stevens.....	2,000,000
Countess Festetics, nee Haggin.....	2,000,000
Baroness de Zedlitz, nee Ehret.....	500,000
Mrs. Carter, nee Parker.....	3,000,000
Countess Von Larisch, neé Satterfield.....	4,000,000
Baroness Halkett, nee Stokes.....	10,000,000
Mrs. Michael Henry Herbert, nee Wilson.....	5,000,000
Mrs. Burke Roche, nee Work.....	1,000,000
Baroness Harden Hickey, nee Flagler.....	1,000,000
Duchess de Valencay, nee Morton.....	1,000,000
Lady Gordon Cumming, nee Garner.....	1,000,000
Countess de Moltke Huitfeldt, nee Garner.....	1,000,000
Countess Yarmouth; nee Thaw.....	1,000,000
One hundred lesser American heiresses.....	64,500,000

Total ..... \$208,000,000

This tremendous drain of the dollars is not without its economic significance. It surely has an added element of reproach for the thoughtful observer. It at least illustrates one of the ways in which good money, the product of somebody's toil, may be foolishly misspent. What has America won, by the price paid? Two hundred million dollars is a large sum to pay for anything. What have the young women won by it? When they buy a seal-skin jacket, they get something tangible; when they pay a thousand dollars for a gem, they get value received; but what do they get, when they or their parents pay down their money in such marriage settlements? Often they get little but a walking composite of infamous diseases.

#### VICTIMS RATHER THAN WRONG-DOERS.

It must be remembered that this is but one of the many follies enacted in high life, as it is called, in our country today. And we must not judge harshly the *dramatis personae*. As far as the

young women are concerned, is it not a fact that they are victims for the sacrifice, rather than wilful wrong-doers? Take any other act of their gilded and artificial lives,—are they wholly to blame for it? We contend that when viewed broadly in the light of right reason, this matter of international marriages will be viewed as in the main an unconscionable traffic in the bodies of good women!

This is no sweeping, indiscriminate denunciation. Doubtless there are now and then true love matches, even among people of this sort. "It is admitted," we read in the daily press, "that the engagement between Miss Goelet and the Duke of Roxburghe is a love match, and their friends believe that it will prove to be a happy one." And then, as if the reader might blunder into the supposition that this is the rule in such matches, the news carrier goes on to say,—"If so, it will be an exception to the general rule pertaining to foreign marriages. While many of these unions have been ideal, others have turned out unhappily for the American wife.

"Outside of domestic questions, millions of dollars of these dowries have been squandered by the titled sons of impecunious sires. The case of the Countess of Pappenheim, who was Miss Mary Wheeler of Philadelphia, is a case in point. Count Pappenheim, a Bavarian of impoverished fortune, quickly ran through most of his wife's dowry; and when she stopped his allowance, he applied for a divorce!"

Well, why not? What did he have her for, any way? Had he not sold his title, had he not pawned his faded glories, for "filthy lucre," and why should he not have the price? To be sure, he had the woman, but she was a sort of necessary evil. We can see how the lawyer who managed his side of the divorce suit could make out a very good case, showing that the contract was not performed wholly, by her, when she refused to be his meal ticket.

"Everybody remembers the unhappy marriage of Miss Eya Mackay, daughter of the late John W. Mackay, to Prince Ferdinand Colonna di Galatro of Italy. Her father settled upon her the

income of \$2,500,000. The couple settled in Rome. Within a year the Prince began gambling and soon all his wife's income and savings were exhausted. She refused to give him more, and applied for a decree of separation.

#### SENSATIONAL DIVORCES.

These and many other marriages to faded and tattered titles have but furnished the means and the occasion for sensational divorce suits, with allegations and counter-allegations that cannot be printed. Still another conspicuously unhappy marriage, that of Miss Haggin, ended abruptly and humiliatingly in a noisy action for divorce. Her foreign lord bore the euphonious and imposing name of Rudolph Festetics de Tolna. This Countess is the daughter of a good man, Louis T. Haggin, the New York mining millionaire. He had dug his wealth out of the plethoric veins of the everlasting hills, and generously paid \$2,000,000 of it for the romance and dignity of this dishonorable alliance for his fair daughter. The divorce and the return of the daughter were features of the bargain he had not counted on. And that goes to show that in this unique trade, as in many others, one sometimes gets more than he bargains for. When the poor girl married the aforesaid Count, in 1892, she was only eighteen years old. Col. Haggin built a fine yacht, the Tolna, and presented it to the happy couple, and away they sailed, on a long cruise. But it ended rather suddenly. The new-made, bargain counter Countess left her husband, and came to America. The Count returned to Austria. The Countess asked the courts of San Francisco to set her free from the chains she had so gaily and gladly assumed, and in 1901 they gave her an absolute decree. This deluded and abused young woman is making her home in California.

In the very nature of things, it is impossible to know the details of these experiences. The daily press, argus-eyed and fearless, tears aside the veil, and reveals much that we could almost wish were left as a hidden sorrow, but in spite of these disclosures,

the harrowing story must ever remain half mystery. And for our ignorance, let us be thankful. It is not encouraging, to view the depths of human depravity.

#### **BEHIND THE SCENES.**

We do not need to draw the curtain, to know much of what transpires behind the scenes. We know something of the freedom and independence of the American woman, whether married or single. She is not wholly free, but she is in process of emancipation. And that is much more than can be said for the women of Europe, where effete notions and age-long traditions still cling to society. Harriet Prescott Spofford says plainly:

"American girls who intend to marry foreign noblemen should never forget the honors and observances that the wife who has thus bought her title receives and expects to enjoy.

"It is a question if anything so superficial can satisfy her from the moment she begins to look about and draw her conclusions.

"She knows that she is not to the manor born and that every one else knows it.

"She is received by the family she enters as a necessary evil.

"The dowager regards her as an interloper; the sisters as a curiosity, or a purse.

"Perhaps she may be sweet and strong enough to make them her friends in time, but in their innermost souls, even though they be themselves women of fine natures, owing to their long inheritance of class feeling they are always bending from all the height of their proud descent.

"Indeed this purchased and acquired excellence of hers is so truly superficial that her very children understand themselves to be her superiors by right of their father's blood, be it ever so unworthy.

"She wears the tiara, the whole regalia of the family jewels; yet not as actually her own, but as much in a temporary manner as if sent in from the jeweler's for inspection; they belong to that mystic thing called the family.

"Her son's wife is to have them presently. She merely has the handling of them, and may feel when she wears them that all the portraits of her haughty, high-born predecessors look down from the wall upon her masquerading in their finery with amusement that is in itself contempt.

"Surely in marrying this title of hers the American girl makes a mightier sacrifice than she dreams.

"She is usually young, in a way unformed, in some degree ignorant.

"She does not perceive the difference, as wide as the rondure of the earth from continent to continent, between the position of the American wife and mother and that of the foreign one.

"She does not know that unless she conquers her foreign husband by her charm, her voice is of no more effect than the sound of a shell; and that unless she is a potent and imperious personality she must wait until she is a grandmother before her will has weight in the disposition of the affairs of the family.

"She does not realize that the American husband is the one man in the world who acknowledges the right and independence of his wife—if not to the last point, yet far more than any other husband in existence; that no woman has such privileges and indulgences as the American wife has, and that the hollow pleasantness of hearing herself addressed as Princess the One or Countess the Other is a feather in the scale beside the lifelong happiness of having *her* own way and the respect and love of a good man at the same time.

"But again, with a few inevitable exceptions, the European nobles who come to America to barter the titles their fathers won with valor or with brains never as a rule are men whose intellect, honor or achievements make them desirable as husbands.

"If they were anything but weaklings they would be able to resuscitate their fortunes in some other way than by a sale of the glories of their name and the honors their mothers wore." But that is the greatest "if" of all!

"If they were high-minded men they would revolt at the first fancy of the whole preceding.

"They are dastards.

"And why should an American girl be willing to marry a weakling, a man without honor or a dastard, and give her children the inheritance of his nature and habits, all for so empty a return, for a thing growing of less and less weight everywhere and in so many instances born of a bar-sinister?

"Is it for the poor sake of having people turn their heads and say, 'There goes So and So?'

"One might, indeed, turn the head in an idle curiosity to see a real Princess, born in the purple, of the blood of heroes, as one would ask, 'Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed?'

"But who cares to see how this pseudo Princess, born over the grocery, carries herself?"

It goes without saying that a foreign nobleman may be and sometimes is a gentleman, and as such, he is familiar with the code of good morals and good manners. But in the vast majority of cases, it is to be feared that he is more familiar with both codes than with the observance of either. Many a titled reprobate, after securing with his American wife the means to continue his debauches, takes a fresh start and a deeper plunge. He is merrier and madder than ever, if that is possible, and continues after marriage his bachelor habits, and with it all he exhibits the manners of a brute. He is reared under conceptions of the marital relation vastly different from those that prevail on the Hudson or the Ohio or the Mississippi, and in his affected superiority to his purchased wife disdains to learn anything either from her or from her people.

What a world of unspoken and unwritten tragedy and shame is indicated by the statement that of the \$200,000,000 which these bargains have brought the titled traders, over \$100,000,000 has gone to pay ante-nuptial gambling debts and mortgages! and millions more have gone in the entertainment of their profligate

favorites, male and female ; but what else can we expect ? Indeed, it may be said in charity, that these princely degenerates are themselves victims of a false and hollow social system, conceived in Satanic cunning and maintained by force and fraud.

We introduce here an English view of the position, unnatural and unhappy, in which the bought and sold heiress finds herself : "Try as she may, and though she sacrifice all that she has held most dear, she will always be regarded by her husband's country-women as a foreigner and an interloper. Her life is under no circumstances altogether happy, and some of them have been known bitterly to admit that in spite of ducal coronets, cut off as they were from all the associations and friends of their youth, their existence was nothing more nor less than a gilded misery.

"There are others again, who when called upon by their husbands and by their new friends thus to cut themselves adrift from everything—except, of course, their money—decline to do so, and manifest a spirit of independence and patriotism which, while in one way admirable, is from a matrimonial point of view impoitic. For sooner or later it is bound to result in estrangement between the couple, while the relatives, instead of becoming her allies, show themselves, if not downright antagonistic, at any rate, the reverse of friendly."

#### **FAILURE OF DEMOCRACY OR NOBILITY, WHICH ?**

And now how do you account for this strange and unnatural traffic, as unholy as it is unnatural ? Or, if it be past explanation, what is the meaning of it ? Does it show that democracy is a failure,—that the noble political and social ideals which inspired and guided the founders of this republic are no more ? that they were snares and delusions, visions, impossible of realization ? Or on the other hand, does it prove the decadence and demolition finally of the so-called nobility ?

A well balanced view will no doubt show truth on both sides. There must be a sad and pitiful decay of democratic instincts and ideals on the one side, and on the other a ruthless avarice and de-

signing cupidity that place the tattered title and its degenerate holder "below the mark of attack and beneath the level of contempt!" As Mrs. Spofford says, if he were not contemptibly weak and pusillanimous, he would set to work with his own hands and brain to rehabilitate his shattered fortune. He would have too much self-respect, to say nothing about ancestral pride, to marry a foreign woman, whose money will do what he himself could do, and would do, if he were a man, and not a mere puppet. What a confession of hollowness and fraud it is, for the royal and titled families thus to seek the replenishment of their exhausted exchequers! It is a confession that theirs is a tinsel nobility; that it is mere glitter and gush; that it is wholly lacking in self-perpetuating energy; that it has no inherent power of recuperation or continuance.

And all this has been the contention of the world's real noblemen, since time began. America herself, sprung from the soil, with her lords of the public domain of thought, and her captains of industry and kings of finance is a living witness to the truth. Gaudy and flimsy beyond description is the erstwhile nobility of the old world, and it is decadent beyond repair. There is scarcely a "royal" family, as we still barbarously call them, that is not poisoned with the infectious diseases that are the sure and fatal punishment of sexual excesses; while the nobility are a close second. Vicious, brutal, depraved, devilish, and sick unto death, is the flaming testimony of the living representatives of "noble" and "royal" lines. Is it true, as it has been intimated, that these imbecile rakes desire to introduce a pure strain into the envenomed blood, and therefore the traffic in American heiresses? What do our millionaire papas and their wives and daughters think of that? A noble use, truly, of the virtue of their daughters, to sell it to counteract the hereditary taint of licentiousness that poisons the veins of the perishing gentry of princely brothels and gaming pits!

We confess with feelings of mingled shame and indignation, that there is in this unholy and unconscionable business an indica-

tion also of the decay of democracy, not in itself, but in the lives of a small segment of our population. Democracy itself can never decay. It is born of the honest hearts and pulsing hopes of toiling humanity. It has come to bless forever this green and brown earth, and to continue and spread, until the world is redeemed, and kings and potentates, lordlings and princelings all have awakened to their shallow hypocrisy and flung aside their arrogant pretensions, to be men once more! But here is a growing money aristocracy in America, which will continue to grow and thrive and spread, too, just so long as the rank and file of the people make that their ideal. And it will continue no longer. It is because a multitude have perverted notions and debased ideals, that this aristocracy of pelf maintains its sway. It will melt and dissolve just as soon as the people awake and denounce and repudiate it

#### STRIKING INCIDENTS.

There was a curious exhibition of barbarism in the wedding of Miss Goelet and her purchased Duke the other day. Hours before the wedding, the church where it was to be celebrated and the streets in the vicinity were choked with a mass of staring, stupid, curious, maudlin human beings, women being greatly in the preponderance. They were not the rabble, either, but women well dressed. They filled the galleries of the sanctuary, from which the police could hardly eject them; they crowded the lobby of the church; they elbowed and jostled one another upon the swarming pavements; they climbed down into the coal cellar, they jeered at the blue-coated custodians of the peace. Finally, the carriage drove up. It was immediately surrounded by a mob of pulling, climbing females. They frightened the horses; they were in danger of being trampled to death; they climbed upon the step of the carriage; they clutched Miss Goelet's gown, and tore at her laces; she was in imminent danger of being forcibly disrobed before she reached the altar. When finally the bridal party had alighted and started to walk under the canopy leading up to the temple door, women threw themselves against them; they flung themselves

down upon all fours, and crawled under the canopy. A policeman seized a protruding ankle and drew a well-dressed woman back from her peep show; she got up, smiling, and said,—“Well, I saw them, any way!”

Now this display of barbarism was not in the wilds of Africa, but in the heart of New York, the proud! New York, the provincial! New York, the autocratic! New York, the unregenerate! New York, the disdainful! New York, the pace-setter! New York, which in the opinion of some of its benighted citizens, is about all there is to America! Well, let us thank our lucky stars that we do not live in New York. Better Podunk or Possum Run or Coon Hollow any day, than that capital of unblushing infamy, and recrudescence barbarism.

It is a painful and wearisome recital, this; it is a sad and humiliating page in the life of the republic. We can but hope that it is soon to be turned down, and a new page attempted. The marriage of the American heiress to the foreigner, Dutchman or Dago, with a faded and tattered title, bankrupt in money and morals, is the finest possible example of the subject of this book,—a brimstone bargain! There is nothing wanting; even the smell of the brimstone is there, if we stop to think of the former resorts and practices and comrades of the male purchaser. For has he not been walking across the burning marl? Are not his garments singed with the fires of the pit?

As before observed, we behold in all this, the fatal end to which gorged wealth and parasitical idleness are leading. Women are made toys, pawns of, and seem to be all unaware of it. They yield themselves to the play, and think it is natural and becoming. And why? Because for ages they have been oppressed and degraded. Because they have been taught to believe that they must merge their personality into that of some male, and since this is the decree of the fates, then they will make the most of an event, the most of a spectacle possible, of that transaction.” The industrial and economic changes demanded to set free the whole sex will

result in the distribution of wealth on a basis much nearer that of justice; for congested wealth and accompanying idleness and profligacy are the procuring causes of the shameful business. We have exhibitions of it, when one rich American marries another. Read the comments of the London Mail on the Vanderbilt-Neilson wedding:

"The circumstances attending the marriage of Reginald Vanderbilt at Newport, whether they be regarded as admirable or deplorable, are remarkable enough to be worthy of passing comment.

"A thorough understanding of their significance is, perhaps, impossible, unless one is both an American and a millionaire, but people who possess neither of these advantages may yet find not a little that is interesting in the contemplation of this surprising effort at ostentation and display.

"The extravagances of taste and expenditure, the essential vulgarity of the idea, which seeks to make of an intimate family festival a show for the whole world, the strange perversion that makes the office of priests subservient to that of the dressmaker and requires a dress rehearsal for the religious ceremony—these are in themselves merely symptoms of a state of affairs that is expressed in many other ways.

"Its basis is a very old and simple one, inseparable from any state of society in which wealth is unevenly distributed. It is the constant fever to escape from equality, and it is a marked characteristic of democratic communities.

"There is, theoretically, no social distinction of birth in America, but social distinction is sought and found by the expenditure of money in all kinds of fantastic ways.

"With a little ingenuity, with money and an absence of shame, the social ladder may be scaled in America (and nowhere else?) so that the host, who invites his friends to meet a monkey at dinner, may supersede him who could think of nothing better than a picnic in gilded traction engines.

"The one thing is to escape from the commonplace, the usual,

the conceivable, always to be a length ahead, always, in the naive expression to 'go you one better.'

"The enormous material wealth, which is central in this group of American society, renders the competitions of fashion extreme and fantastic, and it is remarkable that those American millionaires who have put forth the most convulsive efforts to attract attention and to outdo their neighbors in these orgies of vulgarity, have been among the loudest in complaining that American newspapers have robbed them of their privacy.

"The carloads of flowers, the fountains of scent, the opposing armies of thieves and detectives, the ranks of policemen guarding the treasure, while equal treasure is being profusely wasted; are merely the somewhat sordid incidents in a struggle to spend as much money as possible.

"To sensible people it is not an attractive picture, and it is with gratification that we remember that it is a picture distasteful to the mass of plain American citizens, in whose minds it excites the same sense of reprobation as in our own."

And thus endeth the chapter! And yet, will it ever end? Is it possible to gain the ears of those whose attention is so sadly needed? Will not the traffic continue, until there is such an accumulation of disease and bankruptcy and heart-break as will appall the world? Nay, is it not already appalling? Who can contemplate it wth equanimity? So dazzled is the average idle female with the glamour of a title, that she will bite at the counterfeit. A handsome, talented girl from one.of the best families of the West met a bogus lord; it was a "case of love at first sight!" they all declared. He thought she had money; she thought he had a title! So two fools met at the marriage altar. It all ended in the "lord's" being kicked out of the house by the girl's angry brother, and a divorce being asked for. Subsequently the "lord" went to the work-house and the rock pile. After his release, he murdered a man for his money, a man, too, who had befriended him; tried to hide the body, and would even have married the mur-

dered man's wife! At last accounts, he was in jail, awaiting the execution of his sentence.

#### A SERIO-COMIC SUGGESTION.

The versatile genius who first made the suggestion that American heiresses be taxed when they are dumped on English shores has been lost sight of. But Mr. Labouchere, the brilliant journalist, takes up the idea in "Truth" and urges it with vigorous satire. We echo the sentiment, at the same time calling attention to the fact that our view of these matches is not strained and artificial; that on the contrary it is just the view that the subject merits, and the one that is beginning to prevail among thinking people. The mere fact that these matches are thus spoken of in the vernacular of the market and the customs-house is deeply significant of their unconscionable character.

"I am surprised," exclaims Mr. Labouchere, "that home producers of girls have not already approached Chamberlain and begged him to include in his scheme some arrangement to exclude from our shores the dumping of American girls."

"The latter compete with the home markets under most unfair conditions. Their parents, by means of trusts and such like pernicious associations, are able to give their daughters vast sums of money, and in this way they are able to compete unfairly for the best home customers in the matrimonial market."

"It may be said that our nation profits, as these wealthy girls spend the money with which they are freighted, in England. The benefit, however, is questionable." It will be exceedingly difficult to get a man who lives in the land of John Ruskin to admit any great profit to a community from the vulgar ostentation and barbaric extravagance of a few rich fools.

"Already," continues the journalist, "there is a vast amount of vulgar ostentation in what is called the smart London set, owing to the import of colonial millionaires, which raises the standard of fashionable existence, and lowers and degrades the tone of that society into which so many aspire to enter, to the

despicable level of competing with plutocrats of Newport and New York. This can only increase, if we are to have American golden girls, who have become peeresses, also making London the field of their barbaric lawlessness.

The writer of this book believes that there is much of good in everybody, no matter how deeply buried or disguised it may be. We have already said that these poor butterflies, or parasites, are the victims, not the wrong-doers. The real wrong-doers are those who by the energy of their collective opinion, and by the power of false and hollow ideals, make such standards possible, and such displays common. We must try to educate a sound public opinion; at the same time, we must approach the actual offenders, and see whether they may not be saved from such a shameful and humiliating career.

Whether Mr. Chamberlain introduces a woman tax or not, the time will surely come when this abominable traffic will cease. It is traffic in girls at one extreme of society; the procuress traffics in girls at the other extreme; in the first case they are sold because of their wealth; in the second, chiefly because of their poverty; but both are BRIMSTONE BARGAINS!

**CHAPTER XXII**

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**ON THE BRINK**

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### ON THE BRINK.

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WAS IT A HAPPY MARRIAGE?—THE WAY OF THE WORLD—THE SHADOW OF TROUBLE—LAW EVADED AND JUSTICE DEFEATED—RELIGION A SHINING VICE—“A LOVELY SERMON”—PROUD OF HIS DAUGHTER—CAUGHT IN A TRAP—A SHOCKING DISCLOSURE.

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When George Dudley and Anna Shackleford were married, everybody seemed to be very much pleased. And there was no reason apparent why they should not be pleased. The day was perfect. It was early fall. The golden haze of the Indian summer filled the air. The lightest of breezes stirred the foliage of the trees, and whispered dreamily among the late blooming flowers. On that eventful morning, the sun rose clear and shone lovingly upon the fields and gardens, and even looked with tender compassion upon the pavements and roofs of the crowded city.

In the home of the bride, all was confusion and bustle. The servants caught the contagion of activity, and moved about their appointed tasks with an astonishing celerity. Finally, the hour approached. One carriage after another drew up in front of the hospitable old mansion of the Shacklefords, daintily gowned women and men in conventional attire alighted, and the broad door opened into the wide hall, across which the guests went tripping to the rooms assigned, where wraps were deposited and toilets retouched. It was a gay and festive crowd. There were few who did not know both the contracting parties intimately.

#### **WAS IT A HAPPY MARRIAGE?**

Young Dudley was a well-built man physically, with a well-stored mind. He came from a family that had always occupied front rank in the social and business life of the middle West. His grandfather was Congressman from one of the best known

districts in Kentucky, and no man ever stood higher in political affairs, or was more generally beloved by his constituents. The magnetic qualities of this sire had been bequeathed to son and grandson after him. George's father did not have any taste for public life, but was passionately devoted to business. And his passion found expression in the successful establishment and conduct of a great manufacturing plant. Dudley Senior did not rest content with the methods in vogue in the making of carriages when he came on the scene. His naturally creative mind enriched his business as it might have enriched science or art, had he turned in either direction. He was fond of studying men; and he never failed to detect in any man the qualities that peculiarly characterized him. He could tell by a glance at a stranger, whether the man had anything that would make him valuable in any department of the Dudley Company, and if he thought he had, it was not long till the stranger was duly installed where his energy and talents would be most productive. This faculty of reading men, of mastering men, is one that is absolutely indispensable, nowadays, to any large commercial success. It is not the man who can do ten men's work, but the man who can pick out ten competent men and set them to work and keep them at it, that is going to rise into commercial prominence. No man can become rich by his own unaided efforts, unless he has a genius for invention, or is an originator in some department of human enterprise; and even then, he will find it necessary to supplement his qualities with the shrewdness of the man on the street, or he will simply make others rich, while he lives in comparative poverty.

With such parentage, it is not at all strange that George Dudley was a man of fine parts. Nor was there anything whatever in his mother's side of the equation, to reduce or discount these fine qualities. She was a woman with that rare beauty and grace which belong to the typical daughter of the South. Natural charms had been cultivated, her mind had been trained, and

her whole career had been one that as far as possible under present conditions, fitted her to be the mother of men. The false and foolish ideals of society warped her mind somewhat, and prevented a symmetrical development of its faculties, but she was a superior woman, nevertheless, one who would command respect in any circle because of her strength of personality. She was a most excellent helpmate for Richard Dudley, a wise and careful mother, and an ornament to society.

A daughter older than George had married three years prior, and of course came home to be present at the marriage of her big brother. The wedding was one of those tasteful, impressive, beautiful weddings that leaves everybody smiling and happy. If it be true that "all the world loves a lover," why shouldn't weddings be happy? There is a kindling of human sympathy that adds fuel to the fires of devotion, and a feeling of pride in many hearts that leaves all in a complacent frame of mind.

After a short wedding journey, the young couple settled down in a home of their own, a few streets from the parental roof tree. George went into business with his father, and applied himself to the art,—for it must be remembered that modern business is an art—with becoming diligence. He was able to move among the best people of the city. He had held membership in several clubs before his marriage, and social opportunities were not few.

The years had passed in a quiet, uneventful fashion. Their home was furnished with a touch of original taste here and there, but in the main, it was conventional, as furniture factories decree that modern homes shall be. Three children came to them, and brought the usual burdens of care and responsibility, as well as the usual delights. The oldest was a girl, and bore the name of George's married sister, whom she resembled somewhat; the other two were boys, full of force and fire, and showing ample signs of being able to take care of themselves in this work-a-day world.

George Dudley, of the Dudley Company, was a fine illustra-

tion of what may be done in the establishment of families, and the maintenance of a great business. The traditions of the Dudley family were his to cherish. He felt that he was honorably begotten; but he also felt, and it must be admitted, with some measure of justice, too, that he was himself a credit to his distinguished ancestors. When in the natural course of things, his father passed away, and he became the head of the great business interests that had grown up around them, this feeling of self-gratulation increased.

#### THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

But there was another side to the life of this man. He felt, and justly enough, that a man who worked as faithfully and successfully as he did, deserved and needed recreation. And from the very first, he had not denied himself any pleasure, counted legitimate by men in his position. There were all the opportunities afforded by his clubs, his horses, his occasional vacation tours abroad, and then, added to these, a set of habits that did him no credit. It was customary for a group of men, more or less associated in broad business interests, to meet once or twice a week for a quiet game of poker. They thought it delightful, after a hard day's work, to sit together and play, and refresh themselves with their favorite liquors. What could be more natural?

And they also arrogated to themselves the right to seek pleasure in the company of women not of their own households. They were quite circumspect in this, always careful to avoid a scandal, and the places they visited and which each of them practically supported, were elegant in all their appointments. The house of which Mr. George Dudley of the Dudley Company was the main stay was only a few blocks from his own home. The street was not the most fashionable, but it was occupied by respectable people, and the neighbors never suspected the character of the house to which he paid frequent visits.

Once upon a time, Dudley came near getting into trouble. His wife employed a young English girl to nurse their youngest

through a spell of typhoid fever. She had the fresh, ruddy complexion of her countrywomen, a plump, round figure, teeth white as pearls, and a wonderfully sweet voice. Her youth and beauty made her attractive, and immediately the head of the Dudley Company saw her, he felt that here was one who could minister greatly to his pleasure. He returned home early one evening when his wife was away, and went to work to carry out his plans. He felt that he was himself irresistible; that a man with his position, to say nothing about his personal charms, had but to indicate his wishes, and almost any woman on earth would yield to him.

The next day, the little nurse left her mistress. She was somewhat agitated, but would give no satisfactory reason for her departure. The sick child was better, and she felt that she had stayed as long as she could.

"But hasn't it been pleasant for you?" inquired Mrs. Dudley anxiously. "We have tried to make your work easy, and Mary has relieved you every day."

"Oh, yes," was the hesitating reply, "it has been pleasant enough, but I can't stay any longer. I must go."

So without further parley, she left.

#### **THE SHADOW OF TROUBLE.**

A few days afterward, a woman who was superintendent of a working girls' home was interviewing one of the prominent lawyers of the city.

"What evidence have you that Mr. Dudley made any improper overtures to the young lady?" the lawyer was asking.

"Evidence enough!" exclaimed the matron; "the girl's own testimony is enough to convince any one in his sober senses. You know yourself that children and fools always tell the truth."

The lawyer smiled. Yes, he did know it. Hadn't he lost one of the most important cases of the term on the testimony of a child? He had tried hard enough to have the testimony ruled out, on the ground that the child could not comprehend the nature of an oath, but the evidence went in over his protest, and he was satisfied that

it was the most conclusive of all that was submitted at the trial. Yes, children do tell the truth. Then the lines of his shrewd face grew hard and tense; the lawyer began to assert himself.

"Well, now, what do you want, Mrs. Willman?" he asked, in hard, metallic tones.

"What do I want?" came the reply, in indignant treble. "I want justice done! I want that man punished to the full extent of the law. A man in his position ought to be made to pay the penalty of his crimes, just like any low, dirty tramp. Just think of it! It is infamous to allow such men to insult and debauch defenseless girls, and just because they are rich and influential, wink at and conceal their crimes."

"But I understand this particular young lady escaped without being harmed?" And the lawyer looked up inquiringly.

"To be sure she did! But she might not, and would not, had the old reprobate dared to use force. There they were in his own home, practically alone, and the poor child's only defense was her innocence. She was horrified, and when he saw she would resist and probably make an outcry, he let her alone, like the contemptible coward he is."

"Well, if the girl was not harmed, what grounds for action has she?" continued the lawyer, with the lawyer's persistency in sticking to the point.

"I'm not saying she will bring action. She would appear as prosecuting witness, I believe, in a criminal proceeding properly brought."

"But what would it avail?"

"If George Dudley were convicted of attempted criminal assault, it would at least avail to satisfy the demands of justice, seems to me."

"But suppose he should not be convicted?"

Mrs. Willman looked at her interlocutor in surprise.

"Not be convicted?" she echoed. "Not be convicted, in a case as plain as that? Why, such a thing is incredible!"

**LAW EVADED AND JUSTICE DEFEATED.**

"Now see here, my good woman, it is very evident you have had but little experience with judges and juries. Suppose you go ahead and swear out a warrant against this man. The trial is set. You appear with this girl as the only witness. The other side swears it is an attempt at blackmail—that it is part and parcel of a plan to extort money from Mr. Dudley. Remember, you are in a criminal court, where juries are sometimes packed, and judges themselves are not always impeccable—then what? In the first place, your action fails, and you go out with absolutely no satisfaction. Not only so, but your young lady has been discredited, and you have made more or less trouble in that man's family. It goes without saying that you have not punished him in any other particular whatever. His business standing remains unimpaired, for you must remember, business men stand by one another in affairs of that sort, and in a comparatively short time, as far as he is concerned, the thing is over and forgotten."

Mrs. Willman's face was a study. She was deeply troubled, for she had made the poor child's trouble her own, as people of sympathetic natures always do. She brooded over the young women committed to her charge with more than motherly devotion, and if they suffered for any reason, she suffered with them. More than once she had been the good angel of deliverance to girls sorely tempted. And even when they went astray, her compassion never failed; for she held, and rightly, too, that at least in the majority of cases, they were not to blame. They were injured and innocent; they were victims, not criminals. Although she had been engaged in her present position more than a year, she had seldom had any occasion to consult a lawyer. And the disclosures of this interview were the first shock her ideals of justice had undergone. She was chagrined; she was exasperated; for the words of the lawyer, spoken in all earnestness, had their weight. He was not trifling; and she saw in a moment that what he said was undoubtedly a fair statement of the case. She remembered how she had

heard it intimated before that courts, especially the lower criminal courts, made a mockery of justice especially when wealth was implicated.

"It is a shame, to think that our laws cannot be enforced, even to protect innocent and helpless girls. What are laws and courts for, anyhow?"

The lawyer smiled again. He had long been accustomed to the state of affairs which he had just described, and took things as they were, without attempting to improve them.

"Well, that is a hard question. If you will watch the course of affairs, I think you will find that they do administer justice, in many cases; that is, they enforce the laws against the most dangerous classes in the community. Life and property are safer for them, even though—"

"But isn't a man who will be guilty of such infamous conduct in his own home more dangerous than any ordinary criminal?" exclaimed the woman with vehement indignation.

This time the lawyer frowned, and answered rather impatiently,—

"I do not think so; on your own report of the case, nothing was done of a criminal character,—that is, deeply so. Nor do I believe either that particular gentleman or any other in his class would do any wrong. The other party would have to be willing. I think you will find that there is some weakness in your own sex as well as in mine. As a general thing a woman carries her fate in her own keeping; she is sufficiently shielded, as long as she cares to be."

"I wish I had the high opinion you seem to hold, of these genteel patrons of the brothel,—for I am sure they are nothing else. But if you insist that a criminal action would be useless; I suppose I may as well abandon the effort to bring a rogue to justice." And she rose as she spoke, and began putting on her wraps. The lawyer turned to his desk and took up some papers.

"Yes, I assure you it would be quite useless, in this case.

Juries are made up of men, you must remember, and they are not inclined to be severe on one of their own sex, especially where the evidence shows no overt act of criminality." And his caller left the office.

Must it always be so? Must a man be shielded and defended and permitted to walk through fire scathless, just because he is rich? In how many lands is it not so? Under what sky is justice administered without fear or favor? There is no flag that floats, there is no constitution written, there is no king or potentate reigning on the round earth, under whose administration cruel wrongs are not committed and infamous outrages consummated, under the forms of law. And then, the conventional and hypocritical defenders of a succession of farces wonder that there should be such a thing as anarchy! They are the real creators of anarchy. Shakespeare's lines find their endless fulfillment and illustration in the proud cities of democratic America, as well as in the crowded halls of autocratic Russia:

"In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;  
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above;  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence."

Why, so far from being the temples of justice, our law courts are often devices organized and conducted for the express purpose of defeating justice. They become part and parcel of political machinery, and are unblushingly prostituted to serve the ends of some dominant party. And if the press dares to lift its voice in indignant outcry, immediately the coward court takes refuge in a citation for contempt; Contempt of court indeed! why, the courts themselves are in contempt. Nay, rather, as Ruskin says, they are "below the mark of attack and beneath the level of contempt!"

**RELIGION A SHINING VICE.**

And so the shadow of trouble was lifted, and the criminal was permitted to go on in his appointed way. It was only a short time after this escapade, when the community was somewhat stirred by the story, printed in several of the daily papers, of two young girls who had been kidnapped and kept for immoral purposes in a low dive in the city. The Salvation Army happened to have a very efficient force just at that time, and the officers took the matter up with vigor and despatch. The men and women who were guilty of the outrage were arraigned for trial, and the cause of the helpless and the wronged was espoused warmly by all classes of respectable people. The ministers were asked to preach sermons bearing on some phase of the question, and take offerings for the maintenance of the work of rescue and reform. The Dudleys were members of a fashionable church on one of the principal avenues, and their minister was a most accomplished scholar. There were all the organizations usually affected in the modern church, and among them, a group of members who were auxiliary or honorary members of the Salvation Army. They arranged for an officer of the Army to be present on the day of the appeal, and present the cause to the congregation, after the sermon.

Dr. Dorsey was unusually eloquent that day. If he had known more, however, he would have said less. At least, he would have said it differently, and some things he would have added which found no place in his sermon. When will men who stand forth in the community as religious guides, as teachers of morals, learn to be disciples indeed of the Nazarene, and go forth among men, studying their needs at first hand? When will they cease to be the hired echoes of traditional conceptions and the defenders of ancient and obsolete dogmas? If that is the service the churches wish, doubtless there will always be men who are willing to furnish it. It is just another illustration of the argument of this book,—money talks! Money goes into the market, and buys

anything, from the body of a woman to the soul of a judge or a minister. We are not of those who believe that "every man has his price"; far from it; there are incorruptible men, unpurchasable judges, men who would scorn and loathe the bribe-giver, but there are men who can be bought for almost any kind of service, and under the pressure of economic necessity, comparatively good men will lend themselves to ignoble uses. Our readers will not care to hear all that Dr. Dorsey said: a few of his remarks will help them to understand the situation:

"It is well that we should listen to the cry for help that comes to us from the submerged and unfortunate classes. We are taught by our blessed Master to be merciful in our dealings with them, even with those who are vicious and low. He came to heal and to save men, and he did not disdain to help even the lowest. To be sure we cannot go among them and mingle with them. But when in their sorrow and need they appeal for help, surely we can listen to their cries and extend them the help they so much need.

"If these poor creatures would but remember their early training, if they were but faithful to the church, they would never have found themselves in such desperate straits. But they went astray; they yielded to temptation; or perhaps they had some incurable hereditary taint in their very blood, and hence we ought to pity them. It is indeed fortunate for all such that there are men and women in the church who are wise enough to understand them, and generous enough to give them aid. Where would they be, but for the pillars of the sanctuary? And you who are generously opening your purses are blessed in the giving. The emotions that rise in your hearts are entirely noble and praiseworthy. For while you do not belong to them in any way, and they have no claim upon you other than that of simple humanity, yet you are lending them a helping hand, when without it they would surely sink.

"The church has ever been the rescuer of the lost, the refuge

of the wandering, the champion of the oppressed. Her walls are fragrant with praise, and her altars redolent of worship. You who sit in these pews are the salt of the earth, without which there would be naught but decay and corruption. Our enemies may reproach us, but we stand nevertheless as the bulwark of civilization. Whatever is being done to redeem fallen men and women is being done by the church and her members. Is not this fact plainly evidenced by her prosperity? God would not bless a church that was not doing his will. But when we find her aisles crowded, her temples rising rich and beautiful on every hand, and the best people of the community within her portals, we may rest assured that God is favoring her.

"And so we are glad today to lift up a timely protest against wrong done in our city; we are glad to extend help to the needy, even to those who have miserably fallen; we are glad to prove that we have sympathy for them in their dumb sorrow, and that the church is still as she has ever been the helper of all who look longingly toward the path of virtue."

The eloquent divine said much more to the same effect, but this is enough. It was one of those discourses that makes people contented with themselves; and its peculiar weakness and viciousness lies in the fact that it is half true. The good people see only the truth in it; the wicked,—well, it doesn't matter very much about them! But now imagine George Dudley and his family sitting immediately in front of the sacred desk, listening to a sermon like that! Dudley was a trifle uneasy, but when the Salvationist arose to make the appeal for funds, he took out his pocket book and selecting a fifty dollar note, dropped it into the contribution basket with the air of one who had done his full duty to rescue the fallen. And the night before he had spent several hours with one of his *inamorata!*

The devilish hypocrisy is relieved somewhat when we remember that it is rare. Not many men can live a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde life. There are some in every community; there is the pos-

sibility of such a career in every man. Those who have adopted the dual life, and are maintaining it in all its hideous corruption, must be rebuked and recalled, for the sake of society, first, and also for their own sakes. And yet, when a man becomes linked to a harlot, there is but little hope for him; there is more hope for her than for him. And this is true according to the teachings of the Nazarene. Publicans and harlots go into the kingdom before Pharisees and hypocrites. Some one has said, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." Whether that be true or not, it certainly is true, it must be true, if there be a hell, that there is in it no corner so hot, no pit so deep, no woe so immedicable, as that which furnishes the punishment for these polished, polluted, rich, genteel rakes of the modern world.

How long will it take for a church supported by hypocrites, by men who make religion a shining vice, to do all that Dr. Dorsey declared the church willing and able to do, or actually engaged in doing? What changes and purifications must the church undergo, to make it in very truth a harbor for the shelterless and unfriended? Suppose the little English nurse had appeared, just as Dudley was putting his contribution in the basket, and denounced him to his face, before the congregation! What a sensation it would have made!

**"A LOVELY SERMON."**

As the people filed out into the vestibule and stepped into waiting carriages, there was perceptible above the rustling of soft silks and the tread of many feet the hum of eager conversation.

"Wasn't that a strong sermon?" one good lady said to another.

"Yes, yes, but then you know Dr. Dorsey always preaches well. I think he is such a lovely man!" was the somewhat imbecile reply.

"Well, well, Colonel, how did you like the sermon this morning?" and bluff old Captain Wilkes grasped his old comrade's hand warmly.

"It had my warmest approval," said the Colonel. "I do not ordinarily enjoy sermons of that sort, but once in a while I guess they are necessary."

"Yes, they are, for a fact, especially at a time like this, when the city seems to be drifting into the hands of the unwashed. It isn't altogether easy and delightful for a minister, I fancy, to speak out on such subjects. Of course he uses fine language, but all the time he knows we understood what he is driving at."

By this time, as the two turned to walk down the avenue to their club, they were joined by another gentleman, well known in city politics. He was not at all slow to let them know that he disapproved of such preaching.

"Dorsey could have contented himself with a reference to the matter down on \_\_\_\_\_ Street, and then let the Salvationist ask for a collection. I don't see that there was any particular need of threshing all that straw over." His tone was petulant and complaining.

"Oh come now, Major"—he wasn't a Major at all, but his prominence in politics seemed to demand some sort of hand'e to his name—"you mustn't go back on the preacher. He does as well as he knows how. And this is the first time since I can remember that he has preached a sermon touching on city conditions, and he has been with us now for four years."

"Well, perhaps we can let this pass, but he'd better go back to his theology and his gospel, or he'll find that his stay won't be another four years, by any manner of means."

"Perhaps," said the old Captain slyly, "perhaps some of us old codgers had better put him on, so he will know some of our tricks. Then he would be able to preach, as the old folks used to say, "with the spirit and with the understanding also."

The Colonel laughed outright, but the politician winced. They were men of the world, these three, whose wives and daughters were in the church, and while they contributed more or less to its support, they did not allow their relationship of brother-in-law

to religion to interfere in any important particular with their mode of life. They enjoyed the world. They were sometimes seriously inclined to be religious, but not often. It was much like the rough old rhyme concerning the devil:

"When the devil was sick,  
The devil a monk would be;  
But when he got well,  
The devil a monk was he!"

#### Proud of His Daughter.

In George Dudley's home there was very little discussion of the sermon. Other topics soon engrossed their attention. The oldest daughter was nearly grown, and the time was drawing near when she must appear in society among the blushing debutantes. There was much to think and talk about, as the happy day approached, and all were deeply interested in her plans. She was a girl of unusual loveliness, not only in face and figure, but in character as well. Even her father was proud of her, and while he said but little, yet in his inmost soul he admired her extravagantly. He thought her the most talented girl in the city, and was laying great plans for her rapid advancement in the world,—that world which he felt he had mastered. How little he was aware of the degree to which the old world had wickedly mastered him! Marie was a student at a young ladies' seminary in the city, preparing for a famous school in the east, where she would receive the finishing touches considered necessary to fit her for her world and her career. One morning she was ready to start for the seminary, when her mother called her, and asked her to go out of her way on a little errand for her. She smilingly consented, and tripped off down the street, as fair a vision of girlish loveliness, it must be confessed, as one will often see. Without noticing, she went past the corner where she should have turned to go to her destination, and soon found herself on a street with which she was not at all familiar. Glancing about, she discovered that it was nearer to go straight on around the block than

to retrace her steps. As she was passing a house about the middle of the block, she noticed an old negress scrubbing the steps. Hardly had she gone by when she heard her say,—

**CAUGHT IN A TRAP.**

"Oh, Miss, yo' dress is all open down behind. Step right in heah, honey, an' I'll fix it for yo'."

Marie turned and stepped quickly inside. To her surprise, she was met by a white woman, who hustled her off upstairs, thrust her into a room, and locked the door. The poor child was bewildered and frightened nearly out of her wits. What did it all mean? She had heard stories of kidnapping—perhaps these people would hold her for a ransom. She wrung her hands in an agony of fear and apprehension, and cried out, hoping someone would come to her. But she was caught in the trap. The mistress of the house immediately dispatched a messenger with a note to her chief patron. The messenger found him in his private office. Obedient to instructions, he was admitted at once, as he was accustomed to being admitted, and handed the note to the gentleman. He read it hurriedly:—"I have just what you want, the most charming mark you ever saw in all your life. Hurry up and come before she spoils her pretty face with her tears. Jane."

The gentleman thanked the messenger, and slipped a gold coin into his hand. "I'll be there within the hour," was all he said. But the messenger understood, and bowed himself obsequiously out. The merchant took up some papers and scanned them hurriedly. Walking to the desk of his chief clerk he said,—

"Henry, I wish you would go over this matter for me. The letters explain themselves, and I am sure you can find what Jones & Co. want. It seems that some of the cars we shipped in last week have gone astray. Run them down as fast as you can, and then notify them by wire. I have an engagement which will take me out of the office for a few hours, and will expect you to meet Knowles when he comes." The clerk nodded assent, and took the letters.



**ENTRAPPED.**

"O, Papa! I knew you would come!" cried the child, rushing into his arms.

Returning to his private office, this man of weighty business gathered up some memoranda, and placed in a secret drawer in his safe. Then closing the great iron door, he locked it carefully, and picked up his shining silk hat. Just then the door swung open, and Middleton, one of his friends of the Exchange, dropped in. He held his hat in his hand for a moment, but greeted the caller politely, and declared he was glad to see him.

"I'm afraid I've interrupted you on important business," said Middleton, apologetically.

"Not at all, old fellow,—that is—well, it can wait a bit, I guess, although to tell the truth I have a pressing engagement. But sit down, sit down." And he pointed to a comfortable leathern chair near the end of his desk.

The two conversed in low, earnest tones for a few minutes. Middleton doing most of the talking. The other gentleman was uncomfortable and restless. He looked at his watch; Middleton arose to go.

"I'll call again tomorrow," he said.

"Just as well finish it today. I did look at my watch, but I assure you it was wholly involuntary."

#### A SHOCKING DISCLOSURE.

So constrained his friend remained, but only a few moments longer. Finally, when he withdrew, the merchant manufacturer heaved a sigh of relief, seized his hat, drew on his gloves as he walked, and was soon out on the street hailing a cab. He gave the driver his directions briefly, and told him to drive at a good stiff gait. You must not think that this genteel fellow went direct to the place intended. He was not so simple. The cab started off in the opposite direction, drove rapidly a half mile down the street, stopped in front of a fashionable saloon, and waited while this busy man stepped up to the bar and ordered his drinks. Then making a circuit of several blocks, he drove around to the street intended, reaching it from the street just beyond.

The cab waited at the door of the house only long enough for

the rider to alight and enter, then drove on and waited at a corner several blocks away. The porter handed him the key to the room in which Marie was imprisoned, and smiled,—such a smile as distorts the faces of fiends incarnate. Hurrying upstairs, he applied the key, with nervous fingers, opened the door, and entered, closing it behind him.

"*O Papa!* I knew you would come!" cried the child, rushing into his arms. "They have shut me up in this horrid place, and nobody would speak to me or tell we what they meant. I was going by," she continued, convulsively, "and—and—"

"There there, child, never mind telling about it now." For the poor girl was absolutely unnerved by her hideous experience.

Yes, his procuress had entrapped a rare "mark" for Mr. George Dudley, none other than his own child!

And why not? It must be somebody's child; why not his, as well as his neighbor's? Why not his, indeed, rather than the child of the poor man, friendless and without influence? If men must give themselves over to careers of devilish infamy, why should they not be compelled to limit themselves to females whom they have begotten?

It takes such a shock as this to awaken a man to the full enormity of his crime. Indeed, he is fortunate, and society likewise, if an incident like this avails to arouse his lethargic conscience. There may be a brief recoil from the downward course, but the chances are that the man will recover his passion, and think of it only as an unfortunate incident, and pursue other victims with fiendish cruelty. For when unbridled passion usurps the throne of manhood, there is no infamy impossible.

The reflection that as he had debauched other men's daughters so might others debauch his, seems never to have entered the mind of this rich roue. He had been content to go on in the primrose path of dalliance, sacrificing one after another to his swinish passion, without fear or compunction, holding that it was

his right, his high privilege, as a successful man of affairs. And was not this feeling of self-justification the result of masculine egotism? And who is any more responsible for it, as it rages among all males, than the poor dependent females, who feel their dependence, and would by all gentle arts cajole and propitiate the favor of the males?

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach!" What a satire on man! And how this low and contemptible estimate of the male seems to have been fostered through the centuries. The old saw gives us the key to this life; it is a life of the flesh, a life pitched on the low plane of things carnal and voluptuous. Why should women disturb themselves about finding the way to a man's heart? No matter whether the way be an ignoble one or not, it is because woman is economically dependent, and she must so win her bread and butter. There is a distinct, logical, and inevitable relation between such acts of high-handed infamy as this chapter records, and the existing form of social organization. As long as we continue to sexualize industry, we will find sex industrialized, and the male wallowing in the perpetual ooze and slime of impudicity.

WORK AND TORTURE

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CHAPTER XXXII

*Slavery and the slave trade are older than the records of human society; they are found to have existed wherever the savage hunter began to assume the habits of pastoral or agricultural life; and, with the exception of Australasia, they have extended to every portion of the globe. They pervaded every nation of civilized antiquity....The founder of the Jewish nation was a slave-holder and a purchaser of slaves.*—Bancroft.

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*Hardly entreated brother! for us was thy back bent; for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred.*—Carlyle.

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*How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
Touch it again with immortality;  
Give back the upward looking and the light;  
Rebuild in it the music and the dreams;  
Make right the immemorial infamies,  
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?*

*—Edwin Markham.*

## CHAPTER XXIII.

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### WORK AND TORTURE.

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DEATH IN THE DUST—WORSE THAN CHATTEL SLAVERY—THE TERRIFIC COST—INDIGNANT PROTESTS NOT ALL IN VAIN—RUINOUS AND EXHAUSTING TOIL—BUILT OF HUMAN BODIES—A COMMON AND NOTORIOUS EVIL—IS THERE A GOD?

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The wages system is peculiarly oppressive to women workers. Women and children are the chief sufferers from it. With the growth of factories woman has entered into industry; she has conquered prejudice and surmounted opposition; but she has become the sad victim of the industrial tyranny which marks the present stage of economic evolution.

Ten years ago Helen Campbell wrote,—“Alike in England and on the continent work and torture become synonymous, and flesh and blood the cheapest of all nineteenth century products. The best factory system swarms with problems yet unsolved; the worst, as it may be found in many a remote district of the continent and even in England (and America) itself, is appalling in both daily fact and final result. It would seem at times as if the workshop meant only a form of preparation for the hospital, the workhouse, and the prison, since the workers therein become inoculated with trade diseases, mutilated by trade appliances, and corrupted by trade associates, till no healthy fibre, mental, moral or physical, remains.

#### DEATH IN THE DUST.

In the nail and chain making districts of England, Sundays are often abolished where these furnaces flame, and such rest as can be stolen comes on the cinder heaps. But these workers are few compared with the myriads who must battle with the most insidious and most potent of enemies,—the dust of modern manu-

facture. There is dust of hecking flax, with an average of only fourteen years of work for the strongest; dust of emery powder, that has been known to destroy in a month; dust of pottery and sand and flint, so penetrating that the medical returns give cases of "stone" for new-born babies; dust of rags, foul with dirt, and breeding fever in the picker; dust of wools from diseased animals, striking down the sorter. Wood, coal, flour, each has its own, penetrating where it can never be dislodged; and a less tangible enemy lurks in poisonous paints for flowers or wall paper, and in white lead, the foundation of other paints, blotching the skin of children, and ending for many in blindness, paralysis and

#### **WORSE THAN CHATTEL SLAVERY.**

hideous sores." What a tragedy of the toilers! think of the long, wearisome hours, the foul air, the vulgar associates, the hum of machinery, as relentless as fate, and the friction and fret which are inevitable between employe and employer. The simple, sad, harrowing story of modern industry is but the story of an industrial slavery as abhorrent as any chattel slavery that ever cursed the earth. Indeed, the chattel slave was in a more meritorious condition than the white slave that has taken his place. He was a chattel; he was owner, and like any other piece of property, he must be taken care of, or he would be a dead loss to his owner. If sick, male or female was attended to. Both sexes and all ages were sheltered from the storm; they were provided with nourishing food. Now, the worker does not represent any investment on the part of the employer. The labor of women and children, like the labor of men, is esteemed a mere commodity, to be bought in the cheapest market; and the laborer, when incapacitated by sickness, accident, or age, is flung aside like a worn-out tool. And when the worker dies finally, the corpse is hurried off to Potter's Field:

"Rattle his bones  
(Over the stones,  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

## THE TERRIFIC COST.

Few of us who use the various factory products ever stop to inquire at what cost of flesh and blood, of man's morality and woman's virtue, they were made and marketed. We are interested chiefly if not wholly in the price and quality. If the things we want to buy are cheap we are satisfied, no matter what makes them cheap. And then again, the articles of modern commerce, many of them, are of such a nature that they cannot be manufactured without terrific cost to the workers. There is always the dust, fine, impalpable, penetrating, but vapors are as destructive as dust. There are "vapors of muriatic acid from pickling tins; of choking chlorine, from bleaching rooms; of gas and phosphorus which even now, where strongest preventives are used, still pull away both teeth and jaws from many a worker in match factories; while acids used in cleaning, bleaching powders, and many an industry where women and children chiefly are employed, eat into hands and clothing, and make each hour a torture."

Many a housewife daintily uses the powder which she has bought at the grocer's, or the soap, or the matches, without so much as a thought farther than the dealer from whom she buys. So it is of most of the articles we use. Why do we not pause long enough to think that they are the product of labor; that in their making, human hands and brains have been employed, and it may even be, human bodies and souls have been marred!

Go among the workers, and see how many are more or less mutilated; one finger, two fingers, gone; a hand missing; a leg amputated. "With the countless forms of machinery for stamping and rolling and cutting and sawing, there is yet, in spite of all the safeguards the law compels, the saying still heard in these shops,—'It takes three fingers to make a stamper.'" Carelessness, often; but where two must work together, as is necessary in tending many of these machines, the partner's inattention is often responsible, and mutilation comes through no fault of one's own. Add to all these the suffering of little children taught lace-making

at four, sewing on buttons or picking threads far into the night, and driven through the long hours that they may add a few pennies to the week's wage, and we have a hint of the grawsome catalogue of the human woe born of human need and human greed."

#### **INDIGNANT PROTESTS NOT ALL IN VAIN.**

Again and again some brave soul has voiced the protest of the sufferers. Up from the depths of "Darkest England" has sounded the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London"; Jacob Riis has tried to tell us "How the Other Half Lives"; but in no volume that the printer and binder can produce can the story be told in full, or the terrific conditions be adequately described. We are glad to record that "for the United States there is a steadily lessening proportion of most of the evils." There is nothing more necessary than pure air. We eat three times a day, but we breathe all day and all night too; and yet, people who would shrink from drinking foul water, breathe foul air as if it were most wholesome. Many a factory where women are employed is absolutely unventilated. The workers are "packed like sardines in a box" thirty-five persons, for instance, in a small attic without ventilation of any kind. Often they are driven to toil in rooms with very low ceilings, no ventilation save from windows, which cause "bad draughts and much sickness"; often a basement is made to serve as a workshop, "adding dampness and cold to bad air."

The Massachusetts Bureau of Labor reports concerning one place in particular, where men and women were employed,— "Their shop is filthy, and unfit to work in. There are no conveniences for women; and men and women use the same closets, wash basins, drinking cups, etc. In still another shop, "a water closet in the center of the room filled it with a sickening stench; yet forty hands were at work here, and there are many cases in which the location of these closets and the neglect of proper disinfectants make not only workrooms but factories breeding grounds of disease." What is the reason for all this? what do you suppose? The rooms where women workers toil are dirty,

filthy, unventilated, and unfit sometimes even for swine, as are the rooms where men are forced to toil. And all because cleanliness and decency would cost something, and add nothing to the value of the output! So the employers of human industry drive their workers,—they consume them, body and soul, in turning out their stuff, and the buyer is all unaware that he is a party to another brimstone bargain!

There are few industries in which poor ventilation is not a first and foremost evil. People are inexcusably ignorant upon this subject. Few of our public buildings are built with any view to their ventilation. Whole audiences assemble to worship God, the God of infinite purity, and desecrate his temple by tainting the air with all manner of impurities from body and lungs, and never seem to think that the air is bad, or that any change is needed, so long as it does not grow hot! What can we expect, then, of the promoters of industry? If ministers, public speakers and the intelligent classes are grossly ignorant and indifferent, deep and impenetrable indeed must be the ignorance of the lower ranks.

#### **RUINOUS AND EXHAUSTING TOIL.**

Work ought not to mean torture; nor exposure; nor certain disease; and yet it does, in many occupations. "Feather sorters, fur workers, cotton sorters, all workers on any material that gives off dust, are subject to lung and bronchial troubles. In soap factories the girls' hands are eaten by the caustic soda, and by the end of the day the fingers are often raw and bleeding. In making buttons, pins, and other manufactures of this nature, there is always liability of getting the fingers jammed or caught. For the first three times the wounds are dressed without charge; after that the person injured must pay expenses. In these and many other trades work must be so closely watched that it brings on weakness of the eyes, so that many girls are under treatment for this." It seems as if the modern industry is a Juggernaut, crushing the very life out of its victims, who must, perforce, fling themselves before its creaking wheels.

There is many times a measure of care and sympathy for the workers, but the very nature of the occupation forbids anything but ruinous toil. "In bakeries the girls stand from ten to sixteen hours a day, and break down after a short time. Boots and shoes oblige being on the feet all day; and this is the case for saleswomen, cash girls, and all factory workers. In type foundries the air is always filled with a fine dust produced by rubbing, and the girls employed have no color in their faces. In paper box making constant standing brings on the same difficulties found among all workers who stand all day; and they complain also of the poison often resulting from the coloring matter used in making the boxes. In book-binderies, brush manufactories, etc., the work soon breaks down the girls!" We read such statements, and yawn sleepily over the page, little thinking that some day, perhaps, the girls who are broken down will be our own, though perhaps a generation or two removed.

#### **BUILT OF HUMAN BODIES.**

Shall we continue to use the bodies of frail women and puny children to build up our commercial supremacy? Is it not possible to devise methods that shall save the workers, especially when they happen to be the weaker members of society, and utterly unable to save themselves? No color, however brilliant, no fabric, however fine, no garment, however exquisite, can please the eye or satisfy the judgment if we remember that it has cost a human life. "In food preparations, girls who clean and pack fish get blistered hands and fingers from the salt-petre employed by the fishermen. Others in "working-stalls" stand in cold water all day, and have the hands in cold water; and in laundries, confectionery establishments, etc., excessive heat and standing in steam make workers especially liable to throat and lung diseases, as well as those induced by continuous standing. Straw goods produce a fine dust, and cause a constant hacking among the girls at work upon them; and the acids used in setting the colors often make acid sores upon the ends of the fingers. Sores, ulcerations, and

suffering of many orders are the portion of workers in chemicals."

It does seem impossible, in this day and age of advanced civilization, that any man or set of men could be totally oblivious to the woes of their workers; and yet they are, and will steadfastly avoid the slightest expenditure that might make their lot more endurable, unless driven to it by some unpurchasable inspector. A case is on record of a railroad corporation, which through its manager kept a group of men at work in all sorts of weather under an old station, the roof of which was little better than a sieve, although the men murmured and actually suffered. When his attention was called to it, and the men's sufferings and the peril to their health was pointed out, he merely shrugged his shoulders and said,—“Men are cheaper than shingles!”

#### A COMMON AND NOTORIOUS EVIL.

One of the commonest and most deplorable evils in shop life, and in many of the department stores, is that girls are forced to ask men for permission to go to the closets, and in many instances run a regular gauntlet of men and boys. Rather than meet the leering looks, the vulgar gaze and obscene innuendo of such a crowd who can wonder if the girl suffers instead, until seriously diseased? Any physician whose practice is among this class of people will testify to the permanent derangements that have followed this brutal rule. It is encouraging to reflect that in most cases it grows out of sheer thoughtlessness, and needs only a mention to have it remedied.

The country is periodically, not to say constantly, drained of its young life to replenish the exhausted ranks of the cities' workers. Many a young girl goes to the city to seek employment, with bright visions of the fortune which she will accumulate, or the splendid life she will live; but alas! she is soon undeceived. A section of New York city, which will serve as a type of all cities, and into which multitudes of these ambitious young women drift, has been accurately described: “In the region between Houston Street and Canal Street, known to be the most

thickly populated portion of the inhabited globe, every house is a factory; that is, some form of manufacture is going on in every room. The average family of five adds to itself from two to ten more, often a sewing machine to each person; and from six or seven in the morning until far into the night work goes on,—usually the manufacture of clothing. Here contagious diseases pass from one to another. Here babies are born and babies die, the work never pausing save for death, and hardly for that. In one of these homes Dr. Daniel found a family of five making cigars, the mother included. "Two of the children were ill of diphtheria. Both parents attended to these children; they would syringe the nose of each child, and without washing their hands return to their cigars. We have repeatedly observed the same thing when the work was manufacturing clothing and under garments to be bought by the rich as well as by the poor. Hand-sewed shoes, made for a fashionable Broadway shoe store, were sewed at home by a man in whose family were three children sick with scarlet fever. And such instances are common. Only death or lack of work closes tenement house manufactories.... When we consider that stopping this work means no food and no roof over their heads, the fact that the disease may be carried by their work can not be expected to impress the workers."

What difference does it make to them if their work carries with it the germs of disease? They cannot avoid it. They cannot stop working, no, not for a day, as long as they are able to keep soul and body together. They drag themselves wearily to toil, day after day, day after day, to keep up a life the profit of which is certainly problematical. If anywhere on the green globe, then in a modern tenement house or sweat shop it would be almost excusable to accept the advice of Job's wife, and "curse God and die!"

#### IS THERE A GOD?

"But what shall I do, Doctor? My husband is unable to do anything for us; you know that, as well as I do; and you say that



THE SWEET BUY AND BUY.

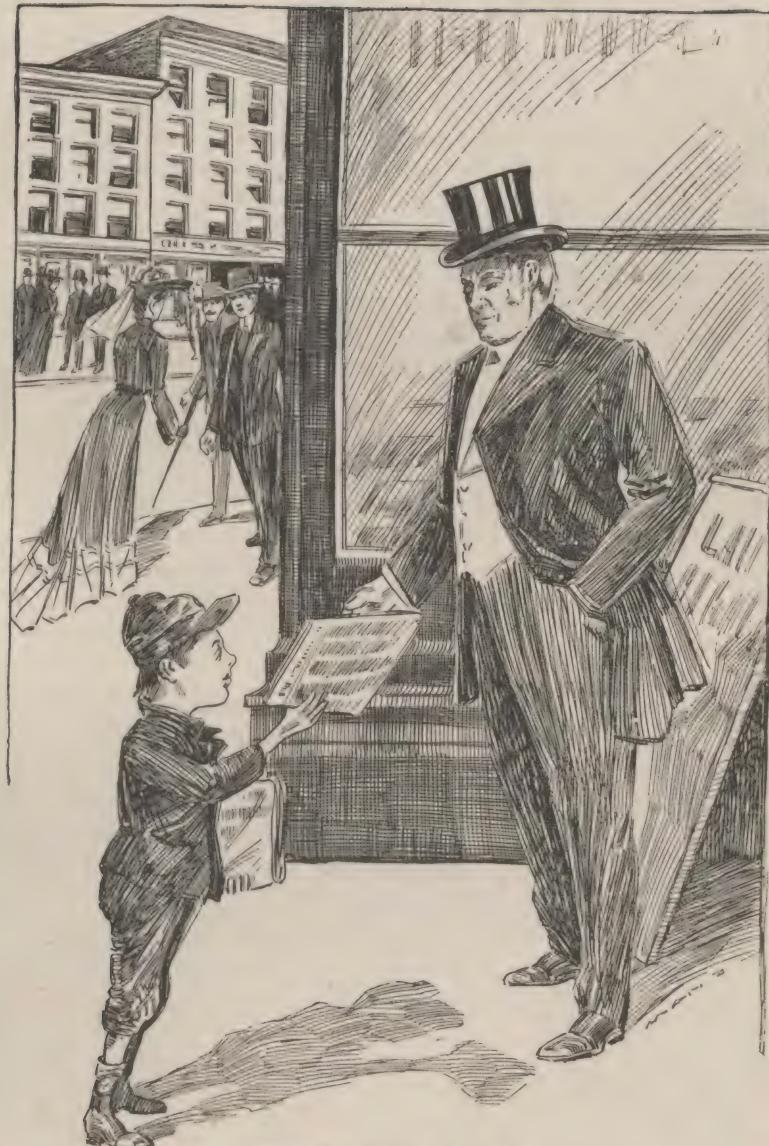
"No fabric, however fine, can please the eye or satisfy the judgment if we  
remember it has cost a human life."

his paralysis is incurable. And now you tell me that I must quit work and give my eyes a rest, and take treatment from an oculist, or I shall lose my sight!" It was a working woman that was speaking. She rose from the chair she had occupied in the physician's office, advanced a step or two, and then speaking in a tone low, suppressed, meaningful, she continued,—"Doctor, do you believe there is a God? If there is, why does He let us suffer so? Why does he strike down a husband as kind as the world ever saw, and then when a wife and mother is willing to bear and has borne the heavy burden of caring for loved ones, threaten like a demon to close her eyes and turn them all adrift? Why? Is there a God? If there is, He must be a long way off; He must be asleep most of the time; or else He is more devil than God!" The words smote painfully upon the ear. It was awful to hear them from the lips of a woman. But who could blame her? At home, if one room in a city tenement could be called by that euphonious name, there were two children and a paralytic husband depending upon her meagre wages, earned in a chemical factory. One of the children, a mere baby, was earning just a trifle selling papers. Every winter, do what they would, they had to appeal to the Charities Association for help, to keep from starving. And now, feeble as it was, the last prop that sustained them seemed to be taken away. The vapors from the chemicals were destroying the woman's sight, and she must quit work or go blind.

"My dear woman," said the doctor, kindly, "isn't there something else you can do? Perhaps your eyes will be better after a while, and you can go to work at something else which will not hurt them."

"Do you really think my eyes will ever be any better, Doctor?"

The woman looked at him so sharply and hungrily that the Doctor had to turn away. He knew full well they would never be any better; that they would grow rapidly worse, unless relief were sought at once.



**ROBBING THE CRADLE.**

"One of the children, a mere baby, was earning just a trifle, selling papers."

"Well, Doctor, goodby."

And before he could return her mournful salutation, she was gone. She walked rapidly a few blocks, and then stopped, panting for breath, to wait for some vehicles that crowded a broad thoroughfare. It was growing dark very early, today, she thought; for even while she waited, dusk seemed to be coming on. Why didn't they light the street lamps? Presently she tried to pick her way through the crowded street. She was almost across, when she was run down by a rapidly driven team and trampled in the mire. She did not see them, nor did she hear the warning cries of the pedestrians until it was too late.

The doctors who attended her in the Emergency hospital saw before them a blind woman, crushed beyond hope, and turned away, wondering how she happened to go out on the street by herself. That night, two little ones bustled about one room in a crowded tenement, trying to get "Pappy's" supper. "Mammy is later than usual tonight," said the little boy, bravely, and reassuringly, "but she'll surely be here soon and we'll surprise her by having supper ready, won't we, Sis?"

He turned proudly to "Sis," who lisped back, "Yeth we will."

The invalid father smiled at his children; but a cloud stole over his brow. He was uneasy, in spite of himself. The anxiety of the little group increased, as the hours went by, but "Mammy" never came. She gave her life for them, and they were left alone, like wee birds in a nest, with no mother bird to feed them. The sacrifice was heroic, but it was vain.

And what of the industrial system which had crushed first the father, then the mother, in turning out its wares? Why, it had driven another brimstone bargain!

CHAPTER XXIV

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DEPTHES OF DEPRAVITY

*The lot of a negress in the equatorial forest is not, perhaps a very happy one, but is it so very much worse than that of a pretty orphan girl in our Christian capital? We talk about the brutalities of the dark ages, and we profess to shudder as we read in books of the shameful exactions of the right of feudal superior. And yet here, beneath our very eyes, in our theaters, in our restaurants, and in many other places, unspeakable though it be but to name it, the same hideous abuse flourishes unchecked. A young, penniless girl, if she be pretty, is often hunted from pillar to post by her employers, confronted always by the alternative,—Starve or Sin! And when once the poor girl has consented to buy the right to earn her living by the sacrifice of her virtue, then she is treated as a slave and an outcast by the very men who have ruined her. Her word becomes unbelievable, her life an ignominy, and she is swept downward, ever downward, into the bottomless perdition of prostitution. But there, even in the lowest depths, excommunicated by Humanity and outcast from God, she is far nearer the pitying heart of the one true Saviour than all the men who forced her down, aye, and than all the Pharisees and Scribes who stand silently by while these fiendish wrongs are perpetrated before their very eyes.—General Booth.*

## CHAPTER XXIV.

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### DEPTHES OF DEPRAVITY.

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SUFFERINGS OF THE LOST—WHY WOMEN SIN—RICH MASTERS AND NEGRO LOVERS—A DOUBLE CRIME—JEALOUSY GIVES WAY TO DEBAUCHERY—A NATIONAL CRIME—NOTHING BEYOND.

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It is impossible to speak in terms of exaggeration of the depths to which men and women descend in this awful inferno. There is no bottom; for when the heart sickens and the brain reels with the awful disclosures, lo, there are new infamies uncurtained, which chill the blood and appall the understanding. The aid of all the fiends in the under-world must certainly have been invoked to invent new devices and to propose new methods of sexual indulgence. The first chapter of the book of Romans in the Christian's Bible mentions things that are scarcely credible; and yet, there can be no doubt that they were actual occurrences in Corinth and Ephesus. And from the vast mass of material that has come to hand in the preparation of this book, it is not by any means incredible that the same nauseating facts are current today as they were when Sodom and Gomorrah lifted their walls defiantly to a frowning heaven, and filled the earth with the taint and slime of their unnamable sin.

This utter abandon to vice in all its protean forms is no doubt part of the terrific punishment which outraged nature visits upon the wilful and persistent transgressor. If he will dare, then he must suffer; if he will venture so far, then she will show him, by the dulled and finally decayed moral sense, by the perversion of passion, by the prostitution of desire, she will show him that he ventures at his everlasting peril. No man can play the tragedy of infamous deviltries and not descend to the devil's depths of woe.

And always and evermore he confronts this awful fact, in the lowest deep, there is a deep still lower; in the nethermost hell, there yawns the smoking abyss of still another, and below that, another. Dante's Inferno is outdone ten thousand times for the man or the woman who ventures to prostitute divine powers.

There is no form of sin which hastens so swiftly toward its bitter Dead Sea fruit. In many of the foolish, frivolous, vain doings of this foolish race, the pleasure of transgression abides for a long time, and the penalty is long deferred. But in fornication, the suffering, the revulsion, the remorse, all come by a short cut, and furrow the heart of the transgressor as with hot ploughshares.

#### SUFFERINGS OF THE LOST.

No pen can portray the awful sufferings of the women who go down into the social inferno. At first, they find fair reward for the sale of their bodies; but prostitution is the only trade that pays most to the apprentice. The income diminishes as burdens and sufferings increase. "The girls suffer so much," says General Booth in his thrilling book, "In Darkest England," "that the shortness of their miserable life is the only redeeming feature. Whether we look at the wretchedness of the life itself; their perpetual intoxication; the cruel treatment to which they are subjected by their task-masters and mistresses or bullies; the helplessness, suffering and despair induced by their circumstances and surroundings; the depths of misery, degradation and poverty to which they eventually descend; or their treatment in sickness, their friendlessness and loneliness in death, it must be admitted that a more dismal lot seldom falls to the fate of a human being."

Health is wrecked. The slightest hereditary taint of disease is rapidly developed by the life these poor creatures lead. Consumption is common. Girls have been found on the streets trying to allure their victims while themselves suffering from hemorrhages. And there is a train of foul diseases induced by the business itself, communicated by their male patrons, for which there

is no cure but death and the grave. The roses soon fade from the cheeks, the light dies out of the brightest eyes, and the pallor of the face and the shrunken, emaciated form tell all too plainly the rapid progress of incurable and deadly disease.

General Booth tells of the cruelties under which these pitiful wretches suffer. He describes a case, as typical of the whole class, remarking that the devotion of these women to their bullies is extraordinary. The girl he describes was the daughter of a police sergeant. "She was ruined, and shame led her to leave home. At length, she drifted to Woolwich, where she came across a man who persuaded her to live with him. The girl living in the next room to her has frequently heard him knock her head against the wall, and *pound* it, when he was out of temper through her gains from prostitution being less than usual. He lavished upon her every sort of cruelty and abuse, and at length she grew so wretched, and was reduced to so dreadful a plight, that she ceased to attract. At this he became furious and pawned all her clothing but one thin garment of rags. The week before her first confinement he kicked her black and blue from neck to knees, and she was carried to the police station in a pool of blood, but she was so loyal to the wretch that she refused to appear against him. In desperation, she was going to drown herself, when our Rescue Officers spoke to her, wrapped their own shawl around her shivering shoulders, took her home with them, and cared for her. The baby was born dead,—a tiny, shapeless mass. This state of things is all too common."

There is in every large city a lowest hole, a place to which these outcasts gravitate one by one. They begin with youth and health, as inmates of a more or less "swell" resort. They are taken care of here, after a fashion, and if they have sufficient vigor and constitution to withstand the inroads of disease and the paralysis of drink, they serve quite a term here. Then they pass on a grade farther down, and receive the attentions of men if possible more depraved. They tarry a short time on these successive planes of

their descent, and finally reach a place like the famous "Dusthole" of Woolwich. The women living there are so degraded that even abandoned men will not accompany them home. Soldiers are forbidden to enter the place, or to pass along the streets, and pickets are stationed in the vicinity to prevent them. The street is not half so filthy as are some of their rooms. Filth and vermin abound to an extent which cannot be described; it must be seen to be understood.

Of course many of them are carried to the city hospitals when ill, but there they inspire disgust. In the very nature of things, they cannot receive the treatment accorded to others. And they are often discharged or they slip out themselves before they are cured. Then they ply their vocation again as long as they can, and finally, many of them, cast off by God and man, afraid to fling themselves into the river, afraid to drink poison or to use a revolver, lie in some dark hole and literally rot to death, supported by the charity of their former associates on the street.

"It is a sad story," says General Booth. And truly, is there anything sadder? The very thought of the inevitable end of a career of debauchery ought to be enough to deter any man or woman from entering upon it. But sad as it is, the story "must not be forgotten, for these women constitute a large standing army whose numbers no one can calculate. All estimates that I have seem purely imaginary. The ordinary figures given for London are from 60,000 to 80,000. This may be true if it is meant to include all habitually unchaste women. It is a monstrous exaggeration if it is meant to apply to those who make their living solely and habitually by prostitution. These figures, however, only confuse. We shall have to deal with hundreds every month, whatever estimate we take. How utterly unprepared society is for any systematic reformation may be seen from the fact that even now at our Homes we are unable to take in all the girls who apply. They cannot escape, even if they would, for want of funds whereby to provide for them a way."

## WHY WOMEN SIN.

It is not strange if, appalled by these statements of the swift and fearful vengeance that pursues the transgressor, the reader asks the question with bated breath, "Why do women sin?" and sure enough, why? There are many answers, from many sources. And yet, differing as the authorities sometimes do, there is substantial agreement. Many a girl falls from sheer innocence. She has been reared in total ignorance of the functions of the body she possesses. She does not know any more about sexual functions than a kitten. She may be wholly devoid of passion. But when some designing wretch approaches her, and fondles her, and carries on his loving pretenses, she yields to him, and at last, often under promise of marriage, gives herself up to his embraces. She is sometimes practically hypnotized; again, she is drugged. The seducer has many ways of plying his devilish art, and when they all fail, he does not scruple to use force and fraud.

A case in point is the story of a poor girl who was found in a crowded city searching for her lover. It seems that she was an innocent country girl, living midway between two villages with an aunt. Her own parents were dead. By evil chance one day, a runaway stopped in front of their vine-clad cottage. The driver was thrown to the ground and seriously injured. With gentle hands the country people bore the gentleman into their living home, and cared for him during many days of illness and convalescence. The young girl was often by his side and he found that her company did much to relieve the tedium of the slow hours.

At last he was well enough to return to the city and to his business. But before leaving, he had accomplished her ruin. He proposed marriage, and loving him as she did, the lonely girl consented. And then the hypocrite had his own way with her. When she told her story in the city, she did not seem yet to realize the full enormity of the wrong he had done her, nor the significance of the act.

"Why," she said, simply, "he said that that was what it meant to be engaged!"

When you see one of the lost women of the street, you cannot tell whether she is most to be blamed or to be pitied for her woeful estate. Many of them are as much the innocent and unsuspecting victims of crime as if they had been shot or stabbed by brutal assassins. Here are a few cases taken almost at random from the registers of Rescue Homes:—

E. C., aged eighteen, a soldier's child, born on the sea. Her father died, and her mother, thoroughly depraved, assisted to secure her daughter's prostitution.

P. S., aged twenty, an illegitimate child. Went to consult a doctor about some little ailment. The doctor abused his position and took advantage of his patient, and when she complained, gave her twenty dollars as compensation. When that was spent, having lost her character, she went into the business. The doctor was looked up, and finding that someone was on his trail, he decamped.

~ E. A., aged seventeen, was left an orphan very early in life, and adopted by her godfather, who himself was the means of her ruin at the age of ten.

Another girl was discharged from a city hospital after an illness. She was an orphan, homeless and friendless, and of course obliged to work for a living. Wondering as she walked down the street where to go and what to do, she met a girl who came up to her in a most friendly fashion and soon won her confidence completely.

"Discharged ill, and nowhere to go?" said her new friend. "Come home with me. Mother will lodge you, and when you are quite strong we'll go to work together."

She consented gladly enough. Indeed, she piously believed that this friendly offer had come in answer to prayer! But soon she found herself in the lowest part of the city, in a brothel. She had been deceived, and yet she was powerless to resist. Her pro-



**DECEIVED AND DESERTED.**

"Why, he said that was what it meant to be engaged."

testations were all in vain, and having been forced to give up her character, she became hopeless, and stayed on to live the life of her false friend.

A hundred cases taken from the records of one of these Homes for the fallen show the following analysis of causes:— Drink, 14. *Seduction*, 33. Wilful choice, 24. Bad company, 27. Poverty, 2. And of this number of girls, 23 had been in prison.

The commercial features of the traffic are no doubt an allurement to some. Where girls work hard in crowded factories, and find that after the year's slavish toil, on account of occasional sickness, and other unforeseen expenses they have saved nothing, they grow discouraged. And they hear of the large gains that come to bad women. They are told of the easy life they lead, the men that they have who are enslaved by their charms, their finery, etc., and thus crowded on one side and allured on the other, they yield. The founder of the Salvation Army says,—“Even those who deliberately and of free choice adopt the profession of a prostitute, do so under the stress of temptations which few moralists seem to realize. Terrible as the fact is, there is no doubt it is a fact that there is no industrial career in which for a short time a beautiful girl can make as much money with as little trouble as the profession of a courtesan. The case recently tried at the Lewes assizes, in which the wife of an officer in the army admitted that while living as a kept mistress she had received as much as \$20,000 a year was no doubt very exceptional. Even the most successful adventuresses seldom make the income of a Cabinet Minister. But take women in professions and in businesses all around, and the number of young women who have received \$2,500 in one year for the sale of their person is larger than the number of women of all ages who make a similar sum by honest industry. It is only the very few who draw these gilded prizes, and they do it for only a short time. But it is the few prizes in every profession which allure the multitude who think little of the many blanks. And speaking broadly, vice offers to every good looking

girl during the first bloom of her youth and beauty more money than she can earn by labor in any field of industry *open to her sex*. The penalty exacted afterwards is disease, degradation and death, but these things at first are hidden from her sight."

To the same effect is the testimony of a gentleman connected with one of our great western dailies, in America. He declares that the groundwork of the evil is economic; that when a girl goes to the house of infamy to submit to a caress, she does it for the money she will get. It will be remembered that in another chapter, the same statement is made by other high authorities; and this is the contention of this book. Prostitution, with its baleful fires, is but one consequence of the economic subjugation of woman. If she were free, if there were many callings open to her sex, do you for a moment think she would under any conceivable circumstances take the fiery footpath of shame? There can be no severer indictment of our civilization than that in a sentence of the foregoing paragraph.—"It is a fact that there is no industrial career in which for a short time a beautiful girl can make as much money with as little trouble as the profession of a courtesan." Whose fault is it? No one, familiar with the schools and educational processes of this modern time, can for a moment doubt that there is as much talent often in the girls of a class as in the boys. Why are they not able to hew out their own careers? Because of the tyranny of the ages. Because of the subjugation of one whole sex to careers determined by her sex. Sex is the breadwinner. Sex gets the girl honorable marriage, as it is called sometimes when it is anything but honorable. And having by long ages of sex specialization exaggerated the sex functions and tainted the blood of the race, we find ourselves in a very hell of vice and infamy.

No diagnosis of this dread social disease will ever be complete that fails to take into account the industrialization of sex. That is precisely what this disease, disorder, is,—sex industrialized, sex made profitable, sex made to win bread. And that is

what marriage is, even though it may be accompanied by pure love and steadfast devotion, and that is what it must continue to be, until woman is reared for the battle of the bread-winners with some other equipment, able to enter the lists herself, and win her way.

#### RICH MASTERS AND NEGRO LOVERS.

When once on the downward way, there seems to be no convenient or possible stopping place. Women who have abandoned themselves to careers of endless shame seem to become crazed, as likewise do their paramours. A city detective informed the writer some time ago that the poor creatures in the bad lands, after working through the hours when business is brisk, join negro lovers who have been waiting for them, and hasten to rooms on another street, where they keep these black devils; that the keeping of negro lovers is quite a fad among the demi monde, and they rival one another in furnishing them with swell clothes, jewelry and diamonds!

"The woman we call the nigger's meal-ticket," he added, and then paused.

"And what do you call the negro?"

"Oh, he's her skunk!"

An appropriate name, truly. But what an example of depravity! And as if this were not enough, it is said that even kept mistresses of rich men, after they have entertained their masters, and are satisfied that office duties or home duties have taken them away, are known to indulge in the same pastime! There is no apparent thought of infidelity; why should there be? When one is infidel to herself, how can she be true to any man? Is not the man himself infidel?

And yet it cannot be doubted that if such an end had been depicted for one of these creatures at the time of her first sin, if she had been told that her feet would descend to such an infamous depth of debauchery, she would have recoiled in horror. Who shall set bounds, when the flood gates of passion are flung open?

Who shall say where Sodomic debaucheries shall have their final end? Let the horrible truth be told, until male and female all over the land shall rise and smite this vice, and declare that in none of its forms shall it be permitted longer to blight and ensnare and destroy!

What would be the feelings of one of these rich masters, could he be confronted with satisfactory evidence of his mistress' infidelity? He furnishes the money which pays for her apartments, her food, her fine clothes, her diamonds, her medicines. He furnishes all this money, and lavishes it upon her without stint. And she uses it, not for herself alone, but for her sable lover also. So he has the satisfaction,—or would have, if he knew it—of keeping two people alive by the bounty with which he indulges his passions.

**A DOUBLE CRIME.**

As if one crime were not enough, another, and another is often added. A man lies at this moment, as these lines are being written, in jail in a western county, accused by his own daughter of having debauched her. There is the testimony of the daughter, and the poor babe itself in evidence! Be it said, however, that he denies the accusation, and in the name of outraged humanity, pray that the daughter has wrongly accused him; for surely, a lie in such a case, is as nothing in blackness of moral turpitude, compared to such an offense against reason, against the sanctities of the home, against natural feeling and even animal instincts!

But are such cases rare? The memory surges upon us as we write, of a far off section, where an unnatural father was accused of just such a crime. He was lodged in jail, but was released on bail. His trial came on, and it soon appeared that judge and jury had either been tampered with, or else had made up their minds to release the man, and clear him from the heinous charge. And so one Sunday morning, when a quiet stillness held all the air, and the bright sunshine and the music of singing birds

and the fragrance of the flowers conspired to make the earth paradisical, and the vibrant bells called the worshipping congregations together, it was announced that the accused and unnatural father had been found hanging from the limb of a tree on his own farm!

Some of his own neighbors and acquaintances, unable to bear the thought of his escape from punishment, unable longer to endure his infectious presence in their midst, assembled at an agreed meeting place, and went together to his home, and led him out and hanged him.

Vice and crime, no matter what form they take, are seldom alone. They march in black battalions; they move by brigades; they are rarely seen single spies. And this worst of all the vices is no exception. It marches on, and rank upon rank, moves its mighty host over the fairest places of earth. Abortion and infanticide are second only in command. Suicide and murder follow hard after. Incest, and all the abominations known to Rome in her decline and Paris in her naked shamelessness can be counted by the observer.

#### **JEALOUSY GIVES WAY TO DEBAUCHERY.**

A man who seemed to be happily married, suddenly left his wife and child. It was soon discovered that he had eloped with another woman, a friend of both, who had been spending a few days with them. No trace of them could be found, beyond a station where they had taken the train. They went to San Francisco, and settled down to live together. The man was insanely jealous of his paramour, and could scarcely bear to have her out of his sight. He watched her day and night. No one else was permitted to come near her. And so things went on for a while, but soon the temperature began to change. The man failed to find employment readily, at good wages. Finally, he began to bring men home with him. And to make a long story short, he ended by compelling the woman to entertain others besides himself. And then he settled back, and determined to live at ease

on her earnings: and when she did not suit him, when for any reason she fell short of what he thought she should produce in her abominable traffic, he abused her roundly.

At one moment, for one short period, a jealous and watchful lover; then, after having satisfied himself, a depraved and inhuman master! the change is not so revolutionary as it at first flush appears, nor is it an unfamiliar story, with those whose duties have led them into contact with the fallen men and women of the land.

#### A NATIONAL CRIME.

One can scarcely pick up a daily paper without reading of an assault or a rape somewhere. North and South alike, negroes are arrested, accused of this devilish crime. And the story is a familiar one, how again and again they have been hanged, or burnt at the stake. Why? Is it a deterrent to others? Does lynching prevent the recurrence of such crimes? Some say no; others say yes; but whether yes or no, the crimes go on and on, making a record of shame for the enlightened citizenship of America.

Where do we hear of any rational remedy for this fearful offense? If prevention is better than cure, in things remedial, how much better still is it, in things that once done, have evil consequences absolutely irremediable. Our courts are brought into disrepute; officers of the law are discredited; communities are shocked and shamed; and for years after, the memory of diabolism lives and lingers, and the haunting ghost of the double tragedy will not down.

Is lynching a national crime? Hardly that, for it is a crime known to other nations. And for this one infamous offense, there are many to say that lynching is not only just but salutary; that it is the only way possible to deal with the black demons. May the day hasten when the crime which causes it ceases to be committed by any man of any color.

It would be interesting to pause and inquire to what extent

the barbarism of the past has tainted the blood of the African. Whatever may have been his condition morally in his native wilds, we know that his enslavement brought demoralization. Virtue was little more regarded, indeed, could be little more regarded, among negroes than among cattle. And so the libidinous taint has spread and grown, until the black man and the mulatto alike are often dangerous characters in the community.

Vice is no respecter of color. We do not by any means, in this book, enter into the old question of moral responsibility for the existence of slavery in America. As long as it was found profitable for Yankee ship-owners to kidnap and sell the negroes, and likewise profitable to employ them on plantations, slavery existed. The negro of today presents a study indeed, and it is a serious question in certain quarters what to do with him.

Mormonism is another illustration of the downward tendency of modern times. It throws the sanctions of a religious cult around all the horrors and infamies of polygamy. It adopts polygamy as a part of its creed, and makes sexualism serve at the altar. Like Mohammedanism it promises an eternity of sexual enjoyment. And the way it is sending its representatives to our National Congress, and invading our cities with its propaganda of lubricity is enough to arouse the conscience of the American people, and put us on guard for the safety of our institutions and the perpetuity of the home.

#### **NOTHING BEYOND.**

Is there anything which vice will not attempt? Is there any sort of partnership too low for it to become allied with? And is there no stopping place in its downward road to ruin? None, absolutely none. The records of all nations may be searched for an exception, in vain. In the armies of Venus march liars, drunkards, perjurers, assassins, rapists, abortionists, buggers, murderers, hypocrites, pimps and bawds. It is a motley array; it is a sickening sight; it is a hellish horde. And no profession, no calling, no occupation is or can be exempt from its attacks.

Men who have entered into life with high prospects and splendid opportunities, the children of integrity, the hope of the world, have been besieged and wounded and slain by these armies of vice. Men whose high calling it is to stand before immortals and proclaim the unsearchable riches of the gospel of redeeming love plunged into the abyss. It was their duty to stand between the living and the dead; to plead with men to be reconciled to God; to war against sin of every sort; to smite off the fetters of vicious habits; to batter down dungeon walls and bid the oppressed go free. But from this high and holy office, they have gone to her whose house takes hold on hell, not knowing that the dead are there.

When we consider the state of society as it is today, and the conditions of life that surround most ministers, the wonder is not that one occasionally falls, but that more of them do not. But always the fall of a preacher creates a widespread feeling of horror and disgust. We turn from the story, sick at heart. The downfall of such a man simply illustrates the common weakness of our common humanity, and the tremendous strength of this passion. It shows that we all stand in slippery places, where it is easy to fall, and hard to rise again. It shows, too, how terrible is the depravity of the age, and how infinitely mean is devilish lust.

Read again the record. Call the names of men good and great whose careers are dark with the taint and crimson of debauchery. See how the tallest and the strongest have fallen. And then, "let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall!" Lay to heart the sad lessons of history; hear the bitter outcries of the helpless girls who tonight enter, dragged by cruel fiends, the endless labyrinths of shame in American brotheldom. Look upon the army of the toilers; and ask yourself,—how many of them are being scourged into dishonor and death? How many are driven by gaunt hunger and nipping need?

And then know, as in your immost heart you must know,

that there is nothing beyond this monstrous evil. It calls to its aid men's love of gold. The madames and their male helpers are in the business for the profits they can make. They form an unholy conspiracy with the gin-shop, another business which preys upon the weakness and appetite of men. Drunkenness and prostitution are twin evils. "Why, do you think I could engage in this business without the drink?" exclaimed a woman in horror. It requires the deadening power of the drink to prepare the woman for her filthy work, as it often does to prepare the man for the act of prostitution.

Lips that have been hallowed by prayer become stained and blistered with blasphemy. Torrents of foul language taint the very air, all vibrant with shuddering horror. Hell itself is moved and mocked by the infernalisms of the brothel, by the excesses and perversions of the debauchees. Depths of depravity! immeasurable depths! Set on the brow of every sexual pervert the mark of Cain, for he is a murderer, and his fellowmen should flee before him! Over every saloon and every bawdy house set a red flag; for they are houses of anarchy, of pestilence, of subversion and overthrow!

And then read this black-lettered story again, and see if its hieroglyphics of endless pain and immedicable woe may not be translated. Can it be possible that it is all a story simply of moral depravity, of voluntary, wilful dereliction? Have men and women chosen such a dark descent from pure perverseness and wrong-headedness? It is unreasonable to suggest it. There must be some terrific pressure, crowding them into the inferno. And when the story is translated, and men begin to read it they will see that all this slime and moral putrescence is due, directly or indirectly, to the maladjustment of social and economic forces. They will see that they are responsible for the Niagara of woe; that they have it in their power to turn this Stygian darkness into day; and when they make this discovery, they will not stand on the order of their doing it; they will do it at once!

**CHAPTER XXV**

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**BACHELOR MAIDS**

*It is not for men to say what is womanly or unwomanly. Women know best, because of their sensitiveness to beauty and to taste, what is good. What prerogative has man to make assertions as to what sphere woman shall labor in? Whatever a woman is able to do, that she should do, in God's name. What presumption it is for men to preach upon female duties and female spheres! Who gave them authority to limit the activity of those who are able to do far more than they? This limitation of woman's work is a great evil in society. It keeps women from earning a livelihood and engaging in industrial pursuits worthy of their skill and intellect. This limitation we would see disappear and we would open all doors, letting everyone have full liberty to range at will through the industrial palace of life, to find occupation according to ability and opportunity. We believe it is right that every woman should be so placed that she will be able fully to choose her position and her work; and we are convinced that were this so, there would be fewer marriages of convenience and hypocrisy.—Ernest Mason, A. T. S.*

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*You misconceive the question like a man,  
Who sees the woman as the complement  
Of his sex merely. You forget too much  
That every creature, female as the male,  
Stands single in responsible act and thought  
As also in birth and death. Whoever says  
To a loyal woman, "Love and work with me,"  
Will get fair answers if the work and love  
Being good themselves, are good for her—the best  
She was born for. Women of a softer mood,  
Surprised by men when scarcely awake to life,  
Will sometimes only hear the first word, love,  
And catch up with it any kind of work,  
Indifferent, so that dear love go with it.*

—Mrs. Browning.

## CHAPTER XXV.

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### BACHELOR MAIDS.

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WHY NOT MARRY?—ESCAPING A BRIMSTONE BARGAIN—BUSINESS AND MATERNITY—OTHER REASONS—FEMININE HEROISM—A DEAD LOVER—A DEPENDENT FAMILY.

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Old Ben Johnson uses the word bachelor with reference to an unmarried woman. Such use of it our dictionaries now mark as obsolete; but the use is being revived, at least in connection with the word maid. We do not hear so often of the "old maid" as we did when civilization was a generation younger. As noted in a previous chapter, the prejudice against a career of single blessedness for woman is dying out. The world is learning that marriage may not always be what the parties first intend or expect; that a marital miss may be far better than a marital misfit. Our divorce courts are busy at every term grinding out divorces,—breaking the bonds of matrimony, on one specious plea or another; why should our maidens be hurrying to the recorder's office, when there seem to be so many chances that in a few short months or years they will be finding their way to the judge's office?

It is difficult to give reliable statistics concerning the unmarried. Indeed, the whole subject of marriage and the family has been greatly neglected until of late years. But those who are accustomed to observing habits and manners will agree that there is a perceptible diminution of marriages among the native American stock. Some writers say that prostitution increases, and vice takes the place of virtue and the family. But this would seem to indicate that in their belief prostitution is resorted to chiefly by single men; when the facts are not at all in harmony with this presupposition. Whatever may be the reasons for it, we

know that marriage is deferred till later in life than it was in the days of our fathers, and the cases seem to be multiplying in which the unmarried state has the preference for life. There are whole towns in the East from which most of the young men have emigrated, and so many unmarried women are left that they are called "she" towns! On the other hand, in the pioneer regions of the great West, communities are still to be found where there is a great excess of men over women, although the early rudeness of the mining camp, when even a woman's picture would attract extraordinary attention, has practically disappeared.

It seems to be a fact that the expense of maintaining a family increases from year to year. In many cases, the question of marriage waits on the other question of support. No working-man can earn enough to maintain his family, without the help of wife or child. This is an astonishing and an appalling situation. Things have very much changed since we used to sing,—

"Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm!"

His farms are all taken up, and those that are not in the hands of bona fide settlers are in the grasp of monopolists resident or alien, until for the unskilled workingman, the only career open is that of a hireling, a dependent wage-worker.

It used to be said, "Two can live as easily as one;" but it isn't true. When a man marries, he doubles his expenses; but if he also doubles his happiness, he has made a good bargain, provided always he is able to earn double what he did before. The Methodist churches pay their ministers, not according to ability, but according to the size of their families. This is not the way of all employers, however, and since we cannot all be Methodist ministers, we must look farther before entering the hymeneal state. There can be no doubt that at some time or other, most men and women incline to marry. It is equally certain that the unmarried are constantly increasing. The problem is not a single one, although it deals with single people, but it is intricately involved with all the other social problems of the time.

There are young girls who have no other idea than that at some time in the future they will marry; but these same girls will have cause to change their minds in later years, and instead of marrying, they will climb the steeps of life alone. They will become self-supporting, or they will even become the support in whole or in part of others of their own family. So likewise there are boys who think, of course, they will marry, some day, who will change their plans when they grow up, and meet with some of the difficulties of life, and learn something more than they now know of its heavy burdens and wasting toils.

#### WHY NOT MARRY?

Ask any unmarried woman why she doesn't marry, and you will receive perhaps an evasive answer. She still clings to the eternally feminine, and seems to fancy that her single state carries with it something of stigma. Ask an unmarried man the same question, and he will most likely turn it off with a jest. But in these days of individualism we have ceased to take it for granted that because a woman is not married, therefore she could not be,—she has never had a chance! Of course, that would be reason enough. The men who stood idle in the marketplace replied when asked why they were idle at the eleventh hour,—“Because no man hath hired us.” So it may be there are women who could truthfully make a similar answer to the question, “Why are you not married?” “Because no man has asked us.” The numbers and occupations of the bachelor maid are increasing so fast, however, that we must seek deeper for an answer, though this may hold good in communities such as those we find in certain sections of the East.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says she asked a young bachelor who is comfortably situated in life why he did not marry, and he replied,—“I want a home, which of course means a wife, but I am discouraged about making the venture. I admired a young lady greatly, and was beginning to think seriously of paying her court. She seemed to be my ideal. She was a model daughter, broad-

minded, intelligent, industrious. She was always neatly but simply dressed, and her cheerfulness was like a sunny day. Recently I met her on the street just as she was emerging from a milliner's establishment.

"See my new hat?" she said brightly, as I walked along by her side. "Isn't it pretty?"

"I had not noticed the new hat, but now I saw a simple open work straw on which rested a few flowers and a bow of ribbon.

"Yes, very pretty and becoming," I replied.

"I have a finer one being made," she continued. "This is only a hack affair. I paid fifteen dollars for it, and will have it for everyday use."

"Involuntarily I shuddered. Fifteen dollars for an everyday hat, a hack affair! a finer one being made! And suppose that those bills were to be sent to me at the first of the month! What would I ever do? And then there would be house rent, fuel and lights, repairs, grocery and meat market bills, dry goods, etc., etc., ad infinitum. It was simply overwhelming, and I made up my mind then and there that others might marry if they chose, but as for me, I would maintain my independence and not get under an avalanche of bills."

Why didn't the young man go and cultivate an acquaintance with the milliner, and marry her? Then instead of having bills to pay, he would have them to collect. Probably this bright idea never occurred to him, or if it did, he may not have found in the milliner just the woman he could fancy.

There can be no manner of doubt that the reason why many do not marry is found just here, in the merciless extravagance of modern life. There are useless fringes and adornments in every home in the city, on which whole trades have learned to depend, that add to the tasks of housekeeping and subtract from the beauty of the home. Useless ornament is not ornamental. Stacks of furniture are made and sold that is not worth the room it takes. But it must be paid for,—there's the rub! Cheap pianos and

wheezy organs and stained pines which are thought to look like mahogany are piled up in a room which would be far more inviting without any of them.

And the excess and extravagance in furnishing a house repeats and duplicates itself in furnishing wearing apparel. Mrs. Grundy smiles and nods, and yards upon yards of flimsy fabrics are bought and worked up with much toil over the sewing machine, with much cutting and fitting, and it is scarcely done until it must all be done over again, for the next season. There are women who have sold their husbands out for life to the dry goods merchant and the shoe merchant and the dressmaker. They think, and the poor husbands think, they are working for their wives, but they are not. They are working for these trades people, to whom their wives are indebted. And they must bend closer and yet closer to their tasks, and make their business more and more productive, or else confront bankruptcy.

If the useless expenditures in any one's account could be carefully sifted out, for any one year,—the expenditures, that is, which are made not to satisfy real need, but only in obedience to the dictates of pride or fashion,—it would be found that they are enough to provide a competence against old age, if gathered out from time to time and deposited at three per cent compound interest. The time is drawing near when the workingmen, the wage earners of the land, must have a larger share of their earnings. If in the division of labor, it is necessary for their wives to be domestic servants,—that is, housekeepers for their husbands and children, doing all that work,—then the more reason exists for increasing the men's pay. We must deal with the average man; and the average man is not a clerk or a salesman, but a wage worker, and must ever be.

Here again we are met by the economic barrier. Poverty keeps men out of home and marriage. And keeping men out, it keeps women out, also. Poverty reduces the number of children, or denies them altogether. Poverty urges to infanticide or

abortion. Poverty hollows the grave. Poverty lifts its dread menace before a man, and drives him into theft. Poverty scourges woman into harlotry.

#### **ESCAPING A BRIMSTONE BARGAIN.**

The unmarried woman has at least escaped from an unwise or an unhappy marriage. And perhaps she had no opportunity for any other kind. If the men who offered themselves were men of impure life and unsound morals, if they were drunken or lecherous, if they were profligate, then she has done well not to marry. Better to live and die a bachelor maid than to be united for life to a man whose instincts are gross, whose life is one long debauch, and whose character is undermined by brutish excesses. Marriage has its burdens and its sorrows. It is not elysium, into which souls may escape and be forever at rest. And unless in the man there are the sterling qualities demanded of one who is to be a life partner, refuse him, refuse what he offers.

This will no doubt be the unanimous advice of all those foolish girls who have married men to reform them. If a man is addicted to drink, the foolish girl thinks that her influence over him will be sufficient to make of him a total abstainer. If he is loose in morals, she imagines that she will be able to make of him a steady, sober, clean companion, ministering to the joys of the quiet fireside. And so she marries him, expecting his reformation! If there is jocund laughter in perdition over anything that happens on earth, it must be when such a bargain is made in the marriage market; when a lovely girl gives herself into the embrace of a man with the strange and fantastic delusion that by so doing she is preparing for his reformation! Reformation indeed! all too soon she is undeceived. She learns to her sorrow that if he would not reform in order to win her, he will not reform now that he has her. He grows accustomed to her. He loses his old-time admiration. Pursuit was more fascinating than possession.

“The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,  
Has lost its charm by being caught!”

And the charm gone, she awakes to the stern reality, and finds that instead of having more influence over him she has less, far less. She has lost rather than won a deeper respect, by giving herself to accomplish what any manly fellow ought to accomplish alone, with such help as friends and loved ones may render.

If any bachelor maid reads these lines who is at times inclined to bemoan her fate, let her take courage, as she remembers how sad it might have been. Let her congratulate herself on what she has escaped, rather than regret what she fancies she might have enjoyed. Life will have more charms for a dove unmated, than for a dove mated with a hawk. The lamb may well graze content alone, rather than mate with the lion. Lions and hawks do not change their natures in order to be more companionable to doves and lambs.

#### EMPLOYMENT AND MATERNITY.

It is sometimes urged in vehement protest against the complete emancipation of woman that she will cease to be womanly; that she will have neither the time nor the inclination for the duties of maternity, if she enters upon a bread-winning calling. And often single women are cited as illustrating this very fact. It would be an argument with some weight, if it covered the entire ground. But those who are so quick to advance it forget that the toils of the household are already onerous; and that many a married woman, who has the burdens all on her own shoulders, is doing more as a wife and housekeeper, a sort of unpaid domestic servant, than she would have to do in a remunerative calling.

They likewise forget that the work about the house interferes more with the duties of maternity than many other forms of service. This is easily seen at once when we remember that no housekeeper wants a married female servant, who is rearing children. A woman who can undertake the organization and care of a home can undertake the organization and management of a business, and find that her duties as a mother do not take her from

the business or necessitate the employment of business help any more than they take her from the kitchen and the laundry, and compel her to employ help there.

Not only so, but there are years when a woman has not yet assumed marriage with its attendant cares; and there are years after she has discharged all the duties of a mother, during which she ought to be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which her nature is capable. Let her do what she can, without any thought of marriage. Do not let the weak women, the women whose individuality is marred by ages of subjugation, do not let them lay down the law for their sex. Give those who will take it and use it, an opportunity to show their capabilities.

An enlightened reason will go still farther, and insist upon the exercise of talents and energy by any and all members of society. It is said there is a religious sect in Pennsylvania that follows the peculiar custom of retiring its middle-aged men from active business so as to give the young men a chance. When they have accumulated a competence they are retired in turn, to make room for others. There could not be a more pernicious custom. When a man is too old or too feeble to work, then and not till then he should be retired. Work is for the worker, as a modern writer has well said, and as the proverbial wisdom of the world declares. The product of toil has an objective value, no doubt, but toil is valuable in and of itself, wholly apart from its product. It finds its highest value often in the development of the faculties which it exercises, in the growth and strength and experience gained by the worker, in the wide horizon, the greater charity, the deeper love, the more enduring sympathy.

As already stated, so far from the multiform work of a housekeeper being most easily consistent with the duties of maternity, it demands an amount of labor which is more than enough to make the housekeeper independent. But it is the lowest kind of labor. It is carrying out dirt and filth; it is scouring and scrubbing; it is dealing with the offal and debris of the human animal;

it is washing dirty clothes and nursing sick bodies and healing sores. It is all necessary work; it is entirely honorable; but as at present conducted, in its naked primitive form, it is not elevating, but the contrary. If it be true that all work reacts on the worker, what must be the tendency in the hearts and lives of the world's mothers? The narrowing influence must continue as long as the work does.

The conclusion is easy; since the housekeeper must work, and housework does not interfere with the duties of maternity, no more will other and higher forms of work. So throw down the bars, and let the present tendency among women to enter into business and professional life grow and go.

#### OTHER REASONS.

We do not believe it can be successfully maintained that the young women who are entering into industry are doing so to escape any of the duties that pertain to womankind. Those that do not marry, but prefer to climb the steeps and solve the problems of life alone, have other and sufficient reasons, no doubt, for their action. They do not need to give them. It is the most preposterous masculine conceit to imagine that they are single simply and solely because no man has asked them to marry!

Whatever reason there may be, it is significant that the ancient stigma attaching to confirmed maidenhood has practically been lifted, except in certain communities. There may be also, in most communities, a more or less well defined social stratum in which the stigma still attaches, but in the main it is gone. Take for instance the significant fact that neither in the columns of our papers nor in ordinary conversation do we find the joke of such ancient flavor on spinsterhood. It is indicative of the mind and temper of an age that they laugh at certain things, and refuse to laugh at others.

Looking at the subject broadly, it is quite evident that the time has come when a young woman can face life and its responsibilities without fear, and move serenely forward in her

chosen vocation, doubting nothing. Success may be hers, as it may be the portion of earnest toilers anywhere. The elusive goddess is no longer partial in bestowing her favors. She smiles upon fair maidens as well as upon stalwart men. And it ought to be written down for the encouragement of all women who find themselves surrounded by conceited men who are unworthy of their affections and unfit to mate with them, that there are hundreds of bread-winning occupations into which they may enter and be at peace. If one of the greatest painters could say,—“Painting is my wife, and works of art are my children,” why may not woman say of the calling in which she finds absorbing occupation and independence,—“Work is my husband, and the products of toil are my children?”

#### FEMININE HEROISM.

The fact is, there is often an element of the heroic in the lives of these bachelor maid. There is heroism, for instance, in the refusal of marriage. It is seen first of all, in the fact that with or without the encouragement of public opinion in her sphere, the maid declines proffered marriage, and clings to her single state, rather than be unequally yoked for life. Public opinion generally favors marriage; but when it has an arrest of thought, when it becomes sober and enlightened, it declares for intelligence and right reason in marriage as in every other relation of life. But while it is progressing, there is still enough of compulsion about it to make the refusal of the young woman heroic. She bids defiance to Mrs. Grundy, and all her satellites.

A still further element of heroism is seen in the fact that the girl sometimes refuses marriage when she really loves a man, because her reason tells her that he is unworthy and incapable. Not all are like Ethel Montgomery, of whom we read in another chapter. They do not rush in to reform confirmed drunkards and libertines, making themselves the sacrificial victims in a vain oblation upon the altars of fiery passion. It is easily conceivable that a good girl may love a vicious man. She does not love his

vice; she does not love his habits; but he has other things that command him greatly to public favor, and it is his commanding virtues that attract her. Not all vicious men are altogether vicious. There is a spark of goodness in the most depraved. And the good qualities, the gentleness, the industry, the suavity, the strength, appeal to the woman. Her heart is captured, perhaps before she is aware.

And when she finds herself enslaved, is it not altogether heroic in her to break the bondage, rather than yield to it, and go into the dungeon for life? Many, it must be confessed, are not equal to it. They weakly yield, and are dragged off into an alliance that cannot be happy in its issues. They look back in after years to the time when they made the surrender, and lament that fatal indiscretion; they chide themselves for their cowardly imprudence; they wish they had listened to the kindly warnings of parents and friends; but lamentations are all in vain; a harvest of regrets is a poor recompense for the bitterness they have undergone. Probably the young women who refuse an unwise marriage are in the minority. Certain it is that those who, loving the man, still refuse his solicitations, and cling to their purity, their freedom, their safety, and their maidenhood, are in the minority. They must have the courage and the grace to say no to their own hearts. And if that is not heroic, then there is nothing heroic possible to human beings. When the eye pleads, and the lip pleads, and the imagination pleads, and the whole body pleads for propinquity, and all these voices within are reinforced by the voice of the beloved without, it is a strange and rare act of heroic self-control to say no! It is a heroism as beautiful as it is costly and rare.

And so we say, that for a girl to defy public opinion, to trample upon idle social conventions, to dare the age-long stigma of confirmed maidenhood, or to say no to the pleadings of her own heart when she is fully persuaded that yes would mean disaster, is to display the queenliness of her regal womanhood, and crown herself with the diadem of true heroism.

**A DEAD LOVER.**

Those who scoff and jest at bachelor maids, who play idly in their talk with the most sacred and tender of all life's relations, are generally too shallow to think that there may be a hidden tragedy in the life of her whom they laugh at. Perhaps the maiden lives alone because of her loyalty to a dead lover! It is not that her life is without love; that she has passed through the years of bloom and beauty indifferent to the opposite sex, or ignored and neglected by them, but having met with one whom she loved, and who fondly cherished her, and having lost him, she lingers yet in the sacred temple, alone, and hears again in imagination the voice of the beloved. While that memory is strong, and that voice vibrant, she cannot entertain others in her heart. She is wedded to a dear, dead love. She is the bride in spirit of the hero who gladdened the earliest years of her young womanhood, and while she still respects and admires soldierly manhood in other men her love is forever given to him who came into her heart years ago; and although he has passed from the sight of all men, she still beholds him and lives with him.

It may be that his body lies under a flowery mound in God's acre. If so, those flowers are stained with a tenderer beauty, because they are watered by her tears. The sympathizing winds blow softly over his grave. The stars beam with a celestial radiance from the blue vault above, and the all-enkindling sun showers his warmest kisses upon the cold slab.

"Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's acre lies,  
Go angels, walking to and fro, singing their lullabies;  
Their radiant wings are folded, and their eyes are bended low,  
As they sing among the mounds whereon the flowers delight to  
grow.—

Sleep, oh sleep! the Shepherd guardeth his sheep;  
Fast speedeth the night away!  
Soon cometh the glorious day.  
Sleep, weary one, while ye may,  
Sleep, oh sleep!"



#### A DEAD LOVER.

"Although he has passed from the sight of all men, she still beholds him and lives with him."

Such a loyalty as we have in mind is no sickly sentiment. It is robust, regal, womanly. It has in it the superior elements of our universal humanity. It is a composite made up of the courage of the soldier, the daring and dash of the single combat, and the endurance of the hopelessly beleaguered. It is such heroism as the world has all too little of, and whenever found it ought to be carefully cherished. So far from being an object of ridicule, such devotion is worthy of the highest possible praise.

Of course such women are not devoting their days altogether to mere memories. They are to be found engaged daily in profitable employment. They are nurses, teachers, visitors, missionaries always and everywhere of the only real gospel, that of peace on earth, good-will to men,—the gospel of tireless industry, directed into redemptive channels.

#### A DEPENDENT FAMILY.

Instances of a courage and an endurance born of necessity different from this are not rare. Again and again young people refuse marriage altogether, or postpone it from year to year, because of the appeal of dependent loved ones. It may be that the young man is eager to make a home for the fair maiden whom he loves, but he is the support and stay of a widowed mother, and the girl bids him wait. She encourages him in his devotion to her, because she knows full well that her own future would not be safe, did he turn traitor. And she also knows that that is the nearest duty, and she is willing to wait, or to live alone, so as to enable him to be a true and loyal son.

The circumstances are sometimes quite different, and the girl is herself a worker, not that she prefers an industry or a profession to wifely duties, but that she is too noble and independent to ask her husband to maintain her and her family. She is the bread-winner of a little group, perhaps of an invalid mother. They look to her for the necessaries and the comforts of life, and they do not look in vain. She goes forth into the bustling world and deals sturdy blows in the strife and brings home her well won

spoil. She is the ministering angel of the little home circle, and all heaven ought to be leagued with her in the service.

These general statements can be filled out with numerous illustrations in nearly every town in the land. The women who stand in the market place and serve are not by any means the cast-off and rejected females, the unsalable goods of the marriage market. They are in many cases women of the finest fibre. They are true and strong and genuine. They are enduring a struggle which a semi-barbaric state of society makes harsh and cold and severe. They are pioneering the way for their sex, and like all pioneers, they must needs suffer. But their sufferings along the industrial via dolorosa are vicarious, and the throngs that come trooping after them will inherit the freedom so dearly purchased. It is not for their dear dependents alone they toil, even when they most think so; nor is it ever for themselves alone, though they may be the sole beneficiaries of their industry. Their lives are blazing out the path and making clear the way up which all women must come, in God's appointed time.

For be it remembered that work, worthy work, clean work, noble work, is the divinely ordained lot of men and women, and they do injuriously when they condemn one another to idleness. They fly in the face of divine Providence when they sentence an entire sex to menial and degrading labor. So after all, it may be that these isolated examples of feminine heroism, these occasional misfortunes, as they are called, these inexorable necessities, have as valuable a social function as ever did the fires of martyrdom or the triumphant wars of freedom.

Girls and women may no longer falter, when the necessity is upon them. Already the ways are being worn smooth. Already the time has come when in the marts of industry women are familiar figures, doing an indispensable work. They furnish a factor which is as much needed in industry, in places of trade and exchange and distribution, as in the home. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!" still rings out in many a

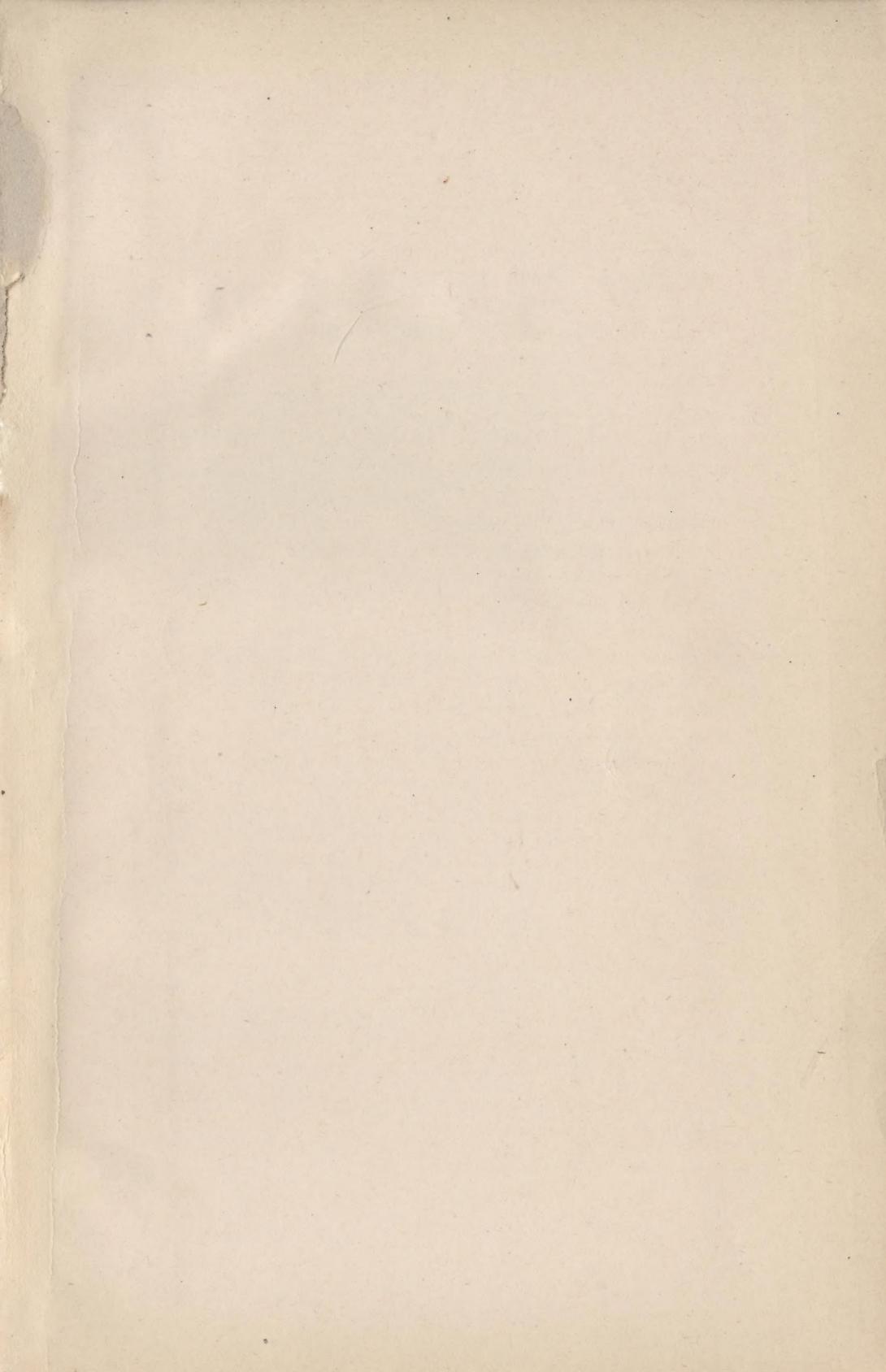
marriage ceremony. And the robed priests in their stolidity and simplicity, seem to think that its sole and only reference is to divorce! This doubtless is its first application. But it applies to companionship of male and female everywhere. We shall never have the right spirit and method in industry, as long as women are debarred from any department in which they are capable of serving. The mind and heart of woman are as much needed there, to soften its rigors, to modify its chill, to cleanse its needless filth, as they are in the social circle, or in religion.

Go into politics. Stand in its Augean filth, and dream of redemption and purification if you can, without the kindly and sacrificial co-operation of woman. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!" ought to be carved above our halls of legislation and our temples of justice, as well as over our marriage altars. So likewise ought we to read it in the pleasant highways and byways of literature; in the fascinating splendors of the world of art; in the starry realms of queenly science; in the glittering world of finance. Think for a moment, of the immediate effect upon the nations of this earth, of a cessation of war. Walking through the arsenal at Springfield, Massachusetts, Longfellow said sadly,—

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals and forts."

Introduce the clear brain and loving heart of woman into the councils of the nations, and there will be an almost instant disarmament. And what would follow that, we may faintly conjecture, if we will read the Utopian visions of the world's propheteots. The true fraternal state awaits these wise builders, and never can man, stern and soldierly and combative, build it alone. Its fair pillars and beckoning portals will never rise until woman becomes a builder with him. "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!"

*FINIS.*



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